





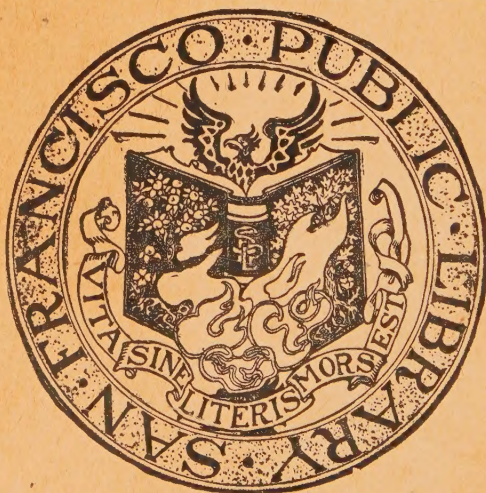


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HILDA DEICHMANN.



# IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES

BY THE BARONESS DEICHMANN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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## FOREWORD

My life has been one of brilliant light and deep shadow.

To distract my thoughts at a sad and anxious time I began to write the following *Impressions and Memories*. As I wrote I seemed to live through the scenes again, and I have thought that what I have written might interest others and gain some unknown friends for me. These *Impressions and Memories* are but an account of the life of a private family whose lines have been cast between the great nations England and Germany.

42 TEDWORTH SQUARE,  
LONDON, S.W.3. 1925.

It is my youth that, where I stand,  
Surrounds me like a dream,  
The sounds that round about me rise  
Are what none other hears ;  
I see what meets no other eye,  
Though mine are dim with tears,

HENRY TAYLOR.



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# IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY DAYS

WAS my birth, perhaps, an omen as to the course of my future life ? I was born at 4 Carlton House Terrace, on November 30th, 1848.

This was then the Prussian Legation, and my grandfather, Baron Bunsen, the celebrated diplomat, theologian and scholar, was the Prussian Minister. He married Frances Waddington, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waddington, of Llanover, Abergavenny.

My father was his second son, Ernest, who had been brought up as a cadet in the Prussian Army, and who had served as a lieutenant in the Kaiser-Franz Regiment of Guards.

My mother, Elizabeth, was the daughter of Mr. Samuel Gurney, of Ham House, Stratford, whose Quaker family, the Gurneys of Earlham, are well known through Mr. Augustus Hare's book about them.

Elizabeth Fry, whose pioneer work in the prisons was so wonderful, was one of the Gurneys of Earlham, and my mother's aunt. My mother, before her marriage, travelled with her on the Continent to visit the royalties and authorities who could assist her in her work.

The Gurneys, being acquainted with the Bunsens, enquired of them if they could introduce someone at Berlin who could help Mrs. Fry and her niece Elizabeth

during their visit there. Thus my father, who was stationed in Berlin at the time, was brought to their notice, and his knowledge of English and of Berlin society was a great help to the English ladies.

The result was that my father was married to my mother on August 5th, 1845, in the Church of England at West Ham, Stratford. My Quaker grandparents were not present at the ceremony, but expressed their great satisfaction at a family gathering at Ham House afterwards.

My parents first settled in a little house called "Upton Grove," near my mother's old home, and it was there that my eldest brother, Frederick Charles Ernest, familiarly called Fritz, was born in 1846.

In 1847 a second son was born and christened William Ernest, but he died when about a year old. A beautiful monument of him in white marble, as a baby asleep, is one of our most treasured family possessions.

As to the circumstances of my birth at the Prussian Legation, I never learnt much. There seems to have been a hurried christening, and I still use a gold thimble my grandmother gave me then. My godmothers were my aunts, Mary and Emilia Bunsen, who remained my faithful friends until they both died at a great age.

The names given me were Hilda Elizabeth. The name of "Hilda" was then not well known, as far as I am aware. My father wanted to give names to his children which were significant of his wide interests and international relations.

Saint Hilda of Whitby Abbey was a great and ideal figure to him. There was a Countess Hilda Raventlow, a Danish friend of my parents, who also may have suggested my name.

My mother was christened after her aunt, Elizabeth Fry. My godfather was Prince Löwenstein Wertheim, then Secretary of the Legation. He did not trouble



much about me, and I have no recollection of him in my childhood.

Of my so celebrated great-aunt, Mrs. Fry, I have no personal recollections, for she died when I was two years old, but I have always heard her spoken of by my mother with reverent affection, and I have grown up under the influence of her great life and work. Like all the Gurneys of Earham, she was fine-looking and of great dignity and power.

It was when I was seventeen and paying a visit to my grandmother at Carlsruhe-Baden that I met my godfather at the Grand Duchess's. "I thought you died seventeen years ago," was his remark to me, and I apologised humbly for my presence! He must have thought afterwards that he had not been quite courteous, and soon gave a *dîner dansant* for me. I was not supposed to be "out," but I remember that I very much enjoyed the little fête my godfather got up for me, and forgave him his not very polite remark.

When I was six months old my parents settled at "Abbey Lodge," a Gothic villa situated near the outer circle of Regent's Park, which was surrounded by a garden of three acres' extent, with very fine old trees. It is supposed to have been built by the architect Nash, who laid out Regent's Park and built its terraces when George IV was Regent. Thus the house and trees must be more than a hundred years old.

There is a pretty story about my parents fixing upon Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, as their home. There was a great friend of the Bunsen family, Lady Raffles, who lived at Highgate, and driving past Abbey Lodge one day she heard a voice saying, "This is the home of Ernest and Elizabeth." My parents came to view the house on this recommendation, and my Grandfather Gurney bought the long lease for them and

gave them all the furniture and fittings required to make it the charming place it has been ever since.

The house had at one time belonged to a Ceylon merchant, and there are large tables and some heavy chairs and sofas of Ceylon mahogany, with very fine Indian carving, and by degrees it was filled with relics, busts, portraits and miniatures of the family. My parents kept open house, and received so many people of distinction for so many years that the house has become historic to us. My brother Maurice was born here on January 8th, 1852.

In 1903, after my parents' death, Maurice being away on his diplomatic duties and I being settled at 8 Chester Street, S.W., Abbey Lodge was advertised for sale, and the lease was soon taken over by Mr. Emil Fuchs, who built a large studio opposite the entrance gate, and in whose possession it remained till I bought the place in the spring of 1911.

Mr. Fuchs was a great artist and sculptor, and was a friend of King Edward's. After the death of Queen Victoria, the King sent for Mr. Fuchs to go to Osborne, where he made some beautiful sketches of the Queen.

When I became possessed of Abbey Lodge in 1911, Mr. Fuchs took a smaller house opposite, which his sister managed for him. But I was pleased that he should keep the studio, where his paintings and sculptures were a pleasure for me to watch. At his request I sat to him for my bust, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy and much admired as a work of art. It is in my possession. As he is now settled in America, all his pictures and statues will probably be sent there in time.

Situated, as it is, near a great thoroughfare, Abbey Lodge may be called unique. When we were children, and in later years, we found it easy to ride in Rotten Row in the morning, and to have the carriage in the



ABBEY LODGE, 1895.

[*Alexander Corbett.*]





afternoon to pay visits, and to go out in the evening. Then there were only a few horse-omnibuses, and it would have been perhaps too far from clubs, etc., had not my father given up all idea of business or diplomatic appointments, becoming more and more absorbed in his theological and historical studies, which he pursued at Abbey Lodge and at the British Museum. Now the motor-'buses and underground railways take us in all directions every few minutes.

My recollection of our childhood is that it was teeming with life and animation. My brother Fritz being two years older than myself, he and I were constant companions, whilst Marie, who was born in 1853 at Abbey Lodge, and Maurice were relegated to the nursery in the care of a German nurse, Amalia, and the French nursery-maid, Ameline. My brother Fritz, being delicate, was not allowed to go to a public school, but was brought up by tutors at home, and attended an English College near as a day scholar, until later on he was sent to a clergyman, the Rev. Frank Conybeare, who prepared him for the university. Thus I had the advantage of sharing in his studies to a great extent.

Our education, though somewhat international, was mostly conducted on English lines. Among the governesses I particularly remember Miss Green and Miss Patten, who came to us from my aunt's, Lady Buxton's, family. They must have been very excellent and conscientious, and were allowed to undertake our religious education on strictly evangelical lines. I remember being thoroughly frightened about my sinful state and spending wakeful hours awaiting the last Judgment. Being a small child at the time, it much affected my health, and I think I was too young to have these great questions opened to perplex my childish mind and simple faith. It was a great relief when my

mother understood the situation and taught us the Bible in a different manner.

Various German and Swiss governesses came to teach my younger sister Marie, and gave me music lessons whilst I was under the German tutor, Dr. Fröst. A very charming Swiss governess was Mademoiselle Cuénod, who spoke perfect French and German, and was a brilliant pianist. She shared in all the intellectual interests of my father, and was a great friend to us all.

I must have been fifteen when my parents engaged a Countess Hacke, of an old aristocratic German family, to be my governess-companion. Her sister was *Palast Dame* (the head of the Court Ladies) to Queen Augusta of Prussia, and the family having had great losses and sold their estates, the younger sister was glad to find a position in England.

The Countess Hacke dropped her title when staying with us in the capacity of governess-companion, but I remember that my parents treated her as a friend. She was very aristocratic-looking, and had very elegant manners, and became a great favourite of ours. I do not think that she was very learned or to be compared with those who had passed their examinations, but she taught us lessons of courtesy and consideration for others, which are not to be learnt in books. There is a charming story connected with her giving up her position in our family. She had been on a visit to her relations in Germany, and returning *via* Holland told my parents of the kind attentions of a Dutch gentleman to her on the voyage. She had, she said, given her name as Fräulein Hacke and my father's address, at his request.

The next day a stranger asked to see my father, sending in his visiting-card with the name of Baron d'Ablang, with an address near The Hague. To my father's surprise this very charming Dutch gentleman



came in evening dress, with white tie and white gloves, to pay a morning call. But the mystery was soon explained, as he had come on an official visit to ask for the hand of Fräulein Hacke. My father was somewhat perturbed, expressing his opinion that it would be advisable to communicate with Fräulein's relations in Germany. Baron d'Ablang had no objection, and was especially pleased to hear of the lady's position and title.

Having given my father details about his fortune and position, which, he said, could be verified by the Dutch Legation in London, he asked for an interview with the lady. The result was that they were engaged and married from Abbey Lodge, and she lived very happily with him till his death. After that she came to England to work among the poor, though he had left her his estate and a good fortune.

It would be impossible for me to describe the many governesses who directed our studies and tried to keep us in order, until the arrival of a German tutor, Dr. Frost, who must have been with us for some years. His method of teaching was certainly excellent, as he was very anxious that the foundations of the elementary teaching should be very clearly defined and understood by his young pupils. Thus I learnt the elements of Latin, and made good progress in Cæsar's *Gallic War*. My mother was anxious for me to learn drawing, and my father, who was a great singer, wished me to be able to accompany him. My music and drawing lessons therefore took me away from the very strict course of instruction which Dr. Frost would have wished me to attend. He did not in any way share in our games or amusements, being intensely absorbed by his studies in Early English literature, particularly Chaucer. These he pursued daily, after our lesson-hours, in the British Museum. I remember that once

he accompanied us on a holiday excursion to the Welsh Harp, but he was not a very efficient chaperon, for when we were getting into a boat on the lake, to our great amusement he fell into the water and was extricated with much difficulty. After this adventure I think his activities were confined to our lessons.

Girls being mostly at that period more intelligent and more keenly interested than boys, Dr. Frost's ambition seems to me to have been centred on my education. In fact, I got on better with him than did my brothers, who did not appreciate his learning and worried him a good deal, owing to his pedantic ways. He was very good-natured in spite of all his peculiarities, and was even pleased, I remember, with an ugly valentine which we once sent him. When my brother Fritz, having attended an English college in the neighbourhood, was sent to a private tutor, Dr. Frost returned to Germany, and was proud to relate that he had found a good wife. He continued teaching there for many years. Only lately, in Germany, I met a lady who had been taught by him, and who told me with how much gratitude he spoke of my parents, and how full he was of the happy years he spent with us in England.

I was very young when a Fräulein Voss undertook my German lessons. She afterwards married Dr. Althaus, and I went to them for lessons in their little house at North Bank, near Abbey Lodge. There I learnt to appreciate the German home life, and was much interested in the children. Dr. Althaus was a very learned and interesting man, who taught me German literature and history, and his wife was a wonderful *Hausfrau* and needlewoman, and I learnt much from her.

My father had a French friend, M. Dupont, of whose antecedents I know little, but he imbued me with a love of the French language and literature.

My music masters and mistresses were too many to

remember distinctly, but a Herr Wagner seems to me to have been the one I liked best. When I was about fifteen I began to play my father's accompaniments, and it was a great happiness to us both. He had a beautiful tenor voice and a wonderful memory for music. He sang all the great songs of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, etc.; operatic airs too, and Handel's and the other great oratorios. Mendelssohn had been a great friend of the Bunsens, and had accompanied my father in his compositions.

My father led the singing in the German Chapel at Rome as a child, but never had singing lessons, and did not really know the notes. Only lately Sir George Henschel told me that he thought him the finest amateur he had ever heard. Thus my father's singing and my playing for him was part of my life, and we were great friends. He used to tell me of his studies when I was very young, and the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans, the Greeks and the Romans, were very real to me.

My father was much interested in Darwin's teachings of Evolution, which he considered universal and eternal. My mother never took to these theories, which did not accord with her early training, and her daily Bible readings with us were on strictly Quaker lines. Her knowledge of the Scriptures and of the Old Testament especially, and its accordance with the New Testament, was most remarkable. Her Bible, with its intricate markings of references and passages, is my great book of reference.

On Sundays we children read the lessons in English, with my parents, before the English Church Service, and recited the old German hymns to my father. He read family prayers to his family and servants before breakfast, and wrote a book of Prayers which I still use for the purpose.

It was when we were still small children that my

brother Fritz persuaded my parents to invite the Italian organ-grinders, of whom there were so many about the streets of London, to a dinner-party on his birthday. It must have been a very original entertainment, and I remember the dinner was served in the bowling-shed in the garden, the men sitting round with their organs beside them. As far as I can remember they all had very good manners and behaved well in what must have been strange circumstances.

An adventure my eldest brother and I had in the garden at Abbey Lodge was rather amusing. We had a favourite kitten, and were awakened one morning by its pitiful mewling. It had climbed into the large elm tree which stands on the lawn, and was afraid to come down. We resolved to rescue it, and stole down into the garden in our night-clothes. Thus we were delighted to find a ladder which the builders had left outside, and with youthful enthusiasm, in spite of scratches, we both climbed into the tree. Of course, the sensible thing would have been for one to climb after the kitten and the other to remain below and hold the ladder. But alas! wisdom comes with experience. My brother climbed up the trunk of the tree and into the branches first, and I, in my anxiety about the kitten, followed him. We were both astride on the branches that held the kitten, which soon came to our protecting arms. But alas! our hope of escape from the tree soon fled, for the friendly ladder was not properly supported, and it fell flat on the grass. It was about five o'clock on a summer morning, and our calls to the inhabitants of the house remained unanswered, so we huddled together and kept as warm as we could till the gardener at last appeared. Seeing some little white forms in the trees, he was seized with terror and rapidly fled. Some time elapsed before the cook appeared and, recognising us, ran shrieking to our nurse. She came down in great



excitement and very angry indeed at our escapade. The gardener appeared with a ladder, and we were ignominiously put to bed. Why the frantic nurse should have made us take a dose of medicine I never could understand.

My parents did not rise to the occasion from the nurse's point of view, who expected us to be severely punished, as they considered that we had undertaken this escapade with the idea of saving our little kitten.

It must have been on Saturday afternoons that Fritz, who was a great fisherman from his childhood, used to take me to fish in the Park, and to the horror of an attendant governess we used to return triumphantly with some tiny fish in a bottle. Sailing with umbrellas was also a sport to which we were addicted, but the ponies were the chief attraction.

A very happy recollection of these years were the weekly visits of my mother's cousin, Lady Troubridge, her husband, Sir Thomas Troubridge, and their six children, Thomas, Ernest, Amy, Laura, Helen and Violet. They all came over to Abbey Lodge on Saturday afternoons, the children playing and romping with us in the house and garden.

Lady Troubridge was a very beautiful woman and Sir Thomas a fine type of English gentleman, in spite of his sadly crippled condition. Ernest, the second son—Admiral Sir Ernest Troubridge<sup>1</sup>—was my father's godson, and though the children were younger than we were, they remained our faithful friends, and never ceased to visit Abbey Lodge.

Sir Thomas Troubridge was wounded in the Crimean War, at the Battle of Inkerman, where he lost his left foot and right leg. On being wounded, he refused to be moved, and continued commanding his battalion, the 7th Fusiliers, for two hours, his shattered legs being bandaged and propped on a gun.

<sup>1</sup> He died January 30, 1926.

When Sir Thomas returned to England, he attended the review on the Horse Guards' Parade on the occasion when Queen Victoria presented the medals to the Crimean heroes. As Sir Thomas was wheeled past in a bath-chair, the Queen quite broke down, and wept as she pinned on his medal. He was staying in London when laid up, before his wooden limbs were made, when one day a beautiful young girl, Miss Louisa Gurney, called to see his sister, Miss Troubridge. When she gave her name, "Miss Gurney," the servant said, "Sir Thomas wishes to see you." He thought that an old lady of that name was calling to see him about an invalid chair. Miss Louisa Gurney went up, and when she entered the room, Sir Thomas, for the first time, saw this lovely girl, full of heart and sympathy, and he straightway fell in love. They were married a year after, and were the most devoted couple during their short married life of ten years.

When I was eighteen, Mr. James Sant, who was an acquaintance of my parents, asked if he might paint a full-length portrait of me for the Royal Academy ; my parents had no objection, and he promised them a small copy of the picture. But I, who wanted to be riding every morning and seeing my young friends, was not very pleased at having constantly to be in Mr. Sant's studio in Lancaster Gate, to stand for my portrait. It was, however, a great success, and can be compared to the portraits by Gainsborough. I was represented as walking through a wood, in a white muslin dress, and there is grace and movement in the figure which would be difficult to imitate. I remember that Mr. Sant, wishing to improve the picture, darkened his studio and let a ray of sunshine fall upon my hair. This gives the impression of it being fairer than it really was at that time, though, as a child, I had quite fair hair.

The picture made a great sensation, and Mr. Sant

became famous as a Queen's painter—Her Majesty Queen Victoria having been much struck by the painting and having sent for Mr. Sant to paint some of her family.

It was in 1912 that I persuaded my brother Maurice to be painted in his ambassadorial robes by Mr. Emil Fuchs, who had then the studio at Abbey Lodge.

This picture I particularly wished to have painted as a memorial of the great position my brother had attained in his career. It was a life-size, full-length portrait; the blue drapery of the cloak of the Knight of St. Michael and St. George is a great addition to the uniform. The Orders are: the Order of the Bath, the Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, and the Order of St. Michael and St. George, representing the dignity of his office.

The so-called Little Drawing-room of Abbey Lodge was the focus, one may say, of family interest; most of the busts and portraits and family relics were to be found in this room, which is situated behind the chief drawing-room. Beside the large portrait of my brother, Sir Maurice, hung one by Edward Hughes of my mother as an elderly lady with white hair and a Victorian cap. It gives the delicacy of the face, but does not give an impression of the remarkable energy which characterised her up to the end of her long life. She died in January 1903, aged eighty-five, and was only confined to her bed for a few days.

Two oil-paintings of "kit-cat" size, by Professor Herkomer, of Baron Deichmann, my second husband, and myself, painted in 1896, hung in the dining-room. They were painted when Herkomer was at the height of his fame, and I am glad that I persuaded Deichmann to have them done then.

We had known Professor Herkomer for some years, first when he was living in quite a small house at Bushey,

in Hertfordshire, where his father and uncle lived with him, his father as a wood-carver and his uncle working in wrought-iron. They had originally come from Bavaria, and were a family of wood-carvers. Thus they called Professor Herkomer "Meister," and executed his beautiful designs in wood and iron. We had been much interested in Professor Herkomer's genius, and often visited him. On one occasion he expressed a wish to paint me in a black velvet evening gown, with a dark background. But my husband had seen in his studio the portrait of an American lady in black velvet, with a very light green background, and was impressed with the idea that this would suit my picture. In vain Professor Herkomer remonstrated, and was at last persuaded to give way to my husband's wishes. A trying time for me followed, as I had constantly to go down to Bushey to stand for my portrait in Professor Herkomer's beautiful studio. It could only have been a pleasure, had I not noticed that the great artist was working on lines that did not represent what he had in his mind.

The portrait was finished with the light green background as desired. It was sent to the Professor's studio in Ebury Street, and was exhibited to many acquaintances and friends of ours and artists.

Deichmann was quite delighted to have it as he had wished, and it was much admired by the visitors.

I was rather taken aback therefore when Professor Herkomer asked me to come down to Bushey once more to have a final sitting, but could not but accede to the request. I could see that the artist was much worried, and his wife told me that he was sleepless and ill from the disappointment he experienced in my portrait.

Certainly he was right, and I was too pale to be detached from the light green background. Having



looked at the portrait from all points of view, Professor Herkomer asked me if it was one of the finest he had painted. Without any premeditation I answered, "Oh, no, Professor Herkomer." "Why not?" said he. "Because," I answered, "your portraits seem alive and appear to be walking out of their frame." "This one does not, and never will," rejoined the Professor. Seizing a penknife, he cut the canvas into pieces, only at my earnest instigation saving the hands and part of the arms, which were wonderfully lifelike.

I was horrified, as my husband had liked the portrait, and it would, I knew, be difficult to persuade him to have another of me painted. But with great determination the Professor maintained that he would paint another in a very short time which Deichmann would like much better, and which would represent me as the artist wished to paint me. I promised not to tell anyone, but to go down to Bushey for the next few days, when my portrait seemed to be painted by magic. Professor Herkomer was quite in his element, painting rapidly without interruption, and the new portrait was finished in six sittings.

My father, not being in business or politics or a member of clubs, was mostly at home and in his library, joining us at luncheon, walking in the afternoon, and spending the evening with us in the drawing-room after late dinner. His love and admiration for my mother was ever the same. He left all management of household and family arrangements to her. The older I get, the more I admire her untiring energy, and wonder at all she was able to do with the comparatively small means at her disposal. Her interest in the large family circle and constant hospitality to its members was very great. However, her activities did not end there, but extended to many friends in England and abroad. No

one she ever cared for seemed to grow out of her life, and her charming letters in beautiful handwriting are still preserved by many.

Her correspondence with the Princess of Wied, who lived at Neuwied on the Rhine, and the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, daughter of the Emperor William, continued all her life, and I have a good collection of the letters. The Grand Duchess Louise passed away on April 23rd, 1923.

My mother's influence was felt in many circles, for it was her great wish to make her house a centre for strangers and foreigners who were lonely in London. Thus many Orientals and diplomats came, on Sunday afternoons especially, and were kindly welcomed.

My parents kept up a large circle of acquaintances, and the diplomatic circle were represented at dinner-parties and receptions at Abbey Lodge. The garden-parties also were very popular. Little dances were arranged for us, and my parents enjoyed receiving our young friends.

During our summer holidays we were often taken to pay a visit to my grandmother, Baroness Bunsen, who was living in Germany. At the death of my Aunt Theodora, Baroness Ungern Sternberg, my grandmother and unmarried aunts, Frances and Emilia, had undertaken the care and education of her five young motherless children. Baron Ungern Sternberg having an appointment at the Court of the Grand Duke of Baden, they lived at Karlsruhe, his capital. For their sakes my grandmother annually took a place in Switzerland, and it was there that we visited her.

One summer we spent some weeks at what was then called the White House, at Llanover, near Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, and much enjoyed the society of our cousins, the Herberts, who came over from Llanarth to visit us. The White House had been the home of

my very cultivated great-grandmother, Mrs. Waddington, who was brought up by her great-aunt, the famous Mrs. Delany, whose letters, etc., are carefully preserved at the White House. This became, after the death of her husband, Mr. Waddington, a sort of dower house, connected with the large house at Llanover, which had been built by the late Lord Llanover (then Sir Benjamin Hall), who married Augusta, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Waddington.

During our holiday sojourn at the White House, my parents were often at Llanover, and we as children sometimes went there. But we were always glad to return to our haunts at the White House. Here a Welsh element prevailed which my great-aunt, Lady Llanover, fostered on the estates, and the Welsh harpers played a great part. Once I was dressed up by Lady Llanover in Welsh costume, and had an interview with Lord Llanover as Jenny Jones. He must have been taken with my appearance, for he acceded to all the requests which I had been told to make.

There was an election at Llanover one year, when I was deputed to ride about the villages and to the farm-houses, in the hills, with electioneering papers. There was no lady's saddle, so I rode the pony on a boy's saddle, which was then supposed to be very unmaidenly. But I do not see how otherwise I was to execute Lady Llanover's commands.

I particularly remember the coming-of-age festivities of our cousin Ivor Herbert, now Lord Treowen, at the house of his parents, Llanarth Court, near Raglan, in Monmouthshire.

On Sunday the Welsh servants sang hymns in the gallery above the hall, and an exhibition of national dancing was held there sometimes, the dancers executing steps between candles placed on the floor.

To keep up the Welsh traditions Lady Llanover

attended the Welsh Church services in Welsh costume, with high hat and cap underneath.

My father's proficiency in the four languages, English, German, French and Italian, was a great incentive to me to study them and their literature. When my brothers left home for school and college, I was most anxious to join some educational establishment where I could continue my studies.

But alas! it was not the fashion of those days, and ladies studying at the universities and ladies' colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were then unknown, and would have filled the minds of that generation with pious horror. It would have been a great blank in my life had not some new friends appeared on the horizon. These were Sir Charles and Lady Nicholson, who came to dine at Abbey Lodge when I was fifteen. Sir Charles had gone to Australia when very young, and had much to do with the founding of Sydney University there and with the colony generally. He was, above all, of a learned and literary turn of mind, and his knowledge of English literature and his love of letters was very remarkable. He was also a great Egyptologist according to the knowledge of those days. It was this particularly that united him to my father, with whom he lived on intimate terms. His wife Sarah, who was much younger than he, was the daughter of Mr. Keightley, Registrar of Charterhouse School, which was then in London. My friendship with Sarah continued for over sixty years, and was ever the same and unaltered during the very varying circumstances of my life.

Sarah Nicholson used often to describe me as she saw me when she came as a bride, with Sir Charles, to dine with my parents. I was dressed in white muslin and sat behind a table, drawing, until I was called upon to play my father's accompaniments as he sang. It was after that first introduction that a great change



came into my life, for it was Sarah Nicholson, who was a very good artist, who encouraged me to continue in my efforts at drawing and painting, and taught me very much.

Sir Charles was also ever ready to be interested in my literary studies, lending me books and advising me what to read. The Nicholsons' house in Devonshire Place, near Abbey Lodge, became my favourite resort, and I was allowed to go in and out as I pleased. At that time the Nicholsons had a nice old place near Southend, called Hadleigh, where I was always welcome, and I met many interesting musical and artistic people at both houses. I was too much occupied with my lessons at home to be with my kind friends so much as I should have liked then, and it was not until after 1870, when my brother Fritz died, and Sarah Nicholson had so much sympathy for me in my sorrow, that our real intimacy began.

Sarah's eldest son, now Sir Charles, the well-known ecclesiastical architect, was in those days a pretty little boy with fair curls, whilst Archie, her second son, destined to be a famous designer of church windows, appeared on the scene when I was older. Sydney, the youngest son, who was born in 1875, and is now organist at Westminster Abbey, is my godchild.

These three children and their education were a great interest to me in my young days, and the family life of the Nicholsons was truly charming and interesting. One visit to Hadleigh I especially remember, when I took my horse, "Uhlan," with me, and Sarah and I had many pleasant rides, attended by their coachman. It was on Canvey Island, near Southend, that the coachman's horse ran away with him and he dashed past us helplessly.

Sir Charles had always kept open house as a bachelor, and was most kind and genial to all. In later years

the Grange, Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, was the country house of my friends, and there I often spent happy days. Totteridge was a beautiful region, full of old historic houses, but has now been much built over. The Grange was an old roomy house, and being near London there was much coming and going of visitors.

As Sir Charles grew older, this was often too much for him, so he retired to a summer house, which he called "Manchester." It used to puzzle people to hear that "Sir Charles had gone to Manchester!"

The studio where we worked at our painting was our favourite haunt: the little boys coming in to draw and Sarah's painting of figures and sketches of landscape were a great joy to me, whilst Sir Charles was full of Dante, Milton and Shakespeare, and new discoveries and political events.

It was here that I became interested in Spiritualism, the possibilities of which my father believed in and had often spoken to me about. Miss Katie Wingfield lived near the Grange, and was then, though very young, already well known as a medium, as were also a Mrs. Heckford and a Miss MacAndrew.

Many interesting séances took place at the Grange, Sir Charles asking learned and scientific questions, and Mrs. Heckford's husband, who had passed over, writing automatic answers which were very beautiful and elevating.

Sir William Crookes was, I believe, the first of the scientific men who had the courage openly to confess his conviction of the truth of the teaching, and he was a friend of the Nicholsons. We were, of course, but at the very beginning of the great movement which has now swept over the world, and which will unite the spiritual and the material world more and more, till the earth is full of the knowledge of God. As in all great movements, there is much fraud and there are many

difficulties, but the real truth is more and more become the conviction of many great people.

The Grange was for many a happy place of rest and refreshment after hard work, and a spirit of true hospitality pervaded it. Many were welcomed who could make no return except by their gratitude. I felt at home there and much interested in all that made up the life of Sarah and her family. But it was in London, in their house at Devonshire Place, that I saw the most of the Nicholsons, dining there often and meeting their artistic and literary friends, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Childers, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Campbell, and many others.

One Christmas Day I remember particularly well. I proposed acting a charade I had thought of. The word was "Inspector," and there was in the charade an inn, at which were a rich tradesman Jonathan, and his sister Araminta, a comic figure of an old maid anxious to get into Society. She tells her brother of a Count Rodolpho she has met on the pier, who is to call. Jonathan is much concerned about his money-box, which he has brought with him. Count Rodolpho is a swindler and, disguised as a spectre, steals the money-box from Jonathan when he is asleep in bed. The Inspector of Police arriving is the last scene, when Araminta rushes in, falls on her knees declaring that she loves the Count, but the Police Inspector is immovable and takes the swindler in charge. Mr. Salting was the spectre, Sir Charles was Jonathan, and I was Araminta. It was all very amusing, and our audience was delighted.

The sermons of Mr. Haweis were much appreciated and discussed at that time, and I attended his church with my friends. They were sensational sermons of the modern type. I read also his clever books, *Music and Morals*, etc., but my education had been too



much on old-fashioned lines for me to appreciate them much.

The Oxford Movement, and *Essays and Reviews* and Bishop Colenso I heard discussed, and could not but realise that Protestantism, as it was then, wanted waking up. The damp churches, the high pews, and the dull, long services are very present to my memory. It was Dean Farrar's wonderful work, *Eternal Hope*, which impressed me the most. It removed many great difficulties for me in my study of the Bible. "Eternal" being a wrong term and denoting æons or periods is the keynote of Dean Farrar's book, and thus *Eternal Hope*, instead of *Eternal Punishment*, is the great truth taught.

Sarah Nicholson was always much interested in theological teachings, and studied the great movement in the books written by members of this modern school of thought, making a sort of summing up of their arguments and copying quotations of her favourite passages. She continued her wide range of interests down to her eighty-fifth year.

It was after an illness in the winter of 1923 that Sarah's eyesight began to fail. She could not see to paint and read the quotations of books she copied. Most of her former work was, alas! burnt in the great fire at the Grange, their country place in Herts, when so many of her sketches and so much of her correspondence was lost, and Sir Charles's Memoirs also, which would have been so interesting with the account of the great Australian colony in its early days. The lovely French tapestries which adorned the dining-room, and Sarah's jewels which were in an iron safe, were rescued.

The fire broke out in February 1899, in the night, a beam having been smouldering for some time and the house being old. Sir Charles had to be carried to the house of a neighbour, where they all took shelter for some time. But he immediately began to have the



house rebuilt, his son Charles being the architect, and it was there that I saw him last before he passed into the spiritual world in the year 1903, aged ninety-five, without suffering and in perfect peace. His funeral was simple and beautiful. Many old friends came to Totteridge Church. He was laid to rest under an old yew-tree in a beautiful spot.

His sons attended to him in his old age with a wonderful devotion, and he lived to see them grown up and started on their careers. His interest in Australia was ever the same, and many people of influence in that colony came to visit him. A large silver centre-piece, given him by the colony when he left, often adorned his dining-table, at which so many interesting people assembled. His later years were spent in the country, at the Grange, which suited him better, and his London house in Devonshire Place was sold.

After his death Sarah soon moved into Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, with the old servants, and her sisters, the two Miss Keightleys, settled near her. Sarah was ten years older than I. Since her widowhood she wore black, mostly of silk and satin, and always long skirts and capes and a smart little bonnet. Grey curls encircled her forehead, and she was never seen without a dainty white cap. Great were her powers of sympathy, and she was very bright and lively and full of harmony.

It was not until 1923 that I began to notice a change in my old friend. When she went to Myrtle Cottage, in the New Forest, as usual, for the month of August, she was for the first time unable to sketch, as she could not see the colours distinctly. But her lively interest in all that was beautiful remained the same, and her small, slight figure had lost nothing of its uprightness when she came to see me last at Abbey Lodge in October 1923.

Our correspondence had been uninterrupted, and she much felt the prospect of our having to leave Abbey Lodge. It was when I was waiting for a train at Stettin, on my way home from visiting the Bismarcks at Plathe, that I received a letter from Maurice telling of her weak state and general debility. My safe return seems to have been a comfort to her, as she was anxious about my journey, owing to the unsettled state of Germany. But she was too weak to see anyone, though she constantly sent me a message, and asked me to come one day when she felt better. We spoke of our long friendship, and she understood when I said that love was eternal.

She passed away early in December, and was laid to rest in Totteridge churchyard, where Sir Charles's grave received the flower-laden coffin. There is no text on his tomb, but the Egyptian emblem of the Resurrection.

Love and sympathy were her great attributes, and her pride and joy in her sons, in their success in their different careers, all serving the Church in different ways, was great. Her hospitality to those in trouble and her generosity were unfailing.

She painted one water-colour of me as a bride in a white satin gown and veil, and later, another as a young widow, in black crape gown and widow's cap, with my boy Wilhelm as a baby in my arms.

Sydney, the youngest of Sarah's sons, always had a passion for music. He was organist of Manchester Cathedral for some time before he was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey. He composed the anthem, "Beloved, let us love one another," for the wedding of Princess Mary. He cares for the choir-boys by inviting them to a camp in summer, and cultivating them generally. It is some years since he discovered a veritable "musical genius" in one of his choir-boys

and adopted him, as it were, giving him a general education and teaching him music.

Sarah's second son, Archie, lived with her until her death, spending his days at his studio designing church memorial windows and supervising the work of the firing and leading of the glass. Skilled artists enlarge and copy his designs and compositions. He was among the first who left the old conventional style of figures and groups and made pictures on glass.

The eldest son, now Sir Charles, married Evelyn Olivier, the sister of the artist, and they live in an old house near Southend.

During the terrible years of the war, Sarah never deserted me, but came often, and I went to her when I knew her to be alone. She was much interested in the Belgian families who came to stay at Abbey Lodge, and during the war she made a portrait of the pretty and charming Madame de la Potterie, who with her four children was with me for many months, till the boys were taken by the authorities at Eton and educated there till their return home.

## CHAPTER II

### VISITS TO ITALY AND GERMANY

MY father's love of Italy, where he spent the years of his childhood, lasted throughout his life, and we were taught Italian, reading *I Promessi Sposi* and studying Dante and Petrarch.

Thus it was that in 1866 my parents took me and Marie and the German governess to Florence, where we spent some months. The great object of our visit was to see my uncle, Charles Bunsen, then First Secretary at the Prussian Legation at Florence, Count Usedom being the Minister.

Our stay at Florence was full of interest, and I was able to enjoy the beauties of nature and art. I stayed with my Uncle Charles and Aunt Mary Isabel, *née* Waddington, in their apartment on the Lung' Arno, and my aunt, who was a good artist herself, taught me much about the early Florentine School of Painting—about Botticelli especially.

I was not really “out,” not having been presented at Court in London, but was taken by my uncle and aunt to a State ball at the Pitti Palace, when I saw King Victor Emmanuel and was introduced to the Corps Diplomatique. But the little parties my aunt gave in her rooms, where she was at home one evening of the week, were more to my liking.

It was during the Court Ball that an amusing incident occurred. Countess Usedom, the wife of the Prussian Minister, was very stout, and at this time not very



beautiful. She had told us about the sensation she would make in a cloth-of-gold gown gorgeous with jewels, especially dwelling on the effect she would have on King Victor Emmanuel. Being the *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique, she was to be the King's partner in the Royal Quadrille. When the band struck up for this performance, however, His Majesty was nowhere to be found, and the function had to be enacted without him. General consternation ensued, of course. His Majesty was presently discovered shooting little birds in the garden round the palace, instead of treading the maze of the dance with the resplendent Countess.

My uncle and aunt had two Italian servants, Giovanni and Amina, who ran the house and reigned supreme. My aunt was "At Home" one evening of the week, in continental fashion, and when the guests arrived before Giovanni had arranged all to his satisfaction, he barred the doors, exclaiming, "Non sono pronti" ("We are not ready"), and they had to wait patiently outside till they were admitted.

It must, I think, have been at one of my aunt's informal gatherings that I was introduced to the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres and her two daughters, Alice and Minnie. They were very kind and took me on several expeditions, and we painted together in the Galleries. One picnic to the mountains I especially remember, when a great artist, Mademoiselle de Feauveau, was with us.

My father especially enjoyed our life at Florence. He took an apartment, where my uncle and aunt and their little girl Beatrice stayed with us. My sister Marie was too young to care for pictures and historical places, but loved the Cascine and the wild flowers. Walks with my father to Bello Sguardo and other lovely places are very fresh in my memory, and my

great admiration for our aunt, Madame Charles de Bunsen, threw a halo over all.

A young Secretary of the Prussian Legation, Baron Brincken, was often with us. He little dreamt that he would be a connection of mine in later years. It was at Florence that my mother became acquainted with Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands and drove with her in a fine carriage to visit places of interest. She was pleasant-looking, with good features.

It was on her return from Florence in 1866 that my sister Marie and I accompanied our parents on a visit to Queen Marie of Bavaria, at her castle in the mountains, "Hohenschwangén." Her Majesty had been a Prussian Princess, and my mother had made her acquaintance when she was in Berlin with her aunt, Mrs. Fry, before her marriage. My mother had always had the great gift of keeping up with people who interested her, whom she had not seen for years. She always remembered to write to them on anniversaries and for the New Year, etc. The Queen received us most kindly. The castle was not, as now, splendidly decorated and furnished in modern style. We joined the Queen in charming expeditions in the neighbourhood. There was music in the evenings, for the Queen was delighted with my father's singing and very kind about my playing his accompaniments.

It was very interesting to observe the young King, then only eighteen. His mental condition was a source of anxiety to all. Every day a place was laid for him at dinner, and all hoped for his appearance, but he was even then possessed with the idea that he could not meet strangers, and was more and more inclined to remain in his rooms, from whence we heard him playing the piano in a marvellous way. During the night he would drive a four-in-hand at full gallop through the forest unattended. All were much dis-

tressed, for his undoubted genius was even then manifestly allied to madness.

His brother Otto had been in an asylum since his childhood, a circumstance which could not but increase the alarm regarding Louis. One memorable day, when I was in the garden alone, the King came down to speak to me. Even at this distance of time I could not describe the impression his great beauty and a certain strange fascination in his eyes had upon me. He invited me to see his rooms in the tower, and I followed him up the many steps of the old castle. His sitting-rooms were full of musical instruments and curiosities, but what most astonished me was his bedroom. His bed was surrounded by orange trees, and a cascade of rushing water was arranged next door, many birds of brilliant plumage were flying round, and the whole had a fairy-like aspect.

His windows were arranged, as he told me with pride, so that the moon should fall upon his face when he was asleep and the beams of the rising sun should wake him early. Such was my fleeting vision of this extraordinary and very pathetic historic figure. I never saw him again, but I followed the accounts of his life with great interest. It was, of course, through his appreciation and influence that Wagner's genius became known to the world. The production of the operas in accordance with Wagner's own ideas was impossible for any ordinary manager in any country, owing to the cost, but the King of Bavaria was lavish in his expenditure on anything in which he was interested, and it seems to be an undoubted fact that he had the operas performed for himself alone, and that his taste for solitude laid a firmer hold upon him as his malady increased.

His last years in solitary confinement must have been terrible. Previously he had been occupied in restoring all the old palaces and castles belonging to his family.

I have not seen them, but am told that they are marvellous. The decorations, paintings and carvings adorning them are so wonderful and so famous that the multitude of tourists visiting them has paid for the enormous expenditure. The story of the death of the King by drowning in trying to escape from his solitary confinement is well known. He will always remain one of the most interesting people I met in my young days.

It was in 1866 also that we travelled to Baden to see the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, old friends of the Bunsen family.

I was eighteen and the Grand Duchess, who was the only daughter of King Wilhelm I of Prussia, expressed a great wish for me to be presented at Court at Berlin. This led to our staying for some time at Coblenz, near the Queen Augusta, of whom we saw a good deal. Her Majesty invited us to parties at her palace, where the Countess Hacke, the lady-in-waiting, and Dr. Brandis, the Secretary, were old friends of my parents. My mother, whose knowledge of the German language was very limited, and to whom all was strange, was somewhat tired by her experiences, but at the same time very much interested. The Prince and Princess of Wied were near, and we were with them a good deal till the season at Berlin approached. From Coblenz, where we stayed at an hotel, we moved on to Berlin, where my uncle, George Bunsen, was then living.

We stayed for some weeks at the Hôtel de Russie, opposite the Schloss—the old Palace. It was brilliant and very interesting, for the King and Queen treated us as old friends, and it was all most novel and amusing.

The famous Berlin ladies' tailor of those days turned me out in the clothes then required of young ladies, simple and voluminous ball-dresses of white tulle and tarlatan, for the King had old-fashioned Prussian ideas



of simplicity for girls, though his Court was brilliant. The King offered my father the post of Chamberlain, and he wore the uniform with all the gold embroidery. A large gold key, attached to a blue ribbon, was the order of his office when he appeared at Court.

We were most kindly welcomed by the officials at the court functions, and the King's interest in the Bunsens, who had received him kindly in London when he fled from Berlin during the Revolution of 1848, had not abated. This fact was well known, and it opened all doors to us.

The Queen Augusta was very elegant and stately, and traces of her perhaps rather statuesque beauty were still to be seen. At Coblenz she relaxed court etiquette, and was given to walking in the grounds along the Rhine (which she had been instrumental in laying out) and to talking with the people. She was a daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and had the rather affected manner of that old school of court etiquette.

Owing, perhaps, to the expressed wish of her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, Her Majesty always received and welcomed me most kindly. Her regiment, called the Queen Augusta's, was quartered at Coblenz, and the officers were in great favour with Her Majesty, who honoured them with her presence on gala days.

On looking back, I think it wonderful that we were so kindly received by the court society at Coblenz and in Berlin, which was then a small circle, and which met at all parties and functions of their set from whom all others were excluded. The Court receptions, termed *Cours*, were held at the Old Palace, and all were organised on the lines of strict etiquette. Their Excellencies of the Court and the diplomatists kept apart in an appointed State salon, until all the company had passed before the King and Queen, who were seated

on a throne in the famous Weisse Saal, or White Hall, as the large ball-room was called. The *débutantes* were assembled together under the care of the Chamberlain, and the company was divided into more sections than is the custom at the same functions at Buckingham Palace. On our way to the Great Throne Room we passed one at a time through a large corridor crowded with officers. This was rather an ordeal!

As far as I can remember, the military element was kept apart, and the old generals were rather stiff and formal. Many of these, however, welcomed my father as an old comrade, and their kindness to me and their welcome to us generally was very remarkable. It must have been owing to Their Majesties' kindness to us that so many barriers were removed, for I never pretended not to have been brought up in England or to be anything but a British subject.

Every Thursday evening during the Berlin season Their Majesties received a small circle of friends at the palace in which they resided, cordially chatting with them all, and evidently anxious to make all feel at home. The old lady-in-waiting, Countess Hacke, however, by her icy presence and strict manners, exercised a restraining influence upon us young people.

As, in addition to all the court functions, the Ambassadors and Ministers all gave great receptions to which we had to go, and as our stay was limited to a few weeks we were kept very busy. The leaving and returning of visiting-cards, and, above all, the remembering of the *Jours*—the days when all our various friends and acquaintances "received"—were an anxiety, for any remissness was taken very ill. My dear mother found it all ordered on rather too strict lines, English hospitality being so much easier.

What my sister Marie, who was not "out," most enjoyed was skating in the Thiergarten, the park near

Berlin. Here we danced on the ice to the sound of a military band, before the critical eyes of the old King, who would drive out to enjoy the pretty sight. The Crown Prince of Prussia, with Victoria, Princess Royal of England, were present at all the Court functions, and received us most kindly. Her Royal Highness often invited me and my mother and sister to see her alone in her apartments and talk about England, which was always her supreme interest; her children were small at the time, but we often saw them in their nurseries and schoolrooms, the little ones under the care of Mrs. Wakelyn. My sister, being young, was invited to play with the royal children. Thus I have always known the children of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, and have followed their various fortunes with true sympathy and interest.

It must have been during this first winter in Berlin that an amusing incident occurred at Court. There was an old Field-Marshal, Count Wrangel, who was much addicted to "flirting" (as he thought) with young girls. Being reputed to be good-natured, he was popular with them. He was at this time rather feeble-minded, and no one took him seriously. There had been a great famine in East Prussia, and the King decided that there was to be no supper at one of the great balls, only light refreshments being served. Ordinarily, the whole company sat down to supper at tables of six or eight, these little parties having been arranged by the Court officials on strict lines. At the ball in question the young folk, being absorbed in their dancing, were regardless of supper, but the older people were evidently depressed. As I was taking a turn with my father, we met this famous Count Wrangel, who, with an air of mystery, whispered and beckoned me to follow him. I never was afflicted with shyness, but I confess I was somewhat perturbed when, in the

midst of this distinguished gathering, the old Field-Marshal bade me sit opposite him at a small table, promising me a pleasant surprise. To my horror he pulled out of his pocket a red cotton handkerchief, in which he had some large slices of "black bread" and sausage! One slice he solemnly presented to me! It was an awkward moment, for we were surrounded by a crowd of ladies and officers in brilliant uniforms, all eager to see what would be the end of the episode. As the old man calmly began to eat his simple supper, evidently rejoicing in the fact of my sharing it with him, I felt bound to do the same, and was thus engaged when, looking up, I saw the King advancing towards us! His Majesty graciously went shares with me in my portion of black bread and sausage, and the old Field-Marshal was more than pleased at the success of his little supper-party! Of course I was afterwards much teased about my old admirer.

It was during this winter that I first saw the great Reichskanzler, then Count Bismarck, and the Countess, his wife. At the large functions at Court he always appeared in his white cuirassier uniform and high boots, and seemed to tower physically and mentally over everyone else. He and Count Moltke were always the great figures around whom everything seemed to revolve. In later years I knew them more intimately, but it was on my first "coming out" that I was presented to Count Bismarck by his daughter Marie. The young girls who were presented at Court were thrown together, and became a little coterie of themselves—a memory cherished by us in after years.

At that time, Neumann, the great singer, and Lucca, the famous prima donna, made the opera very brilliant, and my father often took me there. The British Ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus, received us very kindly, and the British Embassy and all the great



diplomatic houses were thrown open to us by my father's position as Chamberlain. I think our coming for a short time only made our position much easier. It was not, however, all plain sailing, and I had to remember "my manners"—curtsying to old ladies and all dignitaries, etc., etc. The Countess Fanny Reventlow, a lady-in-waiting of the Princess Royal, was a great friend of my mother's, and we saw interesting people at the hotel.

Dr. Brandis, Queen Augusta's secretary; Herr Meyer, an old Bunsen friend; Dr. Pertz, the head of the Royal Library, and Herr Olfers, the head of the Museum, and his family were interesting people. But above all there was Professor Lepsius, to whose house we were often invited, meeting the scientific and literary circles who were not received at Court. Professor Lepsius, who was an old friend and protégé of my grandfather, was a famous Egyptologist, and had spent many years in the East. My uncle, George Bunsen, had finished building his house in the Mainstrasse, then a suburb of Berlin, and we were often there. Our time in Berlin is associated in my memory with great strain and fatigue. My mother, being anxious for me never to lose any time, had engaged a music-master, Herr Siegmund Blumner, who was indeed a great teacher. But my manner of playing did not come up to his standard, and he wished me to conform to his style. In order to do this I had to practise several hours daily, which, with our late hours and our many engagements, was rather trying.

We spent part of two winters in Berlin before the war of 1870-1, not returning there, as far as I can remember, till 1872. Then much was changed. The Court had become Imperial and all on a different footing.

My father was persuaded by the Emperor, who was anxious to enlarge and beautify Berlin, to build a large

house there. A site was bought and approved of in the now fashionable part, close to the Reichstag and opposite the Monument of Victory placed there after the war.

The style of architecture and all the plans were at once discussed, and the house was finished when we returned in the winter of 1873. I never quite understood under what conditions my mother's trustees consented to this very great outlay. The house, when completed, was indeed perfectly beautiful, but far beyond our means, if Abbey Lodge, our home in England, was also to be kept up. It was ultimately sold, at a great loss I fear, to Prince Carolath. The Princess said of it: "*C'est la maison que j'ai rêvée toute ma vie.*"

It was during the season of 1872 that the Crown Prince and Princess Victoria had arranged a great fancy-dress ball at their palace, to which we were also invited. I had a very lovely costume: a gold brocade bodice, with a green satin skirt, a tiara with three stars, and a long veil with golden stars. My father was dressed as a Turk and my mother as a Russian lady. All the guests wore masks till after supper, when the ball began to be amusing, but society was too stiff in the presence of royalties really to understand and enjoy a masked ball. I did not enjoy it much myself, owing to painful memories of the recent war. Moreover, the patriarchal atmosphere which had made the Court at Berlin so attractive when I was first presented there was absent. "*Die schöne Halb-Engländerin*" (The beautiful half-English Girl) I was called on this occasion, and I had many admirers. I can honestly say that I never troubled about my appearance or encouraged any advances from my partners, with whom there were some complications nevertheless! It was all very brilliant and amusing, but the situation called for much

tact after the Franco-German War, and I was glad to be in England again and to return to our old manner of life. This was much quieter, and the season, not as in Berlin, concentrated in a few weeks. Our position in London, moreover, was by no means official, though my parents went to Court and we were invited to the great balls and concerts, etc.

## CHAPTER III

### OUR QUAKER RELATIVES—AND OTHERS

WHEN we were small children our parents took us to Falmouth, in Cornwall, to see their old friends, the Quaker family of Fox, and we stayed there some time for the sea-bathing.

My mother was anxious for us to know, and to be known to and cared for by the family and its connections and friends. Indeed, the family was considered sacred, for we never heard any criticisms of them. If the behaviour of the younger generation was not quite according to the principles of their elders, they were excused on the plea that they were "very faithful."

The people I remember at Falmouth were of my mother's generation, and we do not seem to have had many younger friends. I particularly remember two Misses Fox, Anna Maria and Caroline, who lived at a pretty place called "Penjerick," where the gardens had sloping lawns, and where we often spent pleasant afternoons. Of course, the ladies appeared to me very old at the time, but their affection for my mother made us feel at home in their house. A remarkable personality was an old Mr. Fox, known, I believe, by the name of "Uncle Joshua," who lived alone in rather a large house, surrounded by all sorts of birds. He exercised extraordinary influence over them, and arranged his life to suit their habits.

No carriage was allowed in the grounds, no dogs or cats entered the sacred place, and Uncle Joshua was always surrounded by his feathered pets. In the



garden a perfect swarm surrounded him ; when he was at work in the house it was the same. How he taught them not to hop about the dining-room table, but to sit around and wait for their share of the crumbs, I cannot understand. At night the top of his four-poster bed and the furniture in his room was crowded with them. I remember mostly thrushes, tits and other small birds, but I know that various sorts of migratory birds would put up at his place on their journey.

The Foxes lent us their carriages, for there were no trains that I can remember, and we made expeditions to the Land's End and many other places of interest. My mother had engaged a drawing-master, and Fritz and I were instructed in pencil-drawing by copying English sketches. The lovely shells along the coast are what I remember the best, and I am sorry not to have been there since to see the old haunts and the Fox connections, who are still faithful to the old homes.

For several years we all went to Kreuznach on the Neckar for the cure there, staying at a villa. My mother was always anxious about Fritz's health, and we all enjoyed the pretty place and surroundings, and were amused by the people staying there for the cure. They were then mostly Russians, and my father liked us to be ready at six o'clock to hear the morning choral or hymn tune given by the band, and we took long walks mostly to Rhein Grafenstein, a huge rock in lovely surroundings. Near by was the ruined castle of Ulrich von Hutten, who did so much for Luther and the Reformation.

A very smart and elegant Russian Countess Bibikoff lived in the same house, and amazed the humbler guests with her magnificent toilettes when she appeared in the Kur Garten, or public promenade.

John and Catherine and Sam Gurney came with us

one year, and we were a merry party. An adventure I had I can never forget. My parents knew some Russians at Wiesbaden, who invited Fritz and me to stay with them for a few days. I was about fifteen, and too young for visiting strangers. We thought it would be great fun, but found ourselves in very fast society. I was taken to see the gaming-tables, without understanding what it meant, and was very naturally amused. A friend of our hostess, a Russian prince, asked me to play for him, and put some gold pieces down. There is a superstition that a young girl who has never seen a gaming-table wins. Of this I was not aware and, my hostess encouraging me, I placed the gold pieces on the table. To my great astonishment little heaps of gold soon surrounded them. The Prince was much elated, and gave me more, and the same strange thing happened, till the other players stopped, aghast. The Prince offered me rich presents if I would continue playing, but I refused. I did not know what to do. Suddenly Fritz arrived. I shall never forget his horror-stricken face! I turned and fled to the hotel, for I did not wish to return to the Russians, and next day Fritz and I were very glad to go back to Kreuznach.

At the hotel the people noticed me and said, "*Elle fera sauter la banque!*" It was terrible indeed, and my parents were glad to have us safe home again, and quite understood the situation.

Once when I was staying at Leytonstone on a long visit my cousin Ellen and I used to go out very early to catch the ponies in the field and gallop them about barebacked. Thus I was early taught to ride, which must have been more difficult than now, for I had no third pommel to the saddle. This, I think, had been invented, but was considered unsporting at that time. Riding was therefore much more a matter of balance

than it is now. It was when I was fifteen that my Uncle Samuel Gurney proposed an expedition on horse-back to Epsom Downs. My cousin, Catherine Gurney, and I were to be mounted by him, and were delighted. Arrived at our destination, we mounted two tall hacks, whilst my uncle rode a stout cob.

On arriving at the race-course a gentle canter was proposed, but our horses soon outstripped the cob, and my uncle remained behind. We started decorously, but very soon our steeds, animated by the stretch of turf before them, took to galloping and finally to madly racing down the course. It was quite impossible for us to control them at all, and when we suddenly came upon a chain stretched across the course, at a height of about 4 feet, the situation became very dangerous. I called to Catherine to give her horse its head and beat him to make him jump the chain; having done this myself I felt my good horse rise under me and jump the barrier, which done he stopped exhausted. I could see, but could not prevent, Catherine's horse entangling its legs in the chain and violently falling. Catherine lay unconscious at its side. All I could do was to loosen her clothes about her throat and to try to make her sit up and breathe.

My uncle did not appear on the scene, and I was anxious to get some water, but there seemed no help near. We must have remained so for some time, with the exhausted horses standing beside us, when I discovered a picnic party in a wood near. Thus we were able to communicate with my uncle, who sent two of our kind helpers to the town to fetch a doctor, and he soon arrived with an ambulance. We were put to bed and cared for in his house, and might have been in a much worse condition.

These adventurous expeditions with my Uncle Gurney continued to be a great pleasure, and my

parents allowed me to accompany him, on which occasions I rode his high-spirited horse, Niagara.

We often rode down the tow path of the canal, or along the Thames to Richmond and Kew. Once, I remember, we were in Windsor Park, when we crossed what was supposed to be a ford in Virginia Water. But the water got deeper and deeper, and before long the horses took to swimming, and thus we reached the opposite bank in safety.

My sister Marie always had a passionate love of swimming and bathing. When she was quite a small child she was nearly drowned in the river whilst we were staying in Germany. Some years later, at the Menai Straits, Marie swam out too far and was nearly drowned, and in later years at Cromer also she was carried out to sea, and was only saved by a boatman.

Whilst staying with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Head, at Rickerby, near Carlisle, my brother Fritz and I shared many sporting adventures. He did not like to spend his holidays in London, and, my uncle and aunt having no children, he spent much of his time with them. Whilst there, he was out with the keepers, or riding the young horses and caring for various farms on the property, which became more and more his home. The river Eden ran through the park, and the salmon-fishing was very good. Thus Fritz could indulge in his favourite sport of fishing at Rickerby.

Our long drives to the Esk marshes I particularly remember, and how Fritz used to spend the nights there watching for the wild duck which returned to their haunts at dawn. The keepers and their dogs were our great friends, and I accompanied Fritz on many shooting expeditions after pheasants and partridges. The dogs were wonderfully trained, and I can never forget one, which was called Juno. The keepers had met Fritz and me at an appointed place, and had brought



Juno and another dog. Being absolutely obedient and trustworthy, Juno was deputed to take care of our lunch-baskets, which we left under a hedge in her care. I do not remember how it came about that we wandered farther in such a way and quite forgot poor Juno until next morning. It was a terrible moment. We drove as fast as we could to where we had left the dog. To my great astonishment, she was still standing guarding the basket, having only licked the paper, for which she evidently thought she would be punished, for she came to us crawling, as if she had a guilty conscience. Of course the keeper was very proud, and this story of the dog was not forgotten in the neighbourhood.

Rickerby House is a large and stately building, with beautiful gardens surrounding it. A large terrace near the river was a favourite haunt, and it was indeed a happy life for Fritz and me. My aunt, whose life at Ham House before she married Mr. Head had been so philanthropic, continued at Rickerby her good work of caring for the poor and interesting herself in schools, prisons, workhouses, etc.

We used to drive to Carlisle in the old-fashioned carriage called a chariot. This had C-springs, and the impression one had when driving in it was of being in a large cradle. There was a stately dignity about the house itself. My uncle being very old-fashioned in his views, a great many servants appeared at prayers, which he read in the dining-room every morning, and young people from the farms and the neighbourhood attended his Bible readings on Sunday evenings. He drove to the bank in Carlisle every day, and was very settled in his habits. He had built a large gallery connected with the house, in which he walked at certain times in the day if the weather was bad.

His kindness to us and his pleasure in our society

were remarkable. He never had any children of his own, but seemed to rejoice in our youthful spirits and enjoyment of the place. I do not remember him refusing any pleasure to me and my brother Fritz, but he was very particular as to our attending Stanwyx Church on Sundays, to which we walked through the park, or else going to the Cathedral at Carlisle. But one appeal we made always proved unsuccessful: this was for the opening of the so-called Silver Drawing-room, a large, stately and formidable apartment, the windows of which looked out on the terrace.

In accordance with the practice of his first wife, Mr. Head refused to have this room used, or even opened, except on the rare occasions when there were dinner-parties at Rickerby. Then a sense of awe seemed to pervade it, though my dear aunt, Mrs. Head, would try to give it an inhabited look by bringing in books, etc. My uncle, however, would quietly enter it before the guests arrived and remove anything he considered not consistent with the dignity of the Silver Drawing-room.

Mr. and Mrs. MacInnes, *née* Effie Fowell Buxton, were much at Rickerby, he being a connection of my uncle's and his acknowledged heir, whilst her mother was the daughter of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, my uncle. Thus we were a pleasant party in the house, but I do not remember many neighbours, except Mrs. Wordsworth and her daughter, who were descendants of the great poet.

Rose Castle, the home of the Bishop of Carlisle, was not far, and he and his family often visited Rickerby.

It was at Rickerby that I met Mrs. Spooner, the wife of the Archdeacon of Maidstone, who came over with the Bishop's party from Rose Castle. She was kind enough to remember me many years after, in London, and thus began the friendship with her daughter

Catherine, the wife of Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, which was such a comfort and support to us in the terrible years of the war, when she and the Dean made a point of being faithful and kind to me and Marie Thérèse in our forlorn and anxious condition. Mrs. Spooner was the daughter of Bishop Goodwin, of Carlisle.

I was in great danger at Rickerby when riding on a grey horse named Harry, which was usually driven and which was very rough. But I did not mind these drawbacks, and enjoyed riding about the lanes. One day I met my uncle and aunt in their carriage, and Harry bucked for joy at meeting his stable companions and threw me ! I fell on my head, and was semi-unconscious for a time. Whilst in this condition I spoke German only, and must have been a great anxiety to my kind uncle and aunt. It was a bad fall, from which I still have a scar on my temple.

Whilst I was staying at Rickerby my brother Maurice was saved from drowning in the Regent's Park water. He was skating with Walter Goldschmidt, the son of Jenny Lind. The ice gave way, owing to the weight of the people on it, but Maurice and Walter were saved from death through being near one of the islands.

Many people were drowned on this occasion, and alterations were made in the basin of the water so that it was shallow, and only deep enough for boating.

A great figure at Rickerby was Effie MacInnes. Her father, Mr. Johnston, had been the favourite secretary of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, whilst he was the great leader in Parliament of the movement for the liberation of the slaves and the abolition of slavery.

Rickerby was left to the MacInnes after the death of my uncle. They and their children lived there and cared for the place.

A reformatory school for boys which had been

founded by my uncle was near Rickerby, and my uncle marched to church at the head of the boys. During the cotton famine he supported some of the impoverished workers and helped in many ways.

Expeditions in carriages to his distant farms and to the Esk marshes were a great pleasure, and little journeys to the Lake country were arranged, to show us the beautiful scenery.

My parents and Marie and her governess were at Rickerby in the autumn, and members of the family came to stay. Indeed, Rickerby was a country home for us all, but my brother Fritz especially, who was at Cambridge, spent his vacations there, as he preferred the country life.

. . . . .

It was in June 1870 that a great sorrow came to us all in the death of my brother Fritz. He was at Trinity College, Cambridge, with Louis Buxton and John Gurney, and John Lawrence, the son of the great Lord Lawrence, was of the party. Fritz was then reading for his degree.

Fritz was a great sportsman, and had persuaded our parents to allow him to go big-game shooting in Africa that winter. He had always been rather delicate, and returned to his studies at Cambridge not well. The change of climate may have affected him, but my parents did not realise how ill he was. I remember his coming up from Cambridge to see us, looking very ill, and talking of having a "churchyard cough."

Early in June one of the cousins wrote to say how ill he was, and my parents left for Cambridge. Cousin John Henry Gurney was staying at Abbey Lodge, and told me and Marie how very serious the news was, and soon we were sent for to Cambridge. We all stayed at Fritz's lodgings, Emersons', in the Market



Place. Marie and I slept on mattresses on the floor of the little sitting-room, so as to be near him.

He was in bed, and had great difficulty in breathing. Those were sad days indeed. But his pleasure at having us all near him was so evident, and we hoped against hope that his life would be spared. He rallied slightly one day, and my parents made up their minds to bring him home to Abbey Lodge. The journey was a great effort to him, and by a mistake in a telegram our carriage was not there to meet him at the station. In his weak condition a four-wheeled cab was a great trial. We met the carriage as we drove in the gate.

My uncle, the Rev. Henry de Bunsen, and his wife, my aunt, Mary Louisa, with their two daughters, Lilla and Lisa, were staying at Abbey Lodge, and were shocked and grieved. Indeed, all was done that could be done with doctors and medicines, and Fritz was glad to be at home and in his own rooms.

He had been anxious to enter the British Army, and go to India, where the sport attracted him, and he often spoke of this hopefully.

My aunt and uncle had been summoned from Rickerby, and arrived at Cambridge, following us to London, where they stayed at their house near Abbey Lodge, 20 Hanover Terrace, in order to be near us all.

One day Fritz had been very drowsy, and my father's cousin, Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, came up to his room and stood behind his bed. She was splendidly dressed in a black-and-gold cloak, and the contrast was very great between her, who was so full of life, and Fritz's emaciated figure. Suddenly a change came. We were all near him. My Uncle Henry coming in held up his hands in prayer, and Fritz passed over without a sign of any strife.

He was in his twenty-first year, and my mother was wrapped up in him as her first-born. But her Christian

faith upheld and supported her in her great sorrow. He was laid to rest in the churchyard at Leytonstone, where the little baby brother, William Ernest, had been buried in 1847. Fritz and I had been much together, and his death made a great blank in my life.

Louis Buxton kindly invited Maurice and me to his shooting-box at Inverlael, in Scotland, in August, and the change of surroundings was very helpful. The country is beautiful, and I enjoyed the outdoor life and sketching in water-colours. It was there that I heard of the battle of Sedan and of the Emperor Napoleon being a prisoner. The Scottish clergyman from the Manse met us on the hill and told me of the great news.

My father had gone to the Rhine at the outbreak of war, and helped in the hospital at Neuwied for some months, being a member of the Red Cross.

## CHAPTER IV

### MY GRANDPARENTS AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE

MY vivid recollection of my grandparents and aunts dates from the year 1858. Then, when I was ten years old, my parents took us all to Cannes for some months, as my grandfather, Baron Bunsen, was ordered to the south for his health.

Languages were his favourite study, and he learnt English from a pastor in the neighbourhood. He had from the beginning of his career eked out his small means by giving lessons, and at Göttingen University, as teacher of the German language to William Backhouse Astor, son of the celebrated Astor of New York. Thus commenced a connection which led to important results, in the first instance as securing his independent position, but chiefly because he and Mr. Astor became attached to each other. The latter always sought his company whenever he was in Germany.

This friendship became a turning-point in my grandfather's life. Having completed his studies in Germany, he was very anxious to visit the East. He travelled to Florence full of this idea, when Mr. Astor again came into his life and arranged that my grandfather should accompany him on a journey to Italy ending in Rome. It was thus that he became acquainted with the second factor in his life, Herr Niebuhr, the then Minister of Prussia in Rome. Niebuhr soon realised Bunsen's great capacities and prospects, and introduced him to the learned and artistic society of Rome. Thus my grand-

father gave up all ideas of journeys to the East, finding all he wanted in Rome.

It was through the influence of Niebuhr that Bunsen was introduced into diplomatic employment. Thus, when Frederick William III of Prussia visited Rome with his two sons, Prince Frederick William and Prince William, in 1822, he became interested in young Bunsen.

The two sons of the King, Frederick William IV and the then Crown Prince, afterwards King and Emperor William I, both remained friends and patrons of my grandfather.

My grandfather had been enabled, when Prussian Minister in Rome, to found the first Lutheran Church there as an Embassy chapel, and had great influence on the Church services. But it was his marriage to Miss Frances Waddington at Rome, in 1817, that was the chief event of his life. It was in the spring of that year that my great-grandmother, Mrs. Waddington, and her husband went to Rome to spend a winter there with their three daughters. Bunsen was introduced to the Waddington family, and accompanied them to the innumerable objects of interest in and about Rome, and the marriage of my grandparents was celebrated soon after in the English church at Rome.

There were many difficulties, my grandfather not being in an independent position and being still very young, but these were overcome through Niebuhr's influence.

The Bunsens received a great deal in Rome at their apartment in the Palazzo Caffarelli on the Capitol, and thus became acquainted with many English families of distinction. It was in January 1838 that my grandfather gave up his post at Rome, finding it impossible to approve of the negotiations between his Government and the Vatican about mixed marriages. A year's



leave of absence was granted him, during which he lived in England and made many friends.

After a short appointment as Prussian Minister in Switzerland, he was accredited to the Court of St. James's, as Prussian Minister, in 1812, having taken the house of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, 4 Carlton House Terrace, the Prussian Legation. This was then termed Prussia House, until in later years No. 9 Carlton House Terrace was taken, which is at present the German Embassy.

In 1854 Bunsen was recalled from his post in London, having differed with his Government about the position of England in the Crimean War. He established himself and his family at Heidelberg, and gave all his time to his literary labours, his great books, *Signs of the Times*, *God in History*, etc. It was four years later that he was ordered to Cannes.

Cannes in 1858 was quite a small town, and my grandparents lived in a house near the sea, called Maison Penchinat. My parents had a house outside the town, called the Villa Ripère, and were in daily communication with the grandparents and aunts. We led a happy life in our villa, for a donkey was hired, on which we were allowed to ramble about as we pleased. A fascinating monkey had its hut on the terrace of the villa and played with us in the garden ; a great dog called Sinelle accompanied us on our walks, and our bathing was of a most primitive description. My father and I enjoyed lovely walks among the hills. At that time there were very few villas outside the town of Cannes, but I remember a lovely little castle down by the shore called La Bocca.

A large villa belonging to Lord Brougham and a villa belonging to Mrs. Woolfield were there then, and opposite to our villa was another, which was inhabited by a very smart lady, Countess Girgonasse, who drove

a pair of smart ponies, and was the object of my enthusiastic admiration.

I have a desk used by my grandfather when he wrote, standing, which was his usual custom. This desk and also a large collection of impressions of Greek and Roman intaglios and coins were left me by my aunts. After the death of my uncle, George de Bunsen, a great chest full of manuscripts and letters and papers of my grandfather's and grandmother's was sent to Bendenleben, our German home near the Hartz mountains, for us to care for. My cousin, Waldemar Bunsen, has this chest now at his place near Cologne, but the most valuable letters are in a museum in Berlin.

The finest and most interesting heirlooms of my grandfather were given to my son, Wilhelm von Krause, after my father's death, by my brother Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who felt that they should be in Germany. One is a beautiful white marble bust of Frederick William IV of Prussia, which he gave to my grandfather in Rome, and the other a large oil-painting of the Emperor William I of Germany. This has a very special interest, as it was given to my grandfather in 1848, in memory of the time the Emperor spent, as Crown Prince of Prussia, with the Bunsens in London, when he had to leave Berlin during the Revolution of 1848.

My brother has two beautifully carved marble vases of my grandfather's, which must have come from Italy. A large china vase with a painting of the Royal Palace at Berlin was also a royal gift to my grandfather, and is in my brother's possession.

My mother had a bracelet with *Erinnerung* (Remembrance) in enamel, which Prince Wilhelm, as he was then, had given her when he left England, and my father had a gold knob for a walking-stick, in memory of his time with the Bunsens in London. The work which brought my grandfather into connection with

King Frederick William IV of Prussia was the preparation of a new Lutheran Prayer Book and a revision of the fine old German hymns, which with their wonderful melodies had been altered in the course of time. My grandfather's greatest work is *God in History*, in five large volumes, which demonstrated that the then so-called heathens had a knowledge of God, and that their books were inspired. At that time this was a terrible and wholly unorthodox idea, and my grandfather was ostracised and isolated. But the great truths he taught opened the doors to research and to the wider views which now prevail.

My parents often spoke of the coming of Mr. Max Müller to England, in which my grandfather was instrumental. Having been asked to recommend someone to read certain manuscripts, my grandfather invited Max Müller to the Prussian Legation. On his arrival from Germany the Bunsen family were surprised: they had expected an elderly *savant*, and a young and very charming man appeared.

He deciphered the ancient documents to the satisfaction of the authorities, and, as is well known, became very famous as a Professor at Oxford. In later years he was offered the great post of Rector of the University of Strassburg, but preferred to remain at Oxford.

My grandfather was always grateful for the happy and momentous years he spent in London when in diplomatic service, and was enthusiastic about the English Parliament and Government. He must have had a genius for friendship; for many great and interesting people were attracted to him and his family and continued his friends.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort often invited my grandparents to Buckingham Palace and Windsor, and Baron Stockmar, the friend and adviser of the Prince Consort, became very intimate with my grand-

father and corresponded with him. Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley, Lord Lansdowne, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Houghton, Archdeacon Hare, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, and many others became the English friends of my grandparents.

They received a great many people, and arranged many parties at their house in Carlton House Terrace, their simple hospitality being popular. Authors, artists and musicians were their chief care, and when I first "came out," I met many people who spoke warmly of my grandparents' hospitality. They had much influence, and my grandfather founded the German Hospital at Dalston, which is now a large and well-known institution.

Three of my grandfather's sons and one of his daughters married into English families. Henry de Bunsen, who was a clergyman of the Church of England and Rector of Lilleshall, in Shropshire, married Mary Harford, of Blaise Castle, near Bristol, and her brother John became the husband of Mary de Bunsen, the third daughter of my grandparents. My father, the second son, married Elizabeth Gurney, of Ham House, and Charles Bunsen, Mary Isabel, the daughter of Monsieur Waddington of St. Léger, near Rouen. That branch of the family had settled in France, but remained connected with England.

One of them, William Waddington, was the celebrated French Ambassador to England, and who had held the highest positions in the Government. His brother Richard, after being a Deputy, became a Senator.

George Bunsen married Emma Birkbeck, of Keswick Hall, near Norwich, a member of the old Quaker family, and she shared his home in Germany till after his death. Then, her children being grown up, she returned to England, and her grave is near her old home.

The idealistic atmosphere my grandparents lived in



and their international sympathies are the great impressions they left upon my mind, and I ever remember them with grateful affection.

My grandmother, Frances Waddington, was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waddington, of Llanover, near Abergavenny, Monmouthshire. She must have inherited her very distinguished qualities from her mother Georgina, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Port, of Ilam, in Derbyshire, and had been brought up by her celebrated great-aunt, Mrs. Delany.

My grandmother and her sister, Augusta (latterly Lady Llanover), were brilliantly educated in modern languages, music and painting. My grandmother's water-colour drawings, before and after her marriage, are well known, as also is her beautiful handwriting. Some sketches by her of Dovedale and the pretty country about Llanover are particularly interesting.

It is her correspondence with her mother, Mrs. Waddington, which forms the principal part of the *Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen*, written by Mr. Hare, who was a friend of the family, and published in 1879. These Memoirs are widely known, and were soon translated into German and other languages.

Wherever I go in England or Germany I meet with people who still read and enjoy these Memoirs, and they are also well-known in America.

During my grandmother's life I was impressed, as a child, by her not in any way joining in any serious conversations or seeming to have a decided opinion of her own. She seemed to be quite happy listening to my grandfather.

Her Memoirs are a description of the family life of the Bunsens and the interesting people they met and who came to their house. She would have been surprised to think that her Memoirs would be published, and that

her beautiful life would be known and studied by future generations. I think that her position in London as the mistress of a great house and all it entails was not quite to her taste, as it so much curtailed her hours of study and religious meditation, which formed so large a part of her daily life when not distracted by social duties. Wonderful indeed in these modern days is it to realise with what small means my grandparents were able to educate children and do and be so much in so many directions.

After the death of my grandfather, my grandmother, with the unmarried aunts, Frances, Emilia and Matilda, settled at St. Leonards, where she was occupied in writing the life of my grandfather, till she settled at Karlsruhe, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, with my Aunts Frances and Emilia, to care for her motherless grandchildren.

My grandmother's kind interest in and affection for me were unfailing, and she followed the various vicissitudes of my life with great interest. Indeed, I may say that I had, perhaps through my association with her from early life, a particular place in her heart and in those of my Aunts Frances and Emilia. Her constant interest in my studies and all that concerned me was ever the same, and there is an account she wrote of me when I was sixteen, with an intimate description of my appearance at that age, which is very touching for me to read. She always rejoiced in the kindness I experienced from strangers when I first "came out" in London and Berlin, and my little social successes, and when I was engaged to Hugo von Krause, First Secretary of the German Embassy in London, in February 1873, it was a great and personal satisfaction and joy to her. The following letter, which she wrote to me on this last occasion, expresses her love and sympathy :

CARLSRUHE,

*Saturday, Feb. 22nd, 1873.*

“ MY DEAREST HILDA,

“ I must give vent to some part of the deep feeling by which I am so peculiarly drawn to you just now, difficult as it is to find any words which do not take off from the force of what I would utter. First, I thank you for your dear little letter, which did my heart good by conveying the sensation of your happiness ; and next, I wish to convey to you the sensation of companionship, which it might seem so strange to assert of as existing between you, in the bright crisis of your life, and your aged grandmother, in whom life and its emotions are things belonging to the past, at least as far as the high tide is concerned, but in whom memory preserves the capability of sympathising to the utmost. Peculiarly can I enter with you into new consciousness that the life's interest of a woman exists in the merging of all that lives and throbs and circulates within her whole being, into the life and heart of another, irrespective of difference in original nationality which sinks into secondary significance.

“ I desire for you the possibility of dwelling as long as may be in such a happy abandonment of individuality ; but fear that the outward world and all its constituent parts will quickly enforce upon you the sensations of its thorns. For that there is no help, except that which I so wish for you, and at the same time can see so little chance of, the speedy conclusion of the provisional conditions and the decisive beginning of life in good earnest. You know, however, that I know nothing, and my thoughts and wishes for you can find no occupation in reality so partially known, but incessantly weaving a measure of manifold conjecture vivified with fancy pictures. I wish indeed that I knew ‘ your Hugo,’ or had any near prospect of his acquaintance ; but I shall be very patient on that score, if I can but soon have the comfort of contemplat-

ing a speedy realisation of actual union and constant companionship let it be where it may.

“The daily accounts, anxiously looked after by us, of the poor Queen Dowager of Würtemberg’s tedious struggle, still seem to put off your being set free from Berlin, which I earnestly wish for you all; fancying the hotel life most peculiarly irksome, when every eye is looking enquiringly after everything visible about you. Among the many people for whom I am truly sorry are the Bernstorffs, whose state is pitiable on more accounts than one. The newspapers state Bernstorff’s illness as of the most hopeless character, and that makes me apprehend a long detention in a provisional lengthening of the *chargé d’affaires*. I am glad to think of the satisfaction of the dear Emperor in considering you to be secured for life to his dominions; but he will be nearly the only person to rejoice in the region of Berlin, except our particular family friends, for I have always heard here the echo of the groans uttered in the North, as to a very distinguished first-rate person, who is *so English, so English*, that he will never marry anyone but an Englishwoman!

“I hope the sun in the natural sky is shining upon you, as it is just shining into my room, and threatening to drive me from my writing place! Give my love to your dear father, who I hope had my lines of grateful thanks and congratulations; and to your dear mother, and Marie.

“Ever your affectionate Grandmother,  
“F. BUNSEN.”

My first husband’s death in March 1874, three weeks after the birth of our little son Wilhelm, was a great and bitter grief to my grandmother, and her loving sympathy for me in my sad and delicate condition will ever be a pleasure to look back upon.

I wish I could give an impression of the great dignity of my grandmother in the peace of old age. She was



happy in her great work of translating my grandfather's last manuscript, which he named *Bibelwerk*, into English.

The *Bibelwerk* was to be a commentary on the whole Bible, and is full of research, but it was not finished and is not published. My grandmother was also much occupied in teaching English to her Sternberg family, and read and dictated to them daily. The Psalms appointed by the Prayer Book were their daily reading, and I have a case of black silk which she wore in her pocket containing some of her favourite hymns.

Indeed, an atmosphere of love and peace surrounded her and verified the French proverb, "Le soir de la vie apporte sa lampe." (The evening of life brings its lamp.)

It was her devotion to her English Prayer Book and the comfort she found in it which induced my grandfather to revise the German Lutheran Liturgy.

The following poem by "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, was written with thoughts of my grandmother, and I have therefore inserted it here.

Old age is gentle as an autumn morn ;  
The harvest over, you will put the plough  
Into another, stronger hand and watch  
The sowing you were wont to do.

Old age

Is like an alabaster room, with soft,  
White curtains, all is light, but light so mild,  
So quiet, that it cannot hurt.

The pangs

Are hushed, for life is wild no more with strife,  
Nor breathless uphill work, nor heavy with  
The brewing tempests, which have torn away  
So much, that nothing more remains to fear.  
What once was hope is gone, you know you saw  
The worst, and not a sigh is left of all  
The heavy sighs that tore your heart ; and not  
A trace of all those tears that burnt your cheeks,  
And ploughed the furrows into them.

You see

How others work again and weep again  
And hope and fear. Thy alabaster room  
With marble floor and dainty hangings has  
A look so still, that others wonder why  
They feel so church-like. All thy life is here ;  
Thy life hath built the vault and paved it and  
Thy hands have woven yonder curtains that  
Surround thy seat, a shady sunshine.

Age

Is feeble not to thee, as all thy wishes  
Are silent and demand no effort ; Age  
Is kind to thee, allows thee all the rest  
That never came, when life was hard and toilsome,  
Receive it with a smile and clothe thyself  
In white, in Nature's silver crown, and sing  
A lullaby of promise and of comfort.  
Tell them that life is precious, after work,  
And after grief and after all the deaths,  
And not a loathsome burden of life.  
Old age is like a room of alabaster,  
The curtains silken ; thou art Priest and Druid !  
No mystery for thee, but Light from Heaven.

Her beautiful life on earth closed peacefully in her home at Carlsruhe, in 1876.

The following account of my grandmother, taken from her friend's, Mr. Hare's, book, *Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen*, is so good a description of her character that I insert it here to sum up the account of her life.

“ Her noble powers of mind, her vivid interest in everything great and good, her gentle humility in prosperity, her bright reception of every gleam of sunshine in adversity, are sufficiently shown in her written words.

“ Above all, it may be seen in them that the great desire of her long life was to seek after God . . . only in Christ and only through Christ.

“ With the years, her yearning after the heavenly life had seemed constantly to increase. Gratefully,

with ever-growing sense of the blessed calm of her old age, had she acquiesced in the circumstances which, by binding her to Carlsruhe, had removed her from the varied interest of former existence. Most sweetly, as infirmities increased, had her grand nature bent itself with yielding submission to her home-daughters, in all that their loving care arranged for her, while taking away the work and responsibility of the numerous household circle and screening her with tenderest forethought from every anxiety."

After the death of my grandmother at Carlsruhe, all remained as before in her house and the Villa Waldeck, her country home.

But the gossips of Carlsruhe commented on the alleged "fast" behaviour of my aunts, now living with their brother-in-law without a chaperon, and not realising or considering that their age made this possible. Such was the Carlsruhe view of their behaviour. But the view was attributable to the jealousy caused by the attentions paid to them by the Grand Duchess, who took no notice of ill-natured gossip, and sanctioned my aunts allowing their brother-in-law to remain with them and his children.

This trouble arose because it was then legal in Germany to marry the deceased wife's sister. The storm of criticism did not subside for many years after.

I realised this when I was invited to the German Embassy in London to meet the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, who came to England attended by one of their Ministers. This gentleman, sitting next to me at dinner, reproached and criticised the immodest behaviour of my aunts. My indignation was noticed by the Royalties, who, with their usual *savoir faire*, espoused the cause of these injured ladies. Perhaps it was because of this that I remember the aunts somewhat lonely at Carlsruhe in their old age,

when the Sternberg children were married and settled elsewhere.

I would now like to turn to my maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gurney, and their then unmarried daughter, my Aunt Sarah, at Ham House, their country house near Stratford in Essex. Ham House was a fine residence, with garden and park and home farm, and my Quaker grandparents lived there in dignified surroundings. Of my grandfather, Samuel Gurney, I have rather a shadowy recollection, and was somewhat in awe of him. As children we used to come down to dessert, after late dinner, and I remember the large polished table, with stiff bouquet in the centre and silver dishes of fruit, all rather formal, and that we were glad to escape upstairs.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Gurney, was a sweet and gentle old lady, very elegantly dressed in Quaker costume, with a big Quaker cap, and in grey silk or satin gowns and white lace, or soft silk shawl. I do not think she took a leading part in the charitable gatherings, missionary meetings, etc., etc., which were held at Ham House. Driving to London for yearly meetings, shopping at Capper's, the great linen shop, in the city, together with the great pleasure and interest of her children and grandchildren, made up her life. I love to think that the last words my grandmother spoke were to me, and I vividly remember the scene. She had been poorly, but came down to the drawing-room one evening, and lay on a couch with her back to the fire. I do not know if anyone else was in the room, but I went softly up to her and rubbed her feet, and I seem still to feel and see her open-work silk stockings. "How sweet thee art!" she said to me, and I sat beside her till her maid Davis came to attend to her. Next morning, I heard that she had died in the



night, and my mother took me to see her lying white and still like a marble statue, and the house darkened.

After the death of my grandparents I was often sent, when still a little girl, to stay with my unmarried aunt, Sarah Gurney, who lived alone at Ham House. It was a lonely life for a child, but I was taught to share in all my kind Aunt Sarah's interests and pursuits. Thus I drove with her in the heavy old carriage called a "Clarence," with a pair of grey horses, into Stratford to help with the meetings for the poor women and to visit the prison and the workhouse. The schools near the park were also cared for by my aunt, and I remember entreating her to buy pocket-handkerchiefs for the children for me to sew. I was also expected to read to the women in a ward of the workhouse, and to visit the poor.

It was perhaps a serious life for a child, and I had no toys or childish amusements; but a pink-and-grey cockatoo was my devoted friend and companion.

My aunt took me to Quaker meetings near-by on Sundays, which I found rather long, and once, to my joy, my cockatoo flew after me, and caused an agreeable diversion. There being no toys or dolls, I was delighted to find some pretty glass marbles, and made pets of them, calling them "Giggles," and making little bags as dresses for them.

Part of the garden became my favourite haunt, where, with my improvised dolls and the cockatoo, I spent happy hours. It was at the time that Sir Henry Havelock was the popular hero, and I was full of his achievements and erected a sort of temple to him in my garden.

Miss Crossland, an old Quaker governess of my aunt's, came daily to give me lessons, dressed in the strict Quaker costume, and told me about the world and its temptations. It was rather a difficult life for a child,

but I owed much to the religious training, and was not unhappy. Visits to an old servant, Martha, at the lodge I remember particularly, and her death made a great impression on me. Mr. and Lady Jane Ram were at the vicarage of West Ham.

It was a great joy when my Uncle and Aunt Barclay, with their daughter Edith, came over from Walthamstow. She and Catherine Gurney were my favourite cousins and continued to be my friends and companions. My Aunt Sarah became the wife of Mr. George Head of Rickerby House, Carlisle, and I was one of her little bridesmaids. Thus the Gurneys of Ham House came to an end, and my aunt, Lady Buxton, the widow of Sir Edward, lived there with her many children for some time. Eventually my cousin, John Gurney, gave the grounds for a public park and the mansion was pulled down.

There is a monument to my Grandfather Gurney at Stratford, and a tablet put up there to commemorate the influence of my Aunt Sarah and her work among the poor.

Love and peace were the attributes of the inhabitants of Ham House, as I remember them, and they and my Bunsen grandparents and aunts had great influence on my early education, to which, and for their kind affection, I look back with grateful remembrance and a deep sense of unworthiness.

My Uncle and Aunt Barclay lived at Walthamstow, near Ham House, and Uncle Fowell and Aunt Rachel Buxton at Leytonstone, near to both houses, and they and their children played a great part in my early life.

The Barclays moved later into a larger house, a place called Monkham, near Woodford, in Essex. They were our special friends, and were constantly at Abbey Lodge, and we with them. Edith, the eldest daughter, was my age, and we were very intimate and shared our

lessons and amusements. Many riding-parties started from Monkham, and the ponies were a great attraction, and the large family and household made the life at Monkham very animated.

My Uncle Barclay had a share in the laying of the first Atlantic cable to America, which, I suppose, played a considerable part in founding his fortune. The hospitality at Monkham made it a great centre, and all was on a large scale.

My aunt was especially anxious that the villa residents in the neighbourhood should enjoy the place, and organised garden fêtes in summer and skating parties in winter for them. Little dances in the hall, and games of fives, and riding were our chief amusements; but the family found time for much charitable work.

My uncle and aunt, who was my mother's younger sister, had a family of five sons and three daughters, who all had very high spirits and much enjoyed the cheerful country life. My Uncle Barclay returned from his work in the City, and as a magistrate at Ilford, to find a large party in the house. There were many guests to stay, and people from the neighbourhood came in and out.

The amusements provided for us young people were simple and natural. Music was much cultivated, the eldest daughter playing the piano remarkably well, and I often accompanied my uncle, who played the violin. There were also many performances of comic songs with banjos and penny whistles.

I remember Miss Steadman, the favourite governess and friend of the family, whose ideas of education were on the old and simple lines. There was much reading aloud, whilst we girls worked—mostly at elegant baby-clothes of fine muslin, to teach us delicate needlework.

A French master came at stated intervals, but I do

not remember that we were in any way burdened with our simple lessons.

On Sundays we attended the Quakers' meeting near, and later the church my uncle had built. There were settled hours for the family Bible-readings, and the singing of hymns, accompanied by a harmonium, in the hall.

On Sunday afternoons my aunt would collect us young people in her room and read to us what she considered appropriate for Sundays.

The eldest daughter, Edith, was married to Mr. Bland in 1872, whilst Ada, the second daughter, married her cousin, Charles Leatham. The youngest daughter, named Marion, grew up to be remarkably beautiful, and is still a lovely woman. She went by the name of "Girlie," being the youngest of the family, and was a great pet with us all. Her parents were naturally proud of her beauty, and I remember her as a child riding in a scarlet habit which attracted much attention.

When she was only eighteen and still very young to "come out," she persuaded her parents to take a large house in London and introduce her to society there. This was not quite on the lines laid down by uncle and aunt, but they acceded to her request and took a large house in town, moving their establishment thither. My mother, who was well known in London, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, were pleased to introduce "Girlie," who soon became a great favourite in London, and enjoyed herself very much; we were all delighted with her success and dazzled by the lavish toilettes which my uncle was pleased to provide. She had many admirers, but became eventually engaged to the Hon. Lancelot Carnegie. My uncle considered her too young at that time to undertake the cares of matrimony, and wished that no



further meeting should take place until Girlie was twenty-one. Consequently Mr. Carnegie returned to his diplomatic post. But on the birthday of my beautiful cousin he returned to Monkham, and the happy pair, shortly after, were married at the church my uncle built. They are now Sir Lancelot (he being the British Ambassador to Portugal) and Lady Carnegie.

There was an amusing episode at Monkham connected with burglars. A large house-party were at dinner, when my aunt's maid appeared, in a very flurried condition. She said that she had entered my aunt's bedroom to find the window thrown open and that a small chest of drawers, which stood on the dressing-table, where my aunt kept her very valuable jewels, was missing. Of course the party rushed out, the young men crossing the lawn in pursuit of the burglars. But they had foreseen this and drawn some wires, over which all fell! My cousin Edith and I, however, went up to my aunt's bedroom and found ladders posted at the windows. On her toilet-table stood two chests of drawers, one of which contained the jewels and one a collection of shells. To our great joy we found that the thieves had in their hurry absconded with the latter, and that the valuable jewellery was untouched. The shells were soon found in a ditch. The jewels were consigned afterwards to an iron safe.

Not far from Monkham is Knighton Hall, where my cousin, Edward Buxton, and his family lived, as also our connections, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnston, who had a pretty place near Woodford Green. These and the Buxtons from Leytonstone, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Barclay and their family, were intimately bound up with the family life of Monkham.

My cousin Edith regularly visited and cared for a home of poor orphans, and flowers and fruit were sent

to the hospitals in London regularly. My aunt especially rejoiced in thus enabling others to enjoy the luxuries and beauties which surrounded Monkham's.

My uncle also had a lovely place called Sea View, near Ryde in the Isle of Wight, with a terraced garden down to the shore, and we, with our parents, were often there during the bathing season. My uncle's yacht, the *Ada*, was also a great joy for us all, and my brother Maurice and I made a trip to the Channel Isles with her in 1872.

The large missionary and religious meetings held in the hall at Monkham's were a great part of the life there, as also the church and vicarage, which my uncle built and endowed. The church stands just outside the gates of Monkham's, on Woodford Green.

As I grew up my Uncle Barclay gave me lovely presents, most noteworthy among them being a beautiful park phaeton when I "came out," in which I used to drive our carriage horses in London, and indeed my uncle and aunt rejoiced in the joy of their children and of us their cousins, who shared each other's interests and pursuits.

For some months the Barclays lived at 20 Hanover Terrace, near Abbey Lodge, and Edith Barclay and I worked hard at our lessons together and were very happy, whilst Ada, the second daughter, was my sister Marie's friend.

After the deaths of my uncle and aunt, Monkham's was sold, the field was cut up for building leases and the mansion is now a school, to my regret. I went to see it a short time ago, and found it in a desolate condition, with trees growing in our old fives court. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Not far from Woodford, where my Uncle Barclay lived with his family, my Uncle Fowell Buxton was settled at Leytonstone. My Aunt Rachel was my

mother's sister, and they had a large family of children. Their eldest daughters, Louisa and Ellen, were of my age, and we often stayed at Leytonstone with my parents. It was near some open country, termed "the Flats," bordering on Epping Forest, and the house was large, though simple and comfortable, with some fields adjoining. We much enjoyed being with our cousins, the ponies and riding parties with Uncle Fowell being the great attraction.

Louisa, the elder daughter, was not strong and did not ride, but Ellen and I used to elude the watchful care of the maid Lucy and, getting up before anyone in the house was stirring, quietly escape through the garden door into the field where the ponies were. These we galloped about bare-backed, slipping off to mount again, and made them jump over ditches, to our great satisfaction. When the boys were released from lessons with the governess, they joined us, and we roped the ponies together and drove four-in-hand over the country, returning in a dilapidated condition. Our elders were in no way disturbed by our escapades, being of a sporting turn themselves.

We saw a good deal of the Buxtons at Ham House, near Stratford, where the widow of my uncle lived then, with her large family, and the Barclays at Monkham's completed our charming party of young people.

Later, my Uncle Fowell Buxton moved to a beautiful house he had built on his estate at Easneve, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, and this became a country home to us, for its hospitable doors were always open to me and my children. The house is built on a hill, and only a lawn separates it from a wood which surrounds its front aspect.

It is, I still think, the finest country house on modern lines I know, and its woodland surroundings lend it a very special charm. The stables and home farm are

built in the same style, and all is complete without being in any way ostentatious.

After the death of my aunt, who had been in failing health for some years, the younger daughter Ethel was mistress of Easneye, which was no sinecure, and I much admired her capable energy. Not only was a large family circle constantly in and out, but charitable functions on a large scale were organised and many made welcome. It was a large staff of servants that trooped in to prayers in the hall of a morning, the grooms joining them on Sunday evenings.

Several of the sons are now clergymen, and a room at the back of the house was reserved for religious meetings. Above all I was impressed by the religious service held at the farm on Sunday evenings for the farm labourers, when Ethel presided.

After the death of my uncle, my cousin, John Henry, and his charming wife Minnie, by my uncle's wish, undertook to keep up Easneye, though they were rather loth to cope with so large an establishment. Ethel settled in a house in Eaton Terrace, near my sister Marie, who moved there after the death of my parents in 1903, and has always remained our faithful cousin.

She has "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise," and is rarely to be found at home, except when her committees and religious meetings keep her in London.

My uncle, Fowell Buxton, had a charming house called Upton House at Cromer, on the coast of Norfolk, where he and all at Easneye settled in the autumn for sea-bathing and shooting. For many years we had spent the bathing season at Cromer, where my aunt, Lady Buxton, lived at Colne House, and many Buxtons, Gurneys and Hoares had houses on the Cliffs or Light-house Hills. Cromer was then a fishing town, with a large stone church, and as the railway did not run



beyond Norwich, Mr. Windham, when still owner of Felbrigge Hall, drove his coach there daily, bringing the passengers from Norwich to Cromer.

It had been the resort of the Buxtons for generations, and they owned a large area of the land near, and formed a great centre of hospitality. My Aunt Buxton's five sons and five daughters and innumerable first cousins made a charming party of young people, and some of the merriest parties were succeeded by expeditions in carriages and donkey-carts to the lovely woods and hills round Cromer. Sheringham, now a fashionable resort, was a small village then, dominated by Sheringham Hall, the seat of Mr. Upcher. The cousins and their elders met at each other's houses, and cricket was much in vogue, with charades and games in the evening.

The Dowager Lady Buxton (Hannah Gurney of Earls-  
ham) lived with her granddaughters, the Johnstons, at Northrepps Hall, near Cromer, where she received us young people very kindly. Tea on the lawn was shared by the parrots and cockatoos, which were then kept at large in the wood adjoining the house, and were a great feature at Northrepps. My great-aunt I remember as a gentle and benign old lady of dignified dress and demeanour, and a great centre for "The Family."

One year my mother had Colne House for some weeks, and gave little dances, to which people outside our family circle were invited, amongst others the Misses Ketton from Felbrigge Hall. My dear Grandmother Bunsen, with "Aunt Min," was also staying with us at Colne House, at the time of my confirmation, in 1864, when Mr. Fitch, the clergyman at Cromer, prepared me for the sacred rite. My father drove me to East Dereham, where I was confirmed by the Bishop of Norwich.

It was a small church, and all very simple; a poor girl sat beside me, for whom I found the responses. "I

will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help" was the text. The Bishop's sermon was impressive and beautiful. The Sunday following, my dear grandmother, Baroness Bunsen, who was staying with us, attended the beautiful Communion Service with us all, and was much affected by our being together on this solemn occasion.

Beautiful concerts took place in the drawing-room of Colne House, when my father sang the lovely songs of Schubert and Schumann to my accompaniment, as well as Scottish and English ballads; and on Sundays his rendering of Handel's oratorios was much appreciated and attracted large audiences. He did not know the notes, and never looked at the music, which he knew by heart and delighted in. I had a great appreciation of the beauty of the harmonies and melodies, and practised diligently in order to play all as I understood my father wished.

My parents often had Upton House, and Cromer for us was associated with holidays and freedom from town life.

By degrees the beauty of Cromer became known, it was gradually built over, and it is now very different, Mrs. Bond Cabell of Cromer Hall and Mrs. Locker Lampson attracting many interesting people.

Aunt Buxton lived to a great age, and her memory about people failed her at the last, but I love to remember how she would repeat to me that "Hilda was coming," not realising I was there. Her sons had a large conservatory adjoining the drawing-room built for her, which was her great pleasure in her later years. She knew much of the Bible by heart, which was a comfort to her in her old age. Her third daughter, Laura, married Henry Pelham (son of the Bishop of Norwich), afterwards President of Trinity College, Oxford, and their house was a favourite resort of mine in later years.

Her son Edward made his home at Knighton, near Woodford. He died in 1923. He and our cousin, Andrew Johnston, have been of great influence in the neighbourhood, and have done much to preserve Epping Forest. Lord Digby used to tell me of Edward Buxton's abilities, and how he might have gone into Parliament and become a man of mark in the Government. Domestic ties kept him in the country while in England, but he became famous as a big-game hunter in Africa. The only surviving daughter of my Aunt Buxton is Eva, who married Richard Gurney and lives at Northrepps Hall, where she kept up the traditions till her health failed her.

## CHAPTER V

### THE GURNEYS OF EARLHAM

THE Gurneys, from whom my mother was descended, are a Norman family of great antiquity who, for three hundred years after the Conquest, possessed great wealth and had much political influence. But, as Mr. Augustus Hare says in his well-known work *The Gurneys of Earlham*, the real, the human interest of the history of the Gurney family begins, not with its prosperity but with its decadence, when, after some of its members had fallen to the rank of Norwich tradesmen, it held a front rank in the battalions of those who were willing to undergo all things for the faith of Christ, and after which, by their strict integrity and shrewd application to business, ever mingled with the noblest generosity and beneficence, they rose to high eminence amongst the merchant princes of England.

It is especially as the leading Quaker family of England that the Gurneys of Earlham have become celebrated. The Quakers, or "The Society of Friends," as they are more properly called, are guided, as to their religious life, by rules drawn up about 1648 by George Fox, who, born in very humble life at Drayton in Leicestershire, and apprenticed to a shoemaker and grazier, had thought them out while keeping his master's sheep.

Eventually George Fox left his occupations to become an itinerant preacher, "holding forth," without invitation, wherever he went, and rebuking whatever of evil he came in contact with, though frequently imprisoned



for so doing. Amongst his many disciples was John Gurney, citizen and cordwainer, living in the parish of St. Gregory in Norwich, who, in 1683, having openly joined the Society of Friends, was committed for three years to the city jail, with fifteen others of his sect, the sole ground of their imprisonment being a refusal to take the oath of allegiance, which they declined doing simply from a religious scruple as to taking any oath whatever.

In April 1685 they petitioned the representatives of the city and county to make intercession in their behalf, "that their heavy burden might be taken off, and the oppressed go free"; but in vain, and they were only released in the reign of James II, by whom the severe measures against their society were relaxed. In the meantime, however, John Gurney's mercantile affairs had been well managed by his capable wife, Elizabeth Swanton of Grundisborough, and when he died, in 1721, he was able to leave a considerable fortune to his four surviving sons. The eldest of these, John Gurney, known as the "weavers' advocate," gained a considerable reputation by the eloquence and clearness with which he pleaded the cause of the woollen manufacturers when examined (1720) before the House of Lords as to the prohibition of the import of calico and cotton manufactures, "telling their Lordships that the case before them was the cries of the poor for bread, and that if they were not relieved by their Lordships, many hundred thousand families must perish." The talents which he displayed on this occasion led to this John Gurney being offered a seat in Parliament by Sir R. Walpole, though he declined it, as incompatible with his religious opinions. Horace Walpole frequently stayed at his house in Norwich. His woollen manufacture was subsequently turned into a banking business, which became the origin of the present Norwich Bank.

The second son of the John Gurney who suffered for the Quaker faith in Norwich Castle was Joseph, also a Norwich merchant, who was early established by his father in an old house surrounding a courtyard at the back of Magdalen Street, Norwich. Prospering in business, in 1747 he purchased from Mr. Stackhouse Thompson the estate of Keswick, near Norwich, and founded the Keswick branch of the house of Gurney. In 1713 he had married the beautiful Hannah, daughter of Joshua Middleton, a "Friend" of Darlington, which has always been the stronghold of Quakerism. By this lady, known as "the fair Quakeress," he was the father of ten children, of whom four lived to grow up, John, Samuel, Joseph and Hannah.

The eldest son, John, who succeeded his father at Keswick and in the house in Magdalen Street, added greatly to the worldly prosperity of the family by the introduction into Norwich of the manufacture of hand-spun yarn from the south of Ireland, and left a fortune of £100,000.

In all his mercantile ventures he was aided by his brother Samuel, to whom he was greatly attached, and for whose use he added a wing to the paternal house Keswick Hall—a charming place, with delightful woods above the river, in which at that time there was a heronry as well as a rookery. He married, in 1739, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Kett of Norwich, by whom he had twelve children, of whom four grew up, Richard, John, Joseph and Rachel.

The second son, John, was born in 1750. As a boy he had bright red hair, and it was amusingly recorded that one day in the streets of Norwich a number of boys followed him, pointing to his red locks and saying, "Look at that boy; he's got a bonfire at the top of his head," and that John Gurney was so disgusted that he went to a barber's, had his head shaved, and went

home in a wig. He grew up, however, a remarkably attractive-looking young man.

In May 1773 John was married at Tottenham to Catherine, younger daughter of Daniel Bell of Stamford Hill, and first cousin to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Gurney of Keswick.

In 1786 the death of Mr. Edward Bacon, the owner of Earlham, permitted John Gurney to hire the place from its next owner. The eldest of his children was only ten years old, and as the size and importance of Earlham was quite unlike anything to which they had been accustomed, going thither was a great event in their history. The profession of John Gurney of Earlham was that of a wool-stapler and spinner of worsted yarn. It was not till 1803 that he, together with his brothers Richard and Joseph, was admitted as a partner into the Norwich Bank which had been established in 1770 by Henry Gurney of Keswick. At once in their new home of Earlham the Gurneys became surrounded, as all Gurneys have been since, by troops of near relations, with whom they lived on terms of the utmost fellowship and intimacy, and who dropped in daily at the family dinner-hour of three, four and eventually five o'clock. To say nothing of numberless others allied to them by ties of blood and connection, Mr. Gurney's brother Richard, a country squire of the old-fashioned type, very fond of sport of all kinds, was then living in the old house at Keswick.

Mr. John Gurney of Earlham, by his wife Catherine Bell, had four sons and seven daughters, who afterwards became the celebrated "Gurneys of Earlham." When her youngest child Daniel was only fifteen months old, Mrs. John Gurney died, commending the care of her motherless little ones to her eldest daughter Catherine. Thus at seventeen Catherine Gurney found herself suddenly at the head of the Earlham household; only

what assistance faithful servants could give she had in Hannah Yudd, the admirable housekeeper, and Sarah Williams, the devoted nurse. "Here then we were left," wrote Catherine Gurney long afterwards, "I not seventeen at the head of a large family, wholly ignorant of common life, quite unprepared for filling an important station, and unaccustomed to act on independent principle. Still, my father placed me nominally at the head of the family: a continual weight and pain which wore my health and spirits. I never again had the joy and glee of youth."

But most nobly was she true to her trust; with great firmness, quick sympathy and entire disinterestedness the elder sister fulfilled her mother's part. Her rule was one of love, in which no fear was mingled; but her word was law. The younger members of the family were never known to rebel against "Kitty's advice," which on serious questions was generally given after conference with her father, and sometimes with Rachel and Elizabeth. She directed her sisters' education, and heartily rejoiced when they outstripped her powers; as, in after-years, one after another passed from their quiet home into a world of action, her interest in them was always the same, and she never ceased to rejoice in their faithfulness and its fruits, whilst never deviating herself from her own quiet course of unobtrusive usefulness. Through the seventy-four years in which she was spared to be its blessing, she continued to be the axis round which the whole family revolved, the centre of the love, harmony and unity which she never ceased to inculcate.

The Gurney family, with the outward characteristics of meeting eyebrows and crooked little fingers, had many terms of expression which were almost peculiar to themselves. When they were not quite up to the mark, they were "off their centre"; when nervous or



agitated, they "had their hurries." The term "a family settlement," in such frequent use at Earlham, began when Catherine Gurney gathered her sisters around her to work, whilst she read aloud to them. Her rule, though strict, was never severe. She was as a president in a commonwealth of absolutely harmonious fellowship. She was never more than half a Quaker, and no one was happier than Catherine Gurney in playing at hide-and-seek with the younger children in the winding passages and "eighty cupboards" of the old house of Earlham; in arranging outdoor amusements for her brothers; in encouraging her sisters in glee-singing, and in collecting small parties of neighbours for the lively little dances in which the whole family had then a healthy pleasure.

The sisters enjoyed themselves immensely. They scoured the country on their ponies, in scarlet riding-habits. On one occasion it is recorded that the seven linked arms drew a line across the road, and stopped the mail-coach from ascending the neighbouring hill. Outside their own home, the pleasantest interests of the Earlham sisters centred around their Uncle Richard's home, Keswick—Kiswick the Gurneys called it. This still is, as it was, a large, quaint white house with wings, in a hollow amongst tall Scotch firs and fine evergreens. The river Yare flows through the low ground at the end of the long garden walks, and has a bathing-house on its bank, and islets bright with snowdrops and aconites in spring.

To Catherine Gurney her younger sisters confided everything; nor was her beneficial influence with them lessened with her younger companions when they found that she shared, in a quiet and gentle fashion, their dread of the Quaker Sundays, of the long, dreary silence, and even more dreary sermons, of the Meetings to which their father wished all his children to go once,

and generally twice, on a Sunday. These meetings took place in Norwich at the quaint Dutch-looking meeting-house, with high roofs and a many-windowed front, approached by Goat's Lane—"that disgusting Goat's," we find the younger members calling it; and to their Sunday Journals, wearisomely and laboriously written, we often find appended "Goat's was dis," which only the initiated would translate into "the meeting was disgusting."

Betsey Gurney mentioned to Mr. Pitchford a curious circumstance relating to herself in her childhood. So much was she impressed with horror at reading of the sacrifice of Isaac that she always dreaded going to "meeting," lest her parents should sacrifice her there.

Journals played a great part in Catherine Gurney's system of education; each of the younger members of the family was expected to write in them. A long time was set apart daily for this; Catherine did not demand to see the journals, though they were always willingly shown to her, and they sometimes enabled her—for she exacted absolute truthfulness in them—to follow the workings of conscience and character in each of her young brothers and sisters. Masses of volumes written thus through life remain from the pen of each of the brothers and sisters, except John, who appears never to have kept a journal. Gradually the habits of self-examination and self-accusation thus engendered became forced and probably injurious, but earlier journals, whilst youth was still natural, give a capital picture of the family life.

The wave of infidelity which came into England with the French Revolution took nowhere a stronger hold than at Norwich. "Cousin Peggy" (Lindoc), the most intimate relation and the prime favourite of the whole party at Earlham, became increasingly affected by it. "We elder sisters were ourselves in no small degree

carried off our centre," writes Catherine Gurney ; " our sense of duty became gradually lowered, especially towards my father ; of higher duties still we became indeed careless and unmindful." The younger sisters were more sheltered by their elders, and went on very tolerably in the routine of education under their governess, Mrs. Berington. But where the younger members of the house were always of the party, they could not but hear many doubts and difficulties discussed, and form their own conclusions, and it must have given Catherine Gurney rather a shock when she found what her sister Richenda, aged thirteen, had written.

" *February 25th.*—Kitty read the New Testament to us, which I was unusually interested in, but at this time I do not believe in CHRIST. I mean I do not believe all that the New Testament says of HIM . . . though I have not yet brought the subject to any point in my own mind."

Richenda was soon not the only Gurney of Earlam who found " Goat's " (the Quaker Meeting-house in Goat's Lane) the more unbearable because she doubted the main truths of Christianity. The religion of almost the whole family was rapidly becoming undermined, and all external circumstances seemed to combine in conducing to this. The eldest brother, John, had been removed to Wandsworth, and placed with a Dr. Enfield, who took pupils in Norwich, and whose family had begun to exercise a great influence over the Gurneys. Catherine wrote, long afterwards :

" Before I lost my mother I had attended some lectures of Dr. Enfield's, and conceived a most enthusiastic admiration for the Misses Enfield, which I never ceased to retain. One of my greatest desires was to

be better acquainted with them, and I lost no opportunity of accomplishing it. My mother had discouraged it, for, as she became more of a Friend, she feared and disapproved any connection with Unitarians, which the Enfields decidedly were. I conclude this was the case, though I never recollect her expressing it. But the impulse of our minds, my own especially, towards this family, now that the occasion of further acquaintance was presented, was too strong to be resisted by my father, and the barrier was at once removed by our rushing with the utmost impetuosity and delight into each other's society. On looking back through the distance of years upon our intercourse, I feel that there was a singular congeniality of natural character between us, and I always remember these friends of our youth with a most peculiar love and interest. They were charming young people, gifted by nature and much cultivated, highly pleasing in person and manners. They had the religion of sentiment, but no knowledge of Scriptural truth. We never thought about that, but took a romantic pleasure in the beauties of nature and in sentimental enjoyments, intercourse with each other, singing, and some few books. Rousseau, amongst the few, soon came into fashion as the most interesting of any, and I need not say how undermining this was to truth and duty, such as had existed for us before these principles were shaken, and we were led astray in conduct. My father in the meantime was very unhappy, and at a loss how to treat the case. He had not the decision or power to resist the stream of our affections, which became more and more exclusively fixed on our own friends and favourites; and this was in no slight degree strengthened by the intense affection which sprang up between Rachel and Henry Enfield, and which was carried on for several years in concealment from our indulgent father, who had a painful and confused sense of our going wrong, and yet could not prevent it."



The Enfields were Unitarians, but became intimate friends of the family, Dr. Enfield's son Henry becoming much attached to Rachel. They studied Rousseau, and their religious faith became undermined. Mr. Gurney was much troubled, and felt it right to demand a separation of two years; and thus the friendship with the Enfields came to an end.

It was a Roman Catholic surgeon, John Pitchford, who had settled in Norwich in 1769, who brought back the Gurney family to the Christian faith. His learning as a botanist led to his being welcomed as a guest at Earlham, whither he was first accompanied in 1797 by his son John, also a Roman Catholic, who was working at Norwich in a laboratory. It was in 1798 that Elizabeth Gurney was converted by the preaching of William Savery, an American Friend.

On his first visit to Norwich William Savery was much astonished at the worldly appearance of the Quakers there. He speaks of it in his printed Journals, describing a Norwich Meeting of February 4th, 1798 :

“ There were about two hundred of the Friends. I thought it the gayest meeting of Friends I ever sat in, and was grieved at it. . . . The marks of wealth and grandeur are too obvious in several families of Friends in this place.”

Betsey—Elizabeth Gurney—the third in age, had hitherto been the gayest and the brightest of the Earlham sisterhood. She was the one who most enjoyed dancing, and who had always an innocent pleasure in the admiration she excited. But her sisters' journals record how one day—it was on February 4th, 1798—when she was in her twentieth year, the whole family went to the meeting at “ Goat's.” The seven sisters sat in a row in front of the gallery. Betsey had

on a pair of new "purple boots, laced with scarlet." They were a perfect delight to her; she intended to console herself with them for the oppressive dulness she expected. Hitherto she had often been excused from "Goat's" as her health was less strong than her sisters'; but her Uncle Joseph, in whom the Quaker spirit was stronger than in her father, had urged that she ought to make an effort to attend, and had induced John Gurney to insist upon it. So, most unwillingly, she had gone. On this occasion, however, a strange minister was present; it was the American "Friend," William Savery.

"At last," says Richenda, "he began to preach. His voice and manner were arresting, and we all liked the sound, but Betsey's attention became fixed, and at last I saw her begin to weep, and she became a good deal agitated. As soon as the meeting was over she made her way to the men's side of the meeting, and having found my father, she asked him if she might dine at The Grove, our Uncle Joseph's, where William Savery was staying. He consented, though rather surprised by the request. We others went home as usual, and, for a wonder, we wished to go again in the afternoon. As we returned to the carriage Betsey sat in the middle, and astonished us all by weeping most of the way home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, and preached afterwards to our sister, prophesying a high and important calling into which she would be led."

From that day Betsey's love of pleasure and the world seemed gone. She began to lead a life apart from the rest of the family, gradually but firmly withdrawing herself more and more from its daily interests and occupations.

By the little Richenda, for whom life still sparkled

with innocent enjoyment, this change in Betsey was bitterly felt. It kept her awake with grief and annoyance.

“At length,” she writes, “I felt I ought to tell her openly what my feelings were, and when we went to bed together I openly told her my mind, and how I disliked the change which I saw was taking place in her, and I asked her what influenced her to it. She told me she felt it was her duty to be a Quaker; she was certain she acted from reason, and not from enthusiasm, and that she felt far happier since she adopted the principles of Quakers than she had ever done before. She said she knew it was her path to tread in; and everyone has a different path to follow. ‘To some,’ she said, ‘drawing and singing may be innocent and pure amusements; to me they are not, therefore I give them up.’ This has taught me how necessary it is to bear with patience the sentiments of others when they differ from your own.”

Catherine Gurney writes :

“I have a clear picture of Betsey’s appearance at this time. It was perfectly lovely. Her fine flaxen hair was combed simply behind and parted in front. Her white gown plainly fitted her figure, which was beautifully proportioned. I remember her sitting on the window-seat in what we then called the Blue Room, with her feet up, in deep meditation. It appears curious to have her form so written on my memory. But a change became daily more evident in her, and appeared more, though at that time we could not in the least understand it, and it was a very great cross to me. I now see how much the expression of our feeling must have added to her difficulty. When she told me she could not dance with us any more (which was at that time my greatest delight), it was almost more than I could bear, and I tried to argue with her,

and begged and persecuted her. But it was all in vain. The firmness of her character was called into play, and I never remember her to have been shaken in one single point which she felt to be her duty. The Bible became her study, visiting the poor her great object. We were too ignorant ourselves to know what the workings of her mind were, but we could discover the most marked change in her. To us (who were tried by many things in her which were great crosses to us) she was always now amiable and patient, forbearing and humble, and in looking back upon the change in her life and its great results we may feel assured that God was at work in her soul, and that she was at that time really and truly awakening to a new life in Christ Jesus, and called to a most important service. Yet it was after she had received these powerful impressions that, with my father's consent, she went to London, literally to see the world, being determined to prove all things and hold fast that which was good."

The request which Betsey—Elizabeth Gurney—made at this time to her father astonished her sisters more than anything else. She begged that she might be allowed to visit London and examine for herself into all the fascinations and amusements of the world, before she left. And to London, under the care of Mrs. Hanbury, she was sent. She "tasted London," as she called it, had dancing lessons in the mornings, concerts and parties in the afternoons, the theatre in the evenings and balls at night.

But the result was that, when she came home, she was quite determined as to the course she meant to follow. The narrowest way of religion was chosen, and what are sometimes called the pleasures of the world—literature, music, science, cheerful companionship—renounced for ever. With Quaker principles she began to adopt Quaker peculiarities, at first with a pertinacity



which was most trying to her sisters. The discussions, however, which followed had perhaps the effect of leading them also to consider the subject as they would not otherwise have done. As a proof of her exaggerated religious enthusiasm at this time, it is remembered that she even refused to look at the picture which Opie was painting of her own father, though she pained him by doing so, and in many other ways—most annoying to those around—her judgment was at this time blunted by shackles from which she was afterwards emancipated.

Partly in the hope of giving a wholesome and natural tone to the thoughts of Betsey, Mr. Gurney took all his daughters for a tour through England and Wales in the summer of 1798. In Coalbrook Dale, he purposely left Betsey alone for some days with her cousin, Priscilla Hannah Gurney, a very sensible and practical person, though a confirmed Quaker.

During this journey Elizabeth was much impressed by the prediction of one Deborah Darby, an aged Friend, who told her that she would be “a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame.” “Can it be? She almost seems as if she thought I was to be a minister of Christ. Can I ever be one?” wrote Elizabeth in her journal.

After the return of the family to Earlham, one day, in walking up the park, Betsey Gurney fell in with a girl about her own age—Molly Norman by name—carrying a bag of flour. She talked to the girl, and asked her what she thought it cost to clothe her. The girl replied, she thought it cost ten shillings a year. Upon which Betsey obtained her father’s consent to adopt this girl. She was admitted into the house, and became her entire charge, pupil and attendant. This was the first of her direct labours for others. But she soon enlarged her views, and having obtained use of the laundry for the purpose, she collected twice a week

all the children from the neighbouring villages. The number amounted to seventy or more, and they acquired the name of "Betsey's Imps." She had no master or mistress for them, and of course none of the helps of books, boards and pictures of the present day ; so it is wonderful how she succeeded in keeping order or imparting any instruction to such an undisciplined troop.

This was the beginning of the Sunday-school which was very long kept up at Earlham, in a many-sided chamber at the top of the house. The next step was establishing a day-school—"Nobbs"—of six girls at Norwich, whence some of the best servants and most faithful Friends in that neighbourhood have emerged.

Still Elizabeth Gurney was not satisfied. She felt that her home life, even with her school, left a blank to her. She longed to wear a more distinct badge of service to the Master she had chosen. She pined for a thornier path. To begin with, she announced to her father, who received it with great pain and distress, that she must become a plain Quaker, which implied a very different life to that to which her family was accustomed. There must never be any further risk of her attention wandering during meeting to such a vanity as purple boots. Dress must be henceforward only a covering, not an adornment. She adopted the Quaker costume in its most exaggerated form. She reasoned perpetually with her sisters, to persuade them to flee from such temptations—for thus she considered them—as music and dancing. Her position at home became daily more difficult, almost untenable.

In 1800 Elizabeth Gurney was married to Joseph Fry, his being a plain Quaker having decided her to this.

It was during a journey made by the Gurney family to the lakes, with Mr. Crome (Old Crome) as their

drawing-master, that Fowell Buxton was one of the party. He afterwards married Hannah Gurney, and thus began the intimate connection of these two families.

It was whilst at Cromer, then a village on the coast of Norfolk, that the families of the Gurneys and Buxtons lived in the closest intimacy. But the Frys were established in London, and my Grandfather Samuel Gurney lived with them, to learn the business in St. Mildred's Court.

In the winter of 1816-17, Mrs. Fry—"the more than female Howard," as Sir James Mackintosh called her—with eleven companions, entered upon a systematic course of visits to the prisoners in Newgate. The change they were enabled to effect soon began to attract, far more than she wished, the sympathy and interest of the public.

Her brothers-in-law, Samuel Hoare and Fowell Buxton, had begun to labour in the same field. One day, when they were walking together past Newgate, their conversation had turned upon the exertions of their sister-in-law and her companions for the improvement of the prisoners within its walls, and this suggested the idea of employing themselves in a similar manner. It led to their entering into communication with Mr. Peter Bedford, Mr. William Crawford, Dr. Lushington, the Hon. E. Harbord and others interested in improving the conditions of the English jails; and the "Society for the Reformation of Prison Discipline" was formed in 1816.

On her second visit to the prison, Mrs. Fry, at her own request, was left alone amongst the women for some hours, and on that occasion she read to them the parable of the Lord and the Vineyard, and made a few observations on the eleventh hour, and on Christ having come to save sinners, even those who might be said to

have wasted the greater part of their lives estranged from Him. Some asked who Christ was ; others feared that their day of salvation was past.

Filled with pity for the almost naked children of the prisoners, puny and pining for want of proper air, food and exercise, Mrs. Fry proposed to their mothers to establish a school for them, which was welcomed with tears of joy. A young woman, named Mary Connor, recently committed for stealing a watch, was chosen by universal consent as the first mistress of the school, and fulfilled her duties to perfection. Many of the women entreated to be allowed to attend the school themselves, but owing to a small-sized room, only those under twenty-five could be admitted. Mrs. Fry's friend Mary Sanderson, who accompanied her on one of her first visits, described afterwards " the railing crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situation with the most boisterous violence and begging with the utmost vociferation." She felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts, and long recollected the horror of hearing the door closed upon her and knowing that she was " locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions."

Mrs. Fry wrote :

" *February 24th, 1817.*—I have lately been much occupied in forming a school in Newgate for the children of the poor prisoners, as well as the young criminals, which has brought much peace and satisfaction with it. But my mind has also been deeply affected in attending a poor woman who was executed, I suppose, this morning. I visited her twice. This event has brought me into deep feeling.

" *March 3rd, 1817.*—My mind and time have been much taken up with Newgate and its concerns, and I have felt encouraged about our school. . . . I have had to visit a poor woman before her death, but was per-



mitted to be more upheld, and not to be so much distressed as the time before. May I in this important concern—for so it appears to me to be—be enabled to keep my eye single with the Lord, that what I do may be done heartily unto Him, and not in any degree unto man.”

“My mother had three great gifts,” writes Katherine Fry: “her dignified and stately presence, her exquisite voice, and her constant and unruffled sweetness of expression—the same to crowned heads and poor prisoners.”

As a small band of lady-workers gradually collected around Mrs. Fry, the little school in a cell at Newgate became their daily occupation. In her evidence before the House of Commons Mrs. Fry said :

“It was in our visits to the school, where some of us attended almost every day, that we were witnesses to the dreadful proceedings that went forward on the female side of the prison; the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes; scenes too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us.”

Gradually the little band of prison visitors began to look beyond the saving of the children to the reclaiming of their mothers, and to this they were encouraged by the women themselves, who soon began clamorously to entreat not to be shut out from the chance of improved habits, and from the benefits which might follow. At first, the prison officials, as well as the friends of the visitors themselves, treated the idea of reclaiming female prisoners as an idle dream. It was also urged that if materials for employing them were found, they

would soon be stolen or destroyed. But Mrs. Fry was not to be deterred. In March 1817 we find her writing :

“ My mind is tossed by a variety of interests and duties. . . . I hope I am not undertaking too much. It is a little like being in the whirlwind and the storm ; but may I be enabled quietly to perform that which ought to be done ; and may all be done so heartily unto the Lord, and through the assistance of His grace, that if it is consistent with His holy Will, His blessing may attend it.”

And it did. Already, in the following December, she was able to write :

“ I have found in my late attention to Newgate a peace and prosperity in the undertaking that I seldom, if ever, remember to have felt before. A way has been opened to us beyond all expectations to bring into order the poor prisoners ; those who are in power are so very willing to help us ; in short, the time appears to be come to work among them. Already from being wild beasts they appear harmless and kind. . . . Oh, if good should result, may the praise of the whole be given where it is due, by us and by all, in deep humiliation and prostration of spirit.”

The clergyman's wife who, with eleven members of the Society of Friends, had already formed themselves into an “ Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate,” stated as their object :

“ To provide for the clothing, the instruction and the employment of the women ; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry which may render them docile and peaceable, whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it.”

The Sheriffs and City magistrates continued to doubt if the women would be themselves induced to submit to the restraints which it would be necessary to impose upon them to effect this change ; but when the assembled women were asked, one and all declared themselves willing to abide by the rules. Still, Mrs. Fry felt that more than this was needed. She had a room cleaned and whitewashed, in which she assembled all the female prisoners who had been tried, and after describing to them the comforts which might be derived from a sober and industrious life, and the misery which must result from such a life as they had hitherto led, she dwelt upon the motives which had brought their visitors to mingle with those from whom all others fled. She assured them that they came armed with no authority, that they required no obedience, and that no rule should be made, no monitor appointed, without the unanimous consent of the women themselves. The rules for employment, those forbidding all swearing, gaming, begging, and quarrelling, and those enjoining cleanliness and attention, were then read to the women, and, after each was heard, every hand was held up in joyful acceptance. When the new state of things had continued for some time, the Lord Mayor and several of the Aldermen visited the prison, and from its quiet and orderly cheerfulness could scarcely believe themselves within the same walls which, a few months before, had exhibited "the very utmost limits of misery and guilt." They marked their sense of the importance of the change by adopting the whole of the new plan as part of the regular system of Newgate.

*The Chronicles of Newgate* says :

"What Mrs. Fry quickly accomplished against tremendous difficulties is one of the brightest facts in the history of philanthropy. How she persevered, in

spite of predictions of certain failure, how she won the co-operation of lukewarm officials, how she provided the manual labour for which those idle hands were eager, and presently transformed a filthy den of corruption into clean whitewashed rooms, in which sat rows of women recently so desperate and degraded, stitching and sewing, orderly and silent, was indeed extraordinary."

Gradually the Ladies' Committee was encouraged to introduce a matron into Newgate, to be paid in part by themselves, in part by the Corporation; but till this time, some of the ladies spent the whole day in the prison, taking their provisions in a basket, or remaining without any; and, for long afterwards, one or two of them never failed to spend some hours daily with the female prisoners.

During this eventful year Mrs. Fry had been more free to do her work because her boys were at school, and her girls absent on a very long visit to their uncle Daniel Gurney and his sister Rachel, at North Runcton.

Mrs. Fry's brothers and sisters helped her, not only with sympathy but with funds. Indeed, far beyond any other pecuniary assistance was that which Mrs. Fry received from her own brothers Samuel, Joseph and John Gurney, who not only entered warmly into all her objects of interest, but were unfailing in the generous support they afforded them. From that time until her labours of love were ended on earth, not one year elapsed in which they did not liberally, even munificently, contribute to her various purposes of benevolence. Perhaps this was more especially the case with her brother Samuel, who, as he advanced in life, appeared more and more in the character of the philanthropist, ever at hand when duty called to promote any object which he considered would tend to the benefit of mankind. His was a direct mission no less than



that of other members of his family more prominently before the public eye ; and in much of the benevolent machinery so beautifully worked by them he might be called the mainstay.

Elizabeth Fry, as well as the Buxtons and Hoares, became widely known as reformers of the prisons. Women were then executed for comparatively small offences ; and later in life, Mrs. Fry's labours were continued on the Continent, to which she journeyed, accompanied among others by my mother, Elizabeth Gurney, who seems to have been her favourite niece and was named after her. As I have already related, it was on a visit to Berlin that, by means of an introduction from the Bunsens in London, where my grandfather was Prussian Minister, my father, Ernest Bunsen, then an officer in the Guards, was introduced to my mother. There are charming accounts in my mother's journals of her visits to the King of Prussia, King Frederick William IV, and his Queen, of Aunt Fry's prayer-meetings, and also sketches of her at the royal table, being served by a German Forester.

It was as a pioneer of prison reform that Mrs. Fry became known, and her influence was great on the Continent as well as at Newgate, the London prison, and everywhere societies for prison-visiting were formed, and the state of the female prisoners became an object of public attention.

My grandfather, Samuel Gurney, whose business became very prosperous, came forward to help with any money his beloved sister required for her great work, and the Buxtons and Hoares accompanied her to the meetings and did all in their power to help her.

It must have been Mrs. Fry's great gift as a preacher, and her Bible lessons to the poor women of Newgate, which were the cause of her great influence in the prisons, for her theme was the love of Christ for sinners.

She gave individual attention to the worst cases among the women, especially to those who were to be executed. She also started what is now termed district visiting, arranged libraries for the Coastguards, and constantly increased and extended her beneficent influence more and more until the peaceful close of her long life.

Some time ago I was present at an unveiling of a life-size statue of her in Newgate Prison, when her descendant, Rachel Countess of Dudley, made a very beautiful and appropriate speech.

There are many Memoirs of Mrs. Fry, and wherever I go in England and Germany her name may be called a household word. There is a very fine water-colour portrait of her by Richmond, representing her in Quaker dress, and giving an impression of great dignity and power.

A large oil picture of her preaching to the prisoners at Newgate is also well known. I am sorry we have no recollection of her, but I was brought up under her influence, knowing how deeply my mother revered her, and hearing her Memoirs read in the family.

At that time it was not the fashion to take up a great cause and come out of family life as it is now, but nothing could prevent Elizabeth Fry accomplishing her great mission.

I have many recollections of Earlham, as it was later, when my aunt Mrs. Ripley, the widow of my uncle, John Gurney, lived there with her second husband, the Rev. Mr. Ripley. Her daughter Catherine Gurney was my great friend, and I often stayed at Earlham.

A wonderful account of it was published in 1922, written by Percy Lubbock, the son of my friend Catherine, who married Frederic Lubbock, the younger brother of the late Lord Avebury. This book was sent to me at once on publication, and made a great sensation because of its wonderful style of writing. It gave

a beautiful description of the old home and the life of the family there when the author was a child. One of the reviews in the papers said that it had taken its place among the English classics, and it became the talk of the literary world. This was rather a surprise to me, who imagined that only the family and its ramifications and recollections would care for the history of Earlham. It is now no more in the possession of the Gurney family, and much altered; but the Gurneys of Earlham will keep their place in history.

A prominent figure in the family of the Gurneys of Earlham is Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who was married to Hannah Gurney. The Buxton family seem to have been for generations what somebody lately described as "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," and Thomas Fowell with the great Wilberforce was the moving spirit in the great cause for the emancipation of the slaves. As a Member of Parliament, and assisted by his brothers-in-law the Gurneys, he was instrumental in passing a bill which freed any slave who set foot on English soil.

I often look with pride at a fine statue of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton in Westminster Abbey, and rejoice to think that his descendants nobly carry on the family traditions. They are to be found as champions of the oppressed and ill-used, and carry out in a remarkable manner what they consider to be right. In such a large family there must be many and diverging opinions; but all had the courage of their opinions, and were of great influence in many ways.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE SPELL OF ROME

IT was in 1870 that my father's long-cherished plan of taking us to Rome matured, our old friend Madame Schwabe taking Abbey Lodge during our absence. We travelled to Paris and there met Baron Bibra and his daughter Luise, who was to go to Rome with us.

The Bibras were old friends. The Baron was attached to the Court of the Prince of Wied, and Luise was of my age and very cultivated. She was a friend of Princess Elizabeth of Wied, and was educated with her.

We travelled through France, making a stay at Avignon and going over the St. Gothard Pass—by *vetturino* mostly.

It was very cold, and icicles hung from the palm-trees. We found the Italian hotels (mostly old palaces) very comfortless; but we were in Italy and going to Rome, and all else was of no importance! We stopped at various interesting places on the way: Pisa, Parma, etc.

Rome was disappointing at first. It seemed so small, and our Hotel Costanza so modern. But we soon realised the spell which Rome casts over all who are at all capable of understanding its great historic and artistic interests.

At the Piazza Caffarelli, where Count Harry Arnim was the German Ambassador, was an Italian maid, Anina, who had been in the service of my grandfather and had been my father's nurse—he was born in the palace. We were ascending the stairs to pay our



respects to Countess Arnim, when Anina appeared and, enthusiastically embracing my father, called him "*Mio Ernesto!*" She failed to understand that the lady beside him was his wife, and I his daughter, but clung to my father, who was somewhat embarrassed by her demonstrations of affection!

We were invited to dinner-parties and receptions at the German Embassy, and met there many German *savants* who were of great interest to my father. The Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Proby, afterwards Lord and Lady Carysfort, were staying at our hotel and made expeditions with us, taking us in their carriage daily. Thus we were a happy party, for my father was so pleased to take us all to see the places of interest in the old city and its neighbourhood. It was the year of the great Œcumenical Council at the Vatican, and the streets were full of the state carriages of the Monsignori who had assembled from all parts. These streets were narrow and tortuous, with the wares of the shops mostly displayed outside them, which added to the picturesqueness of the place.

Our cousins, the Hon. Mrs. Mostyn and the Misses Monk, were at Rome during that winter of 1870, and a great resource to me, for they let me come out sketching with them, and, above all, the eldest Miss Monk had been accustomed to ride in the Campagna, and took me with her. I remember these delightful excursions with very great pleasure, as we spent whole days galloping about and stopping to pick the wild cyclamen which abounded in hollows and sheltered places.

Lady Marian Alford was one of the great figures in Roman society at that time, as also the great American sculptor, Mr. Story, and his daughter Edith Story. They were at home in their apartments in the Palazza Barberini in the evening once a week, and here we met many charming and interesting people. But the

greatest figure in Roman society was the Duke of Sermoneta, then quite blind. I often went with my parents to visit the Duke and Duchess, according to the pleasant foreign custom, in the evening, when they were always at home. Young as I was, I was quite amazed by the Duke's wonderful knowledge of Italy in general and Rome in particular, and his conversations with my father on Italian literature are indelibly impressed on my mind.

The Duchess was an English lady, who did not seem to care for anything but the health and comfort of the Duke. But his daughter, Countess Lovatelli, was a great personality; she always shared her father's studies, especially during the years of his increasing blindness, and she was wonderfully learned and interesting. At that time much that has since been excavated of the ancient ruins of Rome had not been discovered, but to the Duke these ruins seemed as real as if they had again been brought to the light of the sun. Thus one day he took us to the Forum, and I still seem to see the figure of the old Italian nobleman rapturously describing to us some ruined tombs in the Via Sacra, which were then underground. It was only in 1900, when I was again in Rome, with my children, that I realised how profound was his knowledge.

After Easter in Rome, when we witnessed the great ceremonies at St. Peter's, we travelled to Naples with Mrs. Proby. We much enjoyed the excursions in the neighbourhood, but the inhabitants of Naples had none of the dignity and wonderful manners of the people of Rome. Our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Proby, invited me to make the ascent of Mount Vesuvius with them and to see the excavations of Pompeii; we found horses waiting for us with the guides engaged by Mr. Proby. I remember the ascent was rather arduous when the horses had to be left, but we arrived at last,

and could see part of the immense crater. Hardly had we reached it, however, before enormous clouds of smoke, smelling of brimstone, issued from the volcano. To remain there would have meant suffocation, so we turned and fled down the blocks of lava as best we could. It was nearly quite dark, but I discovered the inert body of a woman lying unconscious beside me, and, with an almost superhuman effort, I pulled it over the large blocks of lava until we came to a clearer atmosphere. I then discovered that it was my friend Mrs. Proby, who had fainted for want of air! I could only do my best to restore her. Very soon Mr. Proby arrived upon the scene, but he did not seem to understand the situation and was vexed with me because of his wife's untidy condition! Her clothes were torn and she was much bruised, but yet alive. In time a stretcher was sent for, and she recovered by degrees and, I hope, never realised the great danger she had been in.

We returned by Venice and stayed at Hptel Danieli, and I was glad to see the beauties of the city with my father. Venice still belonged to Austria, and the Austrian band played in front of the Cathedral.

But we had lingered too long in the south, and it was early in June and certainly not the time to visit Venice. There were bad smells about and we all had sore throats; thus our stay there was curtailed.

In London there was not much going on and, as I had not been to school, my acquaintance with girls of my own age was restricted mostly to my cousins. My mother was pleased to take me to visit her friends, and we went to many receptions and parties. Lord and Lady Salisbury were very kind, inviting us to their large Foreign Office parties and to Hatfield, and Lord Houghton, an old friend of my parents, was kind enough to introduce me to many of his friends. At Abbey Lodge there were, as usual, many little parties and

receptions, and I was very kindly received by what is termed London Society. One of the first great parties I remember was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buxton, who hired steamers to go down the Thames.

It was, I think, during that summer that I, on my hack, joined the riding parties with Mr. Charles Buxton, my cousin Catherine Gurney going with me. It was a very charming and amusing entertainment of a sporting character, sometimes lasting the inside of a week. We spent the night, with our horses, at the houses of friends of Mr. Buxton's. I particularly remember staying with Mr. and Mrs. Walter at Bearwood. At other times we put up in country inns, all having been arranged beforehand and our luggage being sent on in advance.

There were many charming parties, too, at Foxwarren, my cousin Charles Buxton's beautiful place near Cobham, when I got up charades and theatricals in the evening, Cousin Charles especially joining in all the amusements of the young people. But it was his Christmas parties at Foxwarren which I especially remember, where a young party always assembled. We danced every evening in the great hall, and got up charades and little plays.

Cousin Charles mounted me on his hunters and took me out hunting with him, and was pleased with my equestrian powers. These consisted in closely following his line across country and letting the practised hunters have their own way. One of these hunters jumping too near a tree one day, I was knocked off and had a fall; but it did not in any way hurt me.

The first ball I went to was at Dorchester House (Mr. Holford's) in London, whither I was invited by my kind friend the Countess of Crawford. It was so beautiful and I had so much dancing that it rather spoilt me for the later balls in London, which were so much more crowded and in smaller rooms.



The life at Abbey Lodge continued the same, the house being constantly full of friends and relations. Among the former were Dean Liddell of Christ Church and his wife and their daughters, Ina, Alice, Rhoda and Violet. The two eldest were my age and came with their mother to stay at Abbey Lodge, bringing their horses to ride in the park. They must have stayed for some time, for I remember that we attended lectures together and were very happy in each other's society. Mrs. Liddell remained to the last a very beautiful and charming lady, and I remember her especially when we went to stay at the Deanery for Commemoration Week.

It was after the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark that my brother Fritz and I were invited by our uncle, Henry de Bunsen, the Vicar of the parish of Lilleshall in Shropshire, to stay with them and go with them to the Duke of Sutherland's place near by, to meet the Prince of Wales.

I was much pleased, for I had been in a crowd at Windsor to greet the lovely Princess on her arrival in England.

My mother had ordered me a smart evening gown of white and silver, and I was somewhat disconcerted when I found that my cousins Lilla and Lisa had simple white muslin dresses.

But I forgot my personal appearance when I saw the Princess of Wales, and the Prince asked to be introduced to me. We got up some amusing games, and it was a very interesting experience. It was at my first drawing-room, in 1868, that I first saw Queen Victoria face to face. Her Majesty had seen my portrait by Sant and received me with a kindly smile and spoke of me as the beautiful Hilda Bunsen.

## CHAPTER VII

### MY MARRIAGE IN APRIL 1873

WHEN I came out in London, as I have already mentioned, my Uncle Barclay gave me a park phaeton, in which I drove our carriage horses, going in it to Monkhams and Richmond and Wimbledon. I was always kindly received at the German Embassy by Countess Bernstorff, where Countess "Thesi" was my friend and tried to help my mother in her ever-increasing social duties.

Countess Bernstorff had a bazaar for some charity, and her daughters and I were helping her to sell, with Miss Nevill, the daughter of Lady Dorothy Nevill. She and I often met when riding in Rotten Row, and she embroidered a bead frontlet, with "Uhlán," the name of my pretty hack, for him to wear. We were often joined by Herr von Krause, First Secretary of the German Embassy, who had several beautiful hunters and rode to hounds.

It was in 1871, after the Franco-Prussian War, that I first remember him and was much struck by his devotion to the memory of his mother, who had died not long before. I heard that plans were made for him to marry the daughter of Count Bernstorff, and Prince Bismarck's daughter was also mentioned in the same way. He was much thought of and sought after in London society. He came to Abbey Lodge when we had little parties, and we met in society; but there was a rumour about my being engaged to another man, and thus everything was very difficult and I was very



PORTRAIT OF HILDA DE BUNSEN.

By James Sant, R.A.





anxious. I remember large parties at Hatfield and the Foreign Office, where we met; but it was in Berlin in February 1873, that we became engaged. The sad illness of Count Bernstorff in London hastened Hugo's departure from Berlin, as he had to undertake the work of the Embassy and do all in his power for the Bernstorffs.

We stayed in Berlin till my father could leave, and I was fêted and congratulated by the Emperor and Empress and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Crown Prince and Princess, and society generally, but Prince Bismarck and his wife and daughter were very distant and very unsympathetic. It was partly because my uncle, George Bunsen, who was of the Liberal Party, had opposed the policy of the Iron Chancellor. We soon returned to Abbey Lodge, for it had been decided that Hugo (Herr von Krause) was to be sent as Minister to Rio, and my trousseau was ordered on those lines. But soon after our return Count Bernstorff died, and Hugo had to remain in London as *Chargé d'Affaires*.

We were married on April 17th, 1873, at the German Chapel opposite St. James's Palace, by Pastor Walbaum, my old friend the organist, Herr Weber, presiding at the organ. Owing to the death of Count Bernstorff, it was a very small function, attended only by the staff of the German Embassy and some English friends. The wedding breakfast afterwards was not a big affair, either, Lady Nicholson being my only friend present, apart from the members of the Embassy and their wives. My parents' old friend, the Duke of Argyll, and his daughters, came afterwards to bid us good-bye. We travelled to Seaview, in the Isle of Wight, but had only a three-days' honeymoon, during which continual telegrams prevented us from making any excursions.

We had chosen a pleasant house in Wilton Place, and

my mother had arranged all very prettily and found the servants we required, in addition to Hugo's German servant, who acted as butler. I had much to do to arrange a succession of little luncheon- and dinner-parties for people who had come from Germany and who expected to be taken notice of by the Embassy. The season was in full swing, the Shah of Persia being a conspicuous figure everywhere. Two beautiful carriage horses, in the charge of a German coachman, had come over from Hugo's home, Bendeleben, near the Harz Mountains, for our use, and Hugo had given me a beautiful hack. But he himself was very busy at the Embassy, and I had my housekeeping to occupy me, so we were unable to ride regularly.

Hugo's friend, Mr. Deichmann, was constantly at our house. I had known him slightly since I came out, as a friend of the Bernstorffs, when we girls regarded him as a crusty old bachelor and much disliked him. In June we went to Baron and Baroness Schröder's at The Dell, near Windsor, for the Ascot week, and I was very happy with this charming family, who received me most kindly, and who had always been good friends of Hugo. Since then, The Dell, and in later years Dell Park, have been, I may say, a country home for us, and I look back to so many visits there and to so much kind help in many ways with great gratitude.

Our life in London was necessarily too busy for us to have the leisure which we should have liked to enjoy in one another's society. It was at the end of the season that Count Münster was appointed German Ambassador and was anxious for Hugo to remain and undertake the care of the Chancellery and advise him as to conditions in England. The Count was a great Hanoverian magnate and had many associations with England. His father had been Hanoverian Minister to the Court of St. James's, and he himself had been

born in London. By accepting the post of Ambassador and representing the German Empire, he alienated his friends in Hanover, who belonged to the Guelph party. His first wife, the mother of his children, was a Russian lady, from whom he was divorced. He had become acquainted with her when he was Hanoverian Minister in Russia, and was divorced from her later. His second wife was Lady Harriet St. Clair Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, with whom he and the children lived very happily at their beautiful place in Hanover. This had been an old monastery, and was called Derneburg, and it had been given by one of the Hanoverian Kings of England to the Count's father. It was here that the beautiful chestnut horses for which the Count was famous were bred. He drove some of them in a coach which was well known in London, and he became a member of the Four-in-Hand Club. He rode daily in Rotten Row with his daughter, Countess Marie, who was his devoted companion, and was kindly received and hospitably entertained by the great families of England.

It was towards the end of July that Hugo and I were able to leave for Bendeleben, his father's estate in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. As I was in delicate health, the doctor considered it better for us to travel by steamer from Tilbury Fort to Hamburg. Thence we travelled to Berlin, and soon to Schönwalde, near Spandau, where Hugo's only sister Marie and her husband, von Risselmann, lived. It was an old country house, with a moat surrounding it, and near to large forests of mostly pine and fir trees. Riding was a great amusement of my sister-in-law, and we had very pleasant rides in the forest; the soil there being sandy, was very soft and agreeable for riding. We had only been there for a few days when a telegram came to say that Hugo's father was taken seriously ill at Bendeleben; consequently he, with his sister and brother-in-law,

started to go there, leaving me at Schönwalde with my maid. I was not up to rapid travelling, and in a few hours a telegram arrived to say that my father-in-law had had a stroke, and was found suddenly dead in Bendeleben. They had telegraphed that he was ill, to save us the sudden shock of the sad news. I was therefore not present at his funeral, which was attended, I heard, by many officials from the Court at Sondershausen and the military authorities and many people from the village of Bendeleben and the neighbouring districts. The Risselmanns soon returned with Hugo to Schönwalde, much affected by the sudden loss of their kind father. He had written very kind letters to me, welcoming me to their family, and I much regretted not having been able to thank him personally.

A great reception had been arranged for our arrival at Bendeleben, but of course all this and all public rejoicing would have been out of place now. We travelled via Berlin to Rossla, which lies at the foot of the great Kyffhäuser Mountain in what is termed the "Golden Valley" because of its rich soil. The village and estate of Bendeleben is situated on the other side of the mountain, and the fine old travelling-carriage, with four horses, awaited our arrival at the station.

The drive over the mountains and the view of its old castle and fortresses are quite magnificent. On our arrival at the village of Bendeleben, some little girls advanced towards us attired in white frocks, and very shyly presented me with some flowers. We drove through the large farm buildings to the house, where the servants, attired in mourning, awaited us, and the heads of the great departments on the estate, the Farm, the Forest and the Financial Departments, were waiting to receive us in the hall. The rooms had been charmingly arranged, but the large house looked empty and



bare, as a house would look where a mistress had not been for many years. An elderly lady, who had been companion-housekeeper to Herr von Krause, Fräulein von Steinecker, who was much affected by his loss, was very helpful in explaining to me the various duties of my position. But I soon found that the old servants, who had come from Brunswick when my father-in-law bought Bendeleben in 1848, were absolutely trustworthy, and I could give up the reins of government more and more into their hands and really enjoy the happy time. The old gentleman had lived in great state, and we drove with four horses, and there were many servants in the house.

I paid visits to the ladies-in-waiting of the two Princesses who were at the castle at Sondershausen, and they came to Bendeleben to see me; but otherwise we had no receptions or dinners, owing to the deep mourning. Hugo, who had now succeeded to the estate, was much occupied in attending to his new duties, and I was very pleased to make the acquaintance of some of the people of the estate and school, and visit the clergyman and his wife. The population was then entirely agricultural. There were some rich and some small farmers, and each family had their own house and a piece of land of their own. It was in later years that I began to understand the conditions of the people better and tried to revive the old feudal spirit. Not being used to country life, Hugo's parents were not in touch with the people, though very kind and generous to them in other ways. My sister and brother-in-law came to stay with us twice before we had to return to London at the end of October, and my sister-in-law was much horrified at my ideas of visiting the people and caring for them personally. My real work at Bendeleben began later, when I came to live there as a young widow, and the personal touch with our people, schools,

etc., was a great resource and joy to me in sad and lonely years.

Towards the end of October we returned to London, where my parents had taken a house in Charles Street for us. It would have been all very well, had it not been that my confinement was expected, and that all arrangements were declared inadequate. We were wondering what we had better do, when my kind uncle, Mr. Head, offered us his house, 20 Hanover Terrace. This was large and roomy and, being near Abbey Lodge, particularly attractive, and we moved there as soon as we could. There was stabling for the horses. Hugo had several hunters, and his great pleasure was to ride with the Royal Stag-hounds at Windsor when his diplomatic duties allowed him to do so.

We were much at the Embassy, and I hoped to be of use to Countess Marie Münster in many ways. Countess Olga, her younger sister, who was a favourite lady-in-waiting of the Empress Augusta, came over from Berlin, and there were many charming parties. At Christmas we arranged a Christmas-tree, and my parents came over to spend the evening with us in true German fashion, with little presents for everybody on small tables, the servants also coming in for their share. It was after the New Year that Hugo was appointed Minister to Weimar, where he was to take up his post at Easter.

On February 10th, 1874, my little son was born, and I heard afterwards that the doctors had said that either I or the child could live, but not both; but mercifully the child was safe, and I recovered by slow degrees. Sarah Nicholson, my devoted friend, and my mother had been in the house, and I am sorry to think of the anxiety they went through during the hours when the doctors had nearly given up hope. All seemed to be going on well, and I was on the sofa, when, early in

March, my husband said that, in spite of a slight frost, he had sent his hunters down to Slough and was going to have a day with the hounds. I was so pleased at the prospect. I remember his coming home in the afternoon and telling me of the day's sport and the message of congratulation that Queen Victoria and Princess Christian had sent me. He did not tell me of a fall he had had, but when he left me to go to the Embassy I saw that his coat was covered with mud. He declared that it was nothing, but that it had been rather slippery and that his horse had fallen with him.

He seemed quite well that evening, and we were very happy, and talked of my going downstairs soon. But next morning he told me that he had had a night of fearful pain, and sent for the doctor. It appeared that the horse had fallen upon him and dangerously injured him. The doctor soon sent for the great surgeon, Sir James Paget, who showed much anxiety, and from that time I began to realise what a dangerous condition Hugo was in. I was not allowed to get up at all, but naturally gave no heed to the doctor's opinion and spent all the time I could in my husband's room, doing all I could think of to comfort him and relieve his sufferings. I advised him to send for his sister and brother-in-law, as they were his only relations and he was very devoted to them. They arrived soon after, and he was glad to have them in the house. Count Münster, who came over every day, did not seem to have much hope of Hugo's recovery. Mr. Deichmann, who had returned to London soon after Hugo's fall, attended to him devotedly. I myself did not give up the idea that, being so young and strong, he might get over the results of the accident. All was done that could be done to moderate his pain, which he bore with great heroism, but on March 24th a change came. Early on the morning of the 26th my brother came to fetch

me, and I could see by his expression that the end was near. Hugo had often remarked how terrible it was to die as the result of an accident, while he was riding for pleasure, instead of while doing his duty as a soldier.

But his faith in the will of God was very strong, and I never can forget his expression when I read the 23rd Psalm to him: "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," and while I prayed to God to strengthen us both in this time of great trial. He died peacefully that evening.

According to the Lutheran custom, there was a service in the house before the coffin was removed, when the room was draped in black and had the appearance of a mortuary chapel. Pastor Walbaum, who had known my husband well, Hugo having always attended his services, spoke very beautifully. The Ambassador and his colleagues from the Embassy were there. It was a beautiful and comforting service, and some of our English relatives and friends were present.

Hugo's brother-in-law accompanied the coffin to Bendeleben, where it was placed in the family mausoleum and a funeral service was conducted in the chapel adjoining, amidst a large assembly of people. Later on, I had a marble tomb erected there, with the text of the 23rd Psalm on it. I was not able to attend the funeral, as I could not travel in my delicate condition, so I went to Abbey Lodge to stay with my parents. I had injured myself by getting up too soon, and was partly laid up for many years. Our great joy was the splendid development of the baby, who was christened early in April. Lady Nicholson and Marie Risselmann were his godmothers, and my father his godfather. His names were Wilhelm Hugo Ernst. It was a small christening party, of course, and very pathetic. Towards the end of July I took the child to Bendeleben with



his English nurse, White, and an Irish wet nurse. On arrival there we found many of the village people with signs of mourning waiting for us, and it devolved upon me to thank them and to tell them that I had brought the child to his home and intended to bring him up there.

My greatest comfort during the sad and lonely winter of 1874-5 was my brother Maurice, who stayed with me for many weeks, regardless of the solitude. He had finished with Oxford and had not yet started on his diplomatic career, and gave up everything else to stay with me at Bendeleben. The child was well and strong, and was my pride and joy ; but I was afraid of any travelling for him, as he was so tiny a babe. His English nurse stayed with me for some years, and was very devoted and careful. But when he was weaned from his bottle she over-fed him, and he was very ill and I very anxious.

I had been told of a doctor at Sondershausen, a member of the Blodau family there, and I sent the carriage for him, after telegraphing first. How grateful I was when he came and stayed to look after my boy till he was better ! The good doctor lived in a large old house at Sondershausen which the Blodaus had had for generations ; the poor were treated free of charge, and his house was full of patients. His family became our friends, and I can never forget this kindly, fine-looking old man.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BENDELEBEN MEMORIES

BENDELEBEN is the largest estate in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, and has had a *Herrschaft*, what in England would be termed a Lord of the Manor, for many generations. The first date in its archives is 1100, since when it has gone through many vicissitudes.

It was bought in 1848 by my father-in-law, Wilhelm von Krause, of an old family of industrialists at Brunswick, from Baron Uckermann. This family had had it for a long time, and the grandmother of Baron Uckermann laid out the park of 100 acres which surrounds the house, and planted the magnificent triple avenue of elm-trees, which, with the two large chestnut-trees standing as sentinels before it, leads up to the house, or *Schloss*, as it is termed.

The avenue can only be compared to the aisle of a great cathedral, and is the great feature of the place. The fine trees in the park were planted one hundred years ago, in the English style, by the Baroness Uckermann of that period, and as some specimens are the same as those in the gardens of Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, it has been thought that both were laid out by the same landscape gardener.

The house stands surrounded by fine chestnut-trees on the other side, and with undulating ground opposite, between the park and the large farm buildings. The Uckermann family had not been able to carry out their intention of building a house where the house now stands, and it was built in the red sandstone of the

country by my father-in-law, Herr von Krause. It is not like a castle, but a fine country house. In that part of Germany the name of *Schloss* is given to every important country house. I have always admired the flight of sitting- and reception-rooms on the ground-floor, with the outlook over the park. There are six of these, one of them my boudoir.

They were all furnished in old-fashioned style, the furniture having been brought by the Krauses from their fine home at Brunswick. Red plush covered the heavy furniture in most of the rooms, and the colours were all in the same style and therefore not inharmonious. My rooms and the nurseries were upstairs, and there was a sense of space everywhere. I filled the rooms with books, etc., by degrees, but was anxious not to alter the old-fashioned effect. I wanted an open fireplace in my private sitting-room, and this and other wants were arranged by my brother-in-law, Carl von Risselmann, who was appointed Wilhelm's guardian and managed the estate. His solicitude and care for me were a great comfort, and he came to Bendeleben as often as he could, and did his best to help me in the sad circumstances.

He arranged with the authorities at Berlin, who had the care of Wilhelm's affairs, that I was to have a sufficient sum to keep up the house and that the old servants, who had come from Brunswick with the Krauses, should remain. Two carriage-horses and the old coachman, Freke, and two riding-horses and a groom were kept for me. I was laid up a great deal, and could not walk much; but riding was a great resource to me, and thus I learnt to know about the management of the forest and the farming. The conditions are very different from England, where the farms are let out. On the estates known to me in Germany all is managed from one centre, and the

landed proprietors are brought up to manage the estates themselves, with heads of departments under them.

At Bendeleben, when I first knew it, there were three departments, and the Inspector, or Bailiff, Heinmann, had the "Farm" under him, whilst the Ober-Förster, Schmidtgen, had the "Forest," and Rendant Poppe the financial affairs. They had their subordinates, the *Verwalter*, young men of the better class, who learnt farming and the management of the land, as well as "Foresters," who wore green liveries. The farming was on the old-fashioned lines, one-fifth of the land lying fallow every year. The "intensive" farming of modern days was unknown.

At that time the land was entirely worked by our own people from the village, where many of the houses belonged to the estate. Women did a great deal of the work in the harvest-time, even the school-children helping in making the hay and taking their share in other light duties. About a hundred people were regularly engaged as farm-labourers, and the estate was even then famous for its good management. My father-in-law was up at five in the morning to help arrange the work of the day, and was constantly riding and driving into the woods and fields.

When I arrived the estate had lately been let, and the results were visible, as of course it had not been managed on the same lines as those to which we were used. A certain element of old feudal times still hung about the place, and I, as representing the family, was treated with great respect. The people of Thuringia are perhaps not so hard-working as the people of Brunswick and Prussia, and are more given to pleasure. Thus I heard many complaints about them, but I much liked their friendly, warm-hearted manner. I thought them much neglected and under-



paid, a man only receiving one mark (one shilling) a day and a woman 70 pfennig (sevenpence). Money had in those days, of course, very different value, but it seemed to me very low wages. Their houses, too, were very small and bare, and I thought the animals of the farm were better housed. These conditions have been very much changed since.

I had nothing to do with the management of the estate except indirectly, and my brother-in-law was inclined to leave things as they were; but by degrees I was able to carry out some improvements in the dwellings. At that time the national costume was worn by the women, who had white blouses, and on Sundays wore coloured petticoats. A long double cloak, with a large frill at the top, mostly of cotton, was, and is, a peculiarity of these parts. These cloaks are now only worn by the old women, the modern spirit, alas! having caused the discarding of the old costume. Some of the farmers' wives inherited pretty embroidered costumes and gold ornaments, and these, though not worn now, are kept in their large chests as sacred heirlooms, and coloured handkerchiefs are worn over the head. At that time, and for many years afterwards, some of the families working on the estate were allowed to carry as much wood as they could from the forests, and I used to meet quite old women, with huge branches on their heads, returning to their homes with wood for the winter.

The hardest work the women did was to pull up the sugar-beet in the fields and to stack it. This was done in late autumn, and was very hard work for them. Later on all this was changed by the discovery of some chemical mines in the neighbourhood, where high wages were paid to the men, which attracted them away from the land. The management of a German forest is very interesting, and it brings a more settled income, as,

once the prices of wood are fixed, it is possible to calculate the revenue derived from it for the year.

For generations the Bendeleben forest has been managed on scientific lines, and the planting and felling of trees, and the sowing of "nurseries" for the small plants, which are protected by wire fencing, have followed a certain routine. I often rode out to see the wood-cutters from Bendeleben and the surrounding villages, and admired their skill. The Ober-Förster, or Chief Forester, was a great resource to me. He belonged to a class the officials called *Beamte* in Germany, and had had a university education and was a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He had been at Bendeleben for many years, and his great fault was his love for the old trees, so that he perhaps left them standing too long and they thus lost some of their value. But I also was of the same feeling, and thus we intrigued together to keep some of the giant oaks and beeches. There is one old oak-tree at the edge of the forest estimated to be a thousand years old. Another of the same dimensions was struck by lightning. It has now no leaves, but is still very beautiful, and the forest generally culminates in a high hill surrounded by lovely glades and undulating ground, all planted with trees. They are mostly beech and oak and fir trees which are indigenous; but there are Scotch firs, etc. There is plenty of water, and one large pond which is particularly lovely when all the water-lilies are out. Bendeleben is situated on what may be termed the spur of the Harz Mountains, and the famous Brocken, the highest of those mountains, is to be seen in the distance. The Kyffhäuser Mountain, on the other side of Bendeleben, is rugged and bare, and a great contrast to the wooded hills around; it must have been of volcanic origin, and is famous for its legends. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa is supposed to have been turned

into stone and to be awaiting in an underground cavern the unity of the German Empire. There is a wonderful monument to him, which was erected by the soldiers after the unification of the German Empire in 1871. He is carved in red sandstone out of the living rock, and above him is a life-sized equestrian statue of the Emperor William I.

Bendeleben was very lonely when I first arrived. There being no railway to the neighbouring town of Sondershausen, we had to drive over the Kyffhäuser to reach the little town of Rossla. An old couple lived at Rottleben, a place not far off. They came to Bendeleben often, and I was glad to see them, as they had known Hugo ; otherwise I was much alone, till in the autumn my parents and Marie came to stay with me for some months.

The princely family of Schwarzburg lived in the great and ancient castle of Sondershausen, which had been theirs for many centuries. They first appear in history as Counts of Schwarzburg. They have had many other titles, and are undoubtedly one of the oldest reigning families in Germany. The old Prince Günther once said to me, when I advised his going to visit the Emperor at Berlin : "The Hohenzollerns are mushrooms ! They grew up in a night. Those people from Berlin can come to see me if they like, but I am not going to them ; and if my Minister gave me advice, as Count Bismarck does the Emperor, I would send him away in disgrace."

At that time there was a family feud going on at the castle, which stands on a height above the town of Sondershausen. It is a large and very fine building, which has been added to by many of its possessors in the course of the centuries. It is built in a square, the very old part being on one side ; the other part of the square building dates from the rococo times, and

does not exactly harmonise with the more ancient parts. When I at first arrived at Bendeleben I was inclined to look down upon these little German Courts, being used to the Emperor's Court at Berlin and to the Government there ; but I more and more realised what great centres of culture these Courts of the old reigning families in Germany were, and what a loss it is to the country and principality that the families now have lost their sovereign state, and that their large fortunes have been diminished so much by the Republican Government.

In 1874 old Prince Günther was reigning, and his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, and younger son, Prince Leopold, lived with him in the old parts of the castle. The hereditary Prince and his wife, who was born a Princess of Sachsen-Altenburg, were settled in the other side of the castle. There had been some disagreements, and the opposing parties and their households never met.

I never in any way took any line in the family affairs, and visited both Princesses at twelve o'clock, according to the prevailing etiquette. They had their prejudices and peculiarities, but their kindness to me and to my family always remained the same.

The Princesses did not usually pay visits, but the hereditary Princess used to drive over to Bendeleben to visit me and express her sympathy. Thus I often saw Her Highness and her ladies-in-waiting, but otherwise did not during the first year of my widowhood make any further acquaintances in the town. I did not leave Bendeleben at all, except for a few days in the winter of 1875, when I stayed at an hotel, to see the authorities who managed my boy Wilhelm's money. They were perfectly nice good people of the middle class, but did not in the least understand what was required to keep up a house like Schloss Bendeleben. My husband had wished me to live there in what he



considered proper style, though I should have been quite content to settle in the old Schloss, where the bailiff now lived, and where there were also some fine rooms. I persuaded the Board of Guardians, for such, I think, I might term them, who were at Berlin, to let me have what my brother-in-law had settled should be my income. I reduced the stables to four horses for my private use and continued to take all supplies from the farm, the kitchen garden and the forest. I was too sad to care much about anything but the health and well-being of the child, though I was anxious to carry out my husband's wishes. In order to accomplish this, I told the authorities that unless everything was as had been settled in my husband's will, I should have to take the child to stay with my parents in London and close the house at Bendeleben. After this I had no trouble with them, and, everything being very cheap at that time, and the garden produce being given me free of charge, I was pleased to find that, though I kept open house, I required much less money than was allotted to me.

Whilst at Berlin I called on Countess Hacke, the *Dame de Palais* of the Empress Augusta, who received me most affectionately and announced my arrival to the Empress. Soon after I was commanded to appear at the palace, and the Empress expressed her sorrow to see me as a widow, and the Emperor presently appeared. I can never forget the kind words he said to me, expressing his appreciation of my having come with the child to Bendeleben and bringing him up there. In the course of conversation I described Bendeleben, and the Emperor remarked that the disputes of the old Prince and his son at Sondershausen were a great annoyance to him. I could honestly say that I knew nothing of the causes, but could not but express my regret at this state of things.

Their Majesties were to receive a very few people the next day, and an invitation was sent to me, with a note from the Countess Hacke that I could not appear in black. I was in a very difficult position, as I had not finished my business in Berlin and could not therefore hurriedly leave. On the other hand, I knew that to refuse an invitation was regarded as impossible by the court functionaries. Countess Olga Münster, the daughter of the Ambassador in London, was then lady-in-waiting to the Empress, and I went to her for advice. She most kindly said that she was certain that the Empress would excuse my appearing under the circumstances, as I could not think of laying aside my mourning.

Whilst walking in the Thiergarten that afternoon I met the Emperor driving alone in an open carriage. He stopped the carriage and, motioning me to approach, kindly enquired what my plans were, saying that he hoped to see me at the palace. I was glad of the opportunity of explaining to His Majesty my inability to be present owing to my mourning, when he kindly invited me to come to what was termed the "Tea Cabinet," to which a small and select party of generals and intimate friends were invited on Sunday evening, and at which my black dress would not cause any further discussion.

I shall never forget that evening. The "Tea Cabinet" was a long and narrow room, with a large table and some chairs; it was dimly lighted and the human atmosphere was very cold when I first arrived. The Empress Augusta sat opposite to me, with a large silver tea-urn, surrounded by cups and saucers; she was engaged on a piece of tapestry with which she was working a cushion for the dear Queen of England (as she said) in old-fashioned wool. Countess Olga Münster stood over Her Majesty, whose eyes were dim, to thread

her needle and advise her about the colours. The Emperor sat at the end of the table, talking in whispers to old Count Moltke. There were some other gentlemen present, and all was supposed to be what is termed in German *gemüthlich*, an untranslatable word meaning "friendly" or "cosy." This was not the impression made upon me, and nobody seemed at their ease. Very soon the Empress began to make the tea, as she said; but, being very short-sighted, she poured the water of the tea-urn over the tea-cups, upsetting a great deal on the cloth, whereupon Countess Olga came to the rescue. Some little biscuits were handed with the tea, by the court servants, who stood at attention behind us all the time. Count Moltke, the old Field-Marshal, who was tall and silent, turned to me to ask rather abruptly how much was paid in England for sewing soldiers' shirts. I had to confess my ignorance on this subject, but promised to enquire. His Excellency did not seem to understand my inability to help him in these matters, for he soon returned to the charge, asking me if the red colour of the uniform was not considered very extravagant and undesirable in war-time, and also enquiring as to English military boots and whether they were made at Nottingham.

At this moment some hot chestnuts, packed up in a napkin, were handed round, each guest putting some on their plates; they were so hot that I burnt my fingers and instinctively pinched the lobes of my ears to cool them. This attracted the attention of the Emperor, who asked me with a smile what I did it for. On my explaining that it cooled one's fingers, the whole company resorted to this measure, and soon they were all in roars of laughter. It seemed a pleasant break to everyone, and after that the conversation became more general; but it was a long sitting, as someone proposed that Count Moltke should play chess blind-

folded with three of the assembled party, and "manifest his powers as a strategist." The old gentleman had no great wish to pass the evening in such concentration of mind, but he gave way at the request of the Emperor. Everybody's attention was strained to the utmost as the three games were proceeding at one time, the old Field-Marshal giving exact orders as to the position of his pieces. Of course, I do not know whether the three generals were playing their best and really wished to win the games, but certain it is that Count Moltke won them all, to the great delight of the Emperor.

While on the subject of the old Field-Marshal I must relate a characteristic anecdote of Count Moltke. When he was staying at his country place, Greisau, he was often out riding very early, and one day saw a woman collecting beans in a field before other people were up.

Accosting her, he was informed that she was a poor widow who had to rise before the sun was up to work to maintain her children. The Count promised to look into the case, and summoned his bailiff, who remarked, "Now at last I have found out who steals in Your Excellency's fields."

I only knew the great strategist as "silent in seven languages" till Deichmann and I met him when he was taking a course of baths at one of the fashionable watering-places. We lived in the same hotel, where he had simple rooms on the ground-floor. Some French people who were there annoyed him so much, however, that his aide-de-camp advised his leaving the hotel. "It is such a poor revenge for 1870," was his remark, and he moved into the upper floor.

Upon my return to Bendeleben I was told by the old servant that a royal carriage was coming down the hill, with a lady-in-waiting of the Princess Elizabeth. This in no way perturbed me, and I went down to receive her, when I was told that a second carriage



with a lady-in-waiting of the Hereditary Princess's was approaching. This made my position more difficult, as the two Courts were not on speaking terms. The ladies were shown at first into separate rooms. It suddenly occurred to me, however, that these visits might have been made at the instigation of the Emperor and Empress a few days before, so I decided to see both together and tell them exactly what had happened. They both pretended that they had only come to enquire about the health of the Emperor and Empress. But I was not to be deceived, and told them exactly what Their Majesties had said about the family troubles at Sondershausen and what my answer had been. I desired them both to explain to the Princesses what had happened, and declared my intention of visiting them both on the next day, in case they would like to see me. I was informed afterwards that the Emperor had sent his aide-de-camp to enquire of the old Prince and his son as to the possibility of a reconciliation or of their appearing in public together on festive occasions. I did not enquire as to further details, but the wishes of the Emperor were carried out in future, and I was received by the Princesses as if nothing had happened.

It was a great joy to me to have my father in Benedeleben, for he was much pleased to be in Germany, where his right position as Chamberlain to the Emperor was given him. He was most kindly received by the Prince at Sondershausen, and often invited to the court circle and much enjoyed talking of old friends at Berlin.

By degrees, I found out that much could be done for our people in the village and that the girls were not taught sewing or knitting in the schools. They were supposed to learn this at home, but I heard of some leaving school who were unable to knit, and much less sew. On making enquiries of the clergyman and his

wife and our old housekeeper, I was informed that it would be useless for me to try to start a sewing-school. My mother-in-law had had a room in one of the old houses in the village fitted up with tables and benches, and had arranged for the schoolgirls to have a sewing-class on Saturday afternoons. All declared that they would come at first, but when the novelty wore off the school had come to an end. It appeared, however, that my mother-in-law had never gone personally to the room, and had left all to the schoolmistress. I determined, therefore, to start it again on other lines and under my personal supervision. I began by visiting the parents of all the children in the upper classes who were old enough to be taught, asking them if they would agree and support the school. Above all, I said that I would wish the children to mend clothes, linen, etc., the stockings to be mended under the supervision of Frau Rendant and her sister. These were very good needlewomen, and being connected with the estate were considered the right people to manage the school.

On the opening day all the benches were full, and there was an inauguration, with coffee and cakes. I made a point of always being there personally when I was at Bendeleben, and soon got to know the children, and became very popular with them all.

It is the personal note which always makes such a difference. For eighteen years this little school was kept on uninterruptedly, to my great satisfaction. When the children left school I had a large cup and saucer, with the word *Erinnerung* on them in gold letters for each, and they were all invited with other school-children to the Christmas celebration and to the school feast which I gave every year. Thus the children at Bendeleben became my friends, and would accompany me out walking. After eighteen years, the school was taken over by the State and sewing was taught in

the schools. This was, of course, better for the other villages, but the school at Bendeleben continued more or less on the same lines, as the kind burgomaster and the schoolmaster had asked me to keep it under my protection.

What may be termed a Girls' Friendly Society, called in German *Jungfernverein*, was the first arrangement I made for the people at Bendeleben. I had a very good housemaid at the time, whose father was a little farmer at Bendeleben; her name was Minna, and she told me of the neglected condition of the young girls of her class in the village. The meetings were held in the large room in the old house in the village, which served also for the sewing-school. The society soon became a popular institution. Between twenty and thirty girls came there on Sunday afternoons, and I gave them a Bible lesson and read some amusing stories. There was then a break, and a cup of coffee for each was brought in. An old kitchen opposite made this very easy. These meetings still take place at three o'clock on Sunday afternoons, and my daughters undertook them later.

I found a very nice person of influence in the village to manage this society and also the Mothers' Meetings, or *Frauenverein*, which I soon afterwards started. This was only for relatives of people working on the estate, and it now consists of about forty women. When it began there were double that number, and extra benches had to be made to accommodate them. So many go from the village to work in the chemical mines near, which were discovered comparatively lately, that most of the farm work at Bendeleben is now undertaken by about seventy Polish workmen. They have to return to Poland for a fortnight every year, and are under a German overseer.

A large house was built for them, and they keep much

to themselves. The hardest work is undertaken by them. They attend the Roman Catholic Church at Sondershausen, whence the priest comes to Bendeleben to see them.

Thus there are fewer working-men on this estate, but the pleasant gatherings continue on the same lines, and the idea is taken by other villages.

I was particularly glad to be able to do something for the women, whose lives I thought so hard and monotonous, and these meetings have, I believe, been a great comfort and blessing to many. The doors were opened at six, and when I appeared about seven I would find a very cheerful party assembled. The old women still wear the Thuringian costume of lined double capes with a woollen shawl over their heads. They bring their knitting, and my great object was to make it a pleasant evening for the wives and relations of our work-people. Some coffee and white bread for each has always been provided, except during the war, when rye bread was given. I am happy to think it was the beginning of better relations between employer and employed, and that other families started it on their estates. During my lonely life at Bendeleben at that time it was a great pleasure to me to feel that there was so much interest and sympathy for me and my child amongst our people in the village.

The church at Bendeleben stands on a height, and is one of the finest in those parts. It is Gothic and built of stone, but is much plainer than the usual English village churches. It was very bare and neglected when I first came. There were an old Lutheran clergyman and his wife, who had been there for many years and did not in any way try to be in touch with the congregation; the services, therefore, were conducted in rather an empty church. We sat apart in our pew, which was built against the wall and enclosed with



windows. The schoolgirls sat below and the boys up in the gallery, or organ-loft. There was a great deal of archaic custom, several families having had their seats for generations, and special seats being allotted to the officials on the estate and our household servants. Holy Communion was celebrated on the old feudal lines, the Lord of the Manor heading the procession of men, who followed according to their rank, and stood round the altar, whilst the ladies and the women followed. I much disliked this arrangement at first, considering that all should be equal; but soon found that any innovations would be undesirable.

The church had been restored after the Reformation by two brothers of the family of the Knights of Bendeleben. There are some very curious wood carvings over the altar, and at the entrance to the mortuary chapel of the Knights of Bendeleben. It is the custom there for whoever is in possession of the estate, and therefore patron of the church, to have his arms embroidered on the altar-cloth, and some of these, as also some embroidered linen for the altar, were very ancient. I was much pleased to be able to embroider some emblems and ornaments for an altar-cloth of crimson Utrecht velvet and hangings for the pulpit soon after I arrived at Bendeleben. My friend, the Countess Marie Münster, helped me in the embroidery of a carpet for the altar steps, which we worked with passion-flowers and crosses. I had the whole mounted, later, in purple Utrecht velvet, and thus the church by degrees began to look less neglected.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE PRINCELY FAMILY OF WIED

AMONG my happiest and oldest memories are those of the family of the Princess and Princesses of Wied, with three generations of whom I have been in intimate connection since my childhood. Like many of the other German and princely families who would not acknowledge the supremacy of Napoleon, the Wieds were mediatised, but there was much etiquette connected with their lives which still clung to old traditions and the atmosphere of a Court.

Their palace, in the town of Neuwied, is a fine building, and contains many historical pictures of their family, particularly of Queen Louise of Prussia.

The first Princess of Wied I knew was Princess Marie of the distinguished family of Orange and Nassau. Without the genius of her celebrated daughter, Elizabeth, afterwards known as "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, she was one of the most charming ladies I ever met. The Prince was surrounded by learned people from the University of Bonn, so there was much intellectual life and interesting conversation. My parents had been friends of the Prince and Princess of Wied since their marriage.

When we were in Germany to visit my grandmother and aunts, we returned by the Rhine and stayed at Schloss Monrepos—the Prince's country house above Neuwied, in the beautiful forest—with the Wieds. The rooms were old-fashioned, but the grand view over the Rhine Valley and the magnificent forest was sugges-

tive of the environment of a fairy palace, and our visits there are among my happiest memories.

The young Princess Elizabeth was already full of music and poetry, and my childish admiration for her was unbounded. She had written a play, which we acted with some wooden marionettes on a small stage we had made of a box, and had invited the company for our performance. Love and War was the theme, and all was very romantic and tragic. Our audience seemed thrilled by Elizabeth's powers, but her parents were horrified, and soon put an end to the play. Their daughter's talent for stage effects seemed to them very dangerous, as their ideas of education were very strict. Thus they thought to check the Princess's musical and poetic talents by substituting the study of mathematics.

But Elizabeth and I shared our joys and sorrows, and roamed about the forest with a large St. Bernard dog, who played a great part in the life of Monrepos. There were two lovely white donkeys, Saladin and Zittah, with whom we often escaped from the numerous governesses, etc., who awaited our return to our studies. Interesting people and many artists and musicians came from Bonn, and English and French, as well as German, were spoken.

The Prince of Wied studied philosophy in its widest sense, and many great questions were discussed. He wrote a remarkable book on *The Unconscious Life of the Soul*, and an atmosphere of harmony and beauty seemed to pervade the whole place.

My father sang a great deal, I playing his accompaniments, for music formed a great part of the life at Monrepos.

But the great wonder there was the little Prince Otto, who had been born with a sad infirmity and could never recover. His English nurse, Mrs. Barnes, had been instrumental in saving his life as an infant; but

it was a life of sad suffering, though also of great psychic and intellectual power, the spiritual nature predominating and often overcoming the boy's sufferings. Everyone was under the spell of this wonderful child. His mother's devotion to him was untiring, and she was always called to soothe him when attacks of pain came on.

One day, when he was alone with me in his little garden, he gazed at me intently and said, speaking, of course, in German : " Hilda, where do we come from, and where are we going ? " I did not quite know what to answer, when he went on : " We came from God, and must return to Him."

It was after the birth of Prince Otto that his mother became almost completely paralysed. Many cures had been tried in vain, when a house was taken at Bonn in order to be near the great doctors there. Presently the wonderful cures of a Hungarian Count Szapàry were heard of, and he was asked to come to treat the Princess in Germany, and she made such progress that the Count persuaded her husband to bring the family over to Paris, where his patients mostly were. It was here that she was ultimately cured by the Count. I do not remember her illness, but see her very erect, with a beautiful figure, and quite a *grande dame* of the old school.

Whilst the Princess was at Paris under Count Szapàry she was anxious that her friend, Emilia von Bunsen, my " Aunt Mim," should be cured also by this means, and persuaded her to join the Wied family in Paris.

My Aunt Emilia had been quite lame after some childish illness which she had, and my first recollection of her is of seeing her carried or wheeled about in the Prussian Legation at Carlton House Terrace. I know no details, but remember my aunt, though still walking with a stick, particularly active and able to join in



excursions, and travelling much to visit her relations in various countries.

My aunt became much attached to the Princess of Wied, and spent a part of each year with her at Neuwied and Schloss Monrepos. A curious fact is that my aunt and the Princess were very much alike, although there was no relationship whatever between them. They had the same high forehead and oval face, and wore their hair high in front, with a black lace veil or some drapery thrown over it. "Aunt Mim," as she was invariably called, was very brilliant and fascinating, and was very popular in royal and distinguished circles, in England, Germany and Switzerland. She was a universal favourite and most helpful, always anxious to be of any assistance in times of difficulties and troubles.

In her old age the Princess became paralysed again, and was confined to her bed. Her intellectual powers remained the same, and her great interest was to carry out a plan she had long formed of writing and publishing a book of family prayers for every day in the year. She was in connection with a great many distinguished clergymen of that time and was familiar with the works of the great theologians.

Some most beautiful prayers were written by herself and "Carmen Sylva" for this book, which is well known in Germany. It was called *Segen für das Haus* (A Blessing for the House), and I used it daily for family prayers at Bendeleben.

During the months I was there immediately after the war this book was especially consoling.

After she had been healed of her earlier illness by Count Szapàry, the Princess developed great spiritual and also "healing" powers. At one time she had a hospital at Neuwied and was very successful in her treatments. She seems to have been partly in a trance

when treating the sick, and her great powers of healing flowed from her and through her hands.

When in these trances she often experienced what is called "levitation," floating through the room with her hands crossed over her breast, and singing most beautifully. There is a picture of her in this condition, by Sohn, the great painter, who was a personal friend of the family.

Her son, Prince William of Wied, died comparatively young, and it was his son who married the only child of the King of Würtemberg and who is now Prince of Wied. Like all in his position, he has had to curtail his establishment very much since the Great War, but he has kept up his favourite sport of red deer shooting in his forests.

When I was at Neuwied, staying at the Schloss, we made an expedition to his shooting-lodge, on which occasion the Prince imitated the roaring of a red deer on a horn. The result of this was that a great many were attracted to where we were standing, and we were surrounded by these infuriated animals, who all took to roaring and began to fight one another. Some keepers were in readiness to save us from what might have been a dangerous situation.

The present Princess of Wied is of a sporting nature and delights in training young horses and driving them four-in-hand. Her Royal Highness once took me for a drive along the Rhine with four young horses which were utterly unused to this situation. I was accustomed to my husband driving young Irish horses which were not used to the traffic of London, and I am not naturally nervous. But on this occasion it seemed a miracle that we were saved from being precipitated into the river. Large bulldogs always surrounded the Princess, and the advent of their puppies and their education were her great interests.

But the artistic traditions of the Wied family are kept up by the two sisters of the present Prince. They live in their own country house, which was built for them, near Monrepos. The elder, Princess Luise, is wonderfully beautiful and aristocratic-looking, and has inherited great talent for music and the drama. Her younger sister, Princess Elizabeth, who has been confined to her sofa for many years, shares the same interests, and their house, which is called Waldheim, has a great attraction for the intellectual and musical world, reminding me of old days at Monrepos, when “ Carmen Sylva ” was there.

Not many years ago the Princesses came to England to stay with their aunt, the late Duchess of Albany, and I was pleased to receive them at Abbey Lodge. Their knowledge of and interest in English literature and history much impressed me. Princess Elizabeth was carried on a couch to see the sights of London and Oxford, and both Princesses visited some of the large country houses in England.

The Dowager Princess of Wied started a hospital for poor children in Neuwied, which is called “ Otto House,” in memory of the remarkable child, Prince Otto, who suffered so much and died so young. This and similar institutions are a great interest of the Princesses in their somewhat lonely life in the mountains.

## CHAPTER X

### AN UNCONVENTIONAL HONEYMOON

AFTER three and a half years of widowhood I was married to Adolf Wilhelm Deichmann, on September 20th, 1877. Deichmann had planned out a rather original wedding journey from Bendeleben to his own home. Before giving here the account of that journey, as recorded in my journal at the time, I may mention that Mehlemer Aue, which is situated opposite Königs-winter, had been left to my husband by his father, as he was the eldest son. There were, however, eight children, including four married daughters. As there was no entail there was great opposition, and it ended in a lawsuit which lasted a long time, and which came before the various courts.

The end of it was that my husband won the suit, and was acknowledged as the rightful owner. But he never had any real pleasure in it, and Mehlemer Aue was a white elephant, and only a trouble to us. My mother-in-law, Frau Deichmann Schaffhausen, had left it to live in Luxemburg, and later in Switzerland, as she had quarrelled with the Burgermeister, or Mayor. Only the old coachman and factotum, Johann, was kept, and the large rambling house fell into rapid decay, whilst the beautiful grounds of a hundred acres along the Rhine were neglected.

I knew that Deichmann would not stay there long, as he preferred Bendeleben, where, as Wilhelm's guardian and as manager of the estate, he had much to do and care for. I was very glad that I could persuade





PORTRAIT OF BARON DEICHMANN.

By Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., 1897.



my brother-in-law, Theodor Deichmann, and his wife Maria, who lived at Cologne, to stay at Mehlem for the summer and autumn, and receive us when we came for a short time. We were great friends, and very happy together.

After some time they bought it, and their eldest son, Wilhelm Theodor, lives there with his family now. The old ramshackle house was pulled down, and he built a beautiful new one, which is worthy of the unique situation on the loveliest part of the Rhine.

Our wedding was celebrated at Bendeleben on September 20th, 1877. We wished, for many reasons, to keep it as quiet as possible, and my parents and Marie Risselmann, and my sister Marie, Theodor and Maria, and William Deichmann, Uncle George and Aunt Emma, Marie Münster and Thesi Bernstorff, made up the party. At ten o'clock I went down to the large drawing-room, where the civil contract was duly signed before the village mayor, my parents, Theodor, Thesi Bernstorff and Marie acting as witnesses. Then I went upstairs and changed my dress for one of dove-coloured silk, with Brussels lace, whilst the rest of the party drove to the church. I went to Wilhelm in his nursery for a while, and then my parents, Deichmann and I drove in the old yellow carriage to the church, the road up to which was lined with people, the young girls of Bendeleben standing together and throwing flowers, dressed in their best.

The church was beautifully decorated with garlands, the altar was covered with plants and flowers, whilst two armchairs were placed before the altar, according to the Thuringian custom. The church was crowded, and the interest and affection shown toward me by the people touched me deeply.

The ceremony was short and impressive, the old clergyman alluding to the sympathy which they all had

felt for me during the sorrowful years spent at Bendeleben. I was glad indeed when that part of the day was over, and we drove back to the Schloss to receive our guests. Heinemann, the head gardener, had decorated the entrance gate and the hall and staircase in the house very lavishly with wreaths of leaves and flowers, and it was strange to see the place in which I had spent so many sad and lonely days *en fête*.

What pleased me most, however, as it showed the affection and interest of the working classes, was the torchlight procession which the *Arbeiter Verein*—Workers' Union—of Bendeleben brought us the evening before the wedding. The servants had illuminated the Schloss and placed transparencies with the appropriate mottoes in the large windows of the billiard-room and the hall, and the effect reminded one of a fairy palace in one of Gustav Doré's pictures.

When it was quite dark a procession of about three hundred workmen arrived from different sides, accompanied by two good bands. We all went out on the terrace, where the bearers of the lamps arranged themselves in a circle, and the bands performed the serenade music they had arranged in our honour. After this the speeches began, Meister Sachse, our carpenter, and the head of the *Arbeiter Verein* formally opening the proceedings. Unfortunately, the gift of speaking in public is given to few, and when poor Sachse in a loud voice addressed the *gnädige Herrschaft* (or Honoured Master and Mistress), the words which he had no doubt carefully prepared at home failed him. An awful pause ensued, but Sachse returned to the charge with great moral courage. The second attempt, however, brought him no further than the first, and I was wondering what we should do, when all the noble sentiments which Sachse could have wished to express were put into well-rounded sentences by some friend in need,



who turned out to be a well-known road-mender of the village. After this the ice was broken, and speech followed speech, and many a rousing cheer echoed through the stillness of the night.

After Deichmann had spoken and said all that I should have liked to say to the people, deputations came up the steps of the terrace, and one brought me some verses beautifully framed from our own people. Afterwards, whilst the band of one party played, the other party went down the avenue and came round the paddock, their lamps making a pretty effect in the darkness. But the prettiest scene of all was when the old limes in the avenue were illuminated by Bengal lights, whilst the dark figures of the people in the enormous avenue reminded one of fantastic Kobolds and dwarfs.

Crowds of people from Frankenhäusen and the neighbouring villages had come over to see the sight; but there was no disorder, and all went off in the same way that they came. What pleased me most was that our people and the other workmen of the village had buried their rivalries and jealousies for once, and that they came one and all on that occasion.

I felt humbled when I reflected with how little personal sacrifice I had won the hearts of these simple people, and how much more I might have done for them during the years that I had lived among them, when their interests and joys and sorrows became mine.

To return to the wedding day. Just before the breakfast a deputation of young girls of Bendeleben arrived, and presented me with a wreath and a copy of appropriate verses. My little friend Pauline, the great pianist, was the only person who came from Sondershausen, and she was, with her elegant toilette and charming manners, a very pleasant addition to our family party.

The breakfast, or rather dinner, went off well, and the speeches were excellent, not one being made up of the nonsense usually talked on such occasions. Wilhelm came in to dessert and was happily unconscious that I was going away afterwards.

Immediately after dinner I went up to change my dress for a very substantial travelling costume, and then came the hardest part of the day, taking leave of the old servants at Bendeleben. We had a thirty-miles drive before us, so there was, perhaps fortunately, little time, as it was 3.35 before we were actually off. At that instant the elegant little horse-cloths were removed by the grooms and the impatient horses started. All the assembled company stood on the steps to see us off, and a small crowd of our people were there to witness the start, so that a very hearty cheer resounded as we drove off.

My father in his speech had christened our team "The horses of Apollo," and I doubt whether the beautiful sun-god himself drove a smarter turn-out or handled the ribbons more skilfully. At any rate, in the nineteenth century it would not be easy to find their equals or to match the beauty of the dainty leaders, "Bullet" and "Bicester," or the strength and symmetry combined of the wheelers, "Nogs" and "Bones."

The coach might perhaps have appeared an ordinary vehicle of that description to the ignorant eye, but a connoisseur would have seen at once that it was built to perfection, and though it looked heavy enough, it seemed, when once started, to roll of itself. It was painted yellow and dark blue, and the horses had coquettish bouquets to match.

The sun shone out brilliantly as we passed the boundary of the Bendeleben woods, and I can only presume that he approved of the appearance of our horses, for he was good enough to accompany us till it

was time for his chariot to disappear in the clouds of the horizon.

The horses seemed to proceed at a leisurely rate, and yet we reached Sondershausen in forty minutes—a wonderful feat, as ordinary mortals on ordinary occasions take an hour.

Unfortunately, the Prince was celebrating his birthday, surrounded by the knights and nobles of his Court, so that the flower of chivalry was not there to see us drive through the town. However, I saw many faces I knew at the windows, and though they belonged to shopkeepers mostly, I felt sure they regretted my departure, for I had paid my bills regularly.

So we left the little town, and soon stopped at a pretty little house where the road led through beautiful woods for several miles, after which we burst upon an open plain which reminded one of the country beyond Bendeleben. The shades of night were beginning to close around us, and still the peasants kept on repeating the ominous words, "Drei Stunden noch nach Mülhausen" (Three hours to Mülhausen).

The horses went faster and faster, until at last we seemed to fly along. We missed a turn in the dark and had to back to turn, which manœuvre was executed with great skill, and still on we went, and on.

At last a seemingly never-ending avenue of poplars came to an end, and the lights of the town appeared. We rattled up the main street and, turning down a side alley, came upon an open square with a quaint old church looking beautiful in the moonlight, where the more intelligent of the inhabitants conducted us to the hotel. There we drove through an archway into the stable-yard, where an army of waiters, with Mine Host at their head, appeared with lanterns.

Next day we had only a twenty-two-mile drive to the old town of Eschwege, and as we had driven a tremen-

dous pace the day before, we gave the horses their morning's rest, and started after luncheon. A magnificent drive at the orthodox coaching pace brought us at 5.30 to Eschwege.

Next day we started for Rothenburg after luncheon, and a small number of the good citizens of Eschwege assembled in the courtyard of the hotel to see us start. In fact, we created no small sensation, and were usually put down as *verrückte Engländer*—mad English people—though we spoke very good German. Perhaps my costume—an “ulster,” with a little black felt hat—led to a maid remarking that “Zwei Herrn” (two gentlemen) were travelling with a coach-and-four; at any rate, my travelling without a maid, and the faithful Beverley, the head groom, having to see to the brushing of my boots and clothes, may have made this impression more natural than it otherwise would have been.

Beverley, who accompanied the coach from London to Bendeleben as head groom, with two grooms under him, had been in Deichmann's service for about thirty years, and had his entire confidence.

He was a perfect type of the head groom of those days, and was very clever with horses and entirely devoted to his master. All the more so as his wife was—to express it mildly—a great trial.

During the campaign of 1870, when Deichmann was sent by the Red Cross in Germany to help to bring up the sick and wounded by train from the fields of battle, Beverley and another had charge of his horses, and managed somehow always to carry out his instructions and be near his master when the horses were wanted to get about the country.

In later years Beverley's health failed, but he would not leave the stables, and died in the service of his beloved master.

From Eschwege five hours' drive brought us to



Rothenburg. The country was charming but not so grand as the day before, and it was getting dark as we reached Rothenburg. When travelling, I am not over-particular as to my lodging, and rather take pleasure in making the best of things; but my heart sank when we were told that the miserable house before which we had drawn up was our hotel, and the best in the town.

Beverley was sent to reconnoitre, and returned with the announcement that it was "a poor place and not fit for the Baroness." There was nothing else to be had, and so we bravely entered our headquarters for the night. The first thing to be seen to was, of course, the stables, and these were poor enough, and having in our team two inveterate kickers, Bones and Bullet, who had to be kept apart, did not exactly make things easier.

However, *à la guerre comme à la guerre* is a good motto, and I think the horses were better off than we were, for though the old host and hostess had given their own sitting-room up to us, it was objectionably near a pigsty, and the bedroom was so poky that I had to unpack our trunk on the landing.

Rothenburg was altogether a poor place, as we discovered during our walk, and I pitied a very pretty and well-dressed Frau Lieutenant whom we met coming out of church next day, a Sunday, for having to pass the best years of her life there. Perhaps my sympathy was thrown away, however, and the two would rather be first in a village than second in Rome.

A magnificent drive brought us that evening to the old town of Homberg, where we arrived at 5.30. It was a tremendous pull for the horses, for although the road was good it seemed to be all up-hill. The town itself stood on high, and here I had my first experience of the disagreeable sensation of driving in a coach-and-four up and down steep streets, on the bad slippery

cobble-stones which abound in German towns. My confidence in the skill of the coachman was unlimited, but still I felt much relieved when we stopped at our hotel. We were much pleased with our quarters, as also with our host, who seemed well educated and altogether above the ordinary hotel-keeper. Having somewhat of a *gourmet* in our party (I won't mention names, which would be indiscreet), we had our host up to discuss the question of *cuisine*, and asked whether his part of the world were not famous for geese and trout. He acknowledged the fact, and we ordered a goose for dinner next day. As for the trout he proposed to telegraph for some to a neighbouring town, and as he seemed so anxious to please us, we acquiesced in the proposal.

Next day we spent the morning in exploring the town, which was very picturesque, with the quaint old houses and the beautiful church in the centre. After luncheon our amiable host proposed a drive up to an old castle which crowned the summit of the hill above the town. For this expedition he offered us a little open carriage of his, and so we started. My nerves are tolerably good, I believe, and I am not apt to be nervous at driving, but this drive I shall not easily forget. Our old castle stood on the top of a perpendicular height, and before I could stop the carriage we had entered a narrow pathway with a steep bank on one side and a yawning chasm on the other. It was too steep to stop, and we had to go on, and I expected every minute to be dashed down the abyss below us. Mercifully we arrived safely at the top, and then the man quietly said that people usually did not drive up, but he thought we wished to do so. I preferred to descend on foot, as may be imagined, and we returned to eat the famous trout and goose.

Next morning I was seized with an irrepressible desire

to make a sketch of one of the oldest houses in the town. We persuaded an old clockmaker to allow us to sit in an upper room of his to paint, which room belonged to a young engineer who was out for the day, little deeming that his apartment was invaded by tourists.

On our return to the hotel a very unpleasant surprise awaited us, and we learnt how impossible it is to judge of people by first impressions, for our so amiable host turned out to be a swindler and a villain of the deepest dye. On his presenting the bill, we found it to be about three times the amount we had paid before. Expostulation was useless, and the man only became rude; but when, shortly after, he sent up another bill, with an exorbitant demand for the stabling and feeding of the horses and keep of the men, our indignation knew no bounds. There was nothing for it, however, but to pay, and so we left Homberg with the disagreeable impression that we had been "done."

This sensation somewhat marred the pleasure of the drive to Ziegenhaen, our next stopping-place. It was only two and a half hours' drive, but Marburg was too far, and this the only possible halt between. The horses were very gay after their good rest, and we flew along. The country had quite changed in appearance, and instead of great forests stretching up high mountains, with vast plains between, we passed nothing but green fields and pastures bordered by hedges and pretty farmhouses, and trim villages with the houses built with rafters of wood. We were in Hessen, and the country is more like England and Normandy than the rest of Germany.

Ziegenhaen we found to be a very pretty and clean little place, consisting of one long street, and strolling on and on in the pleasant evening, we passed the

people in their picturesque costume returning from their work in the fields.

The prettiest thing in Hessen was the costume of the peasants, which has not as yet, and will not, I hope, for long be superseded by modern dress. The men wore fur caps, long blouses and high boots, or white embroidered gaiters. I sketched a woman there, as I thought the dress so very picturesque.

Next morning we started early, and a four hours' magnificent drive brought us to the Hotel Ritter at Marburg. It was a pleasure to be in a good large clean hotel once more, after all the poky lodgings we had put up with, and Marburg is one of the most picturesque towns I have ever seen. Before we could enjoy any beauties of nature or art, however, we were anxious to punish the famous robber at Homberg. For this purpose we asked for a lawyer, and Deichmann went off in quest of Herr Grimm, who was recommended for the purpose. He returned much satisfied with him and his pretty Gothic house, which he had built quite in the style of the oldest houses in the town.

I had lived too long in Thuringia not to be especially interested in any trace of Saint Elizabeth, and had long hoped to go to Marburg to see her church and grave there. I had read all I could about her, and then the fact that a Baroness of Bendeleben had been sent to fetch her as a child from Hungary seemed to give a more personal feeling to all about her.

The church which was built in her memory is very lovely outside, with its two perfect spires. Inside, it has been repainted according to the original frescoes, as they say, and is too gaudy. It is full of old monuments to various Land Grafen of Hessen, and sculptured tombs of knights of the Deutsch Ritter order. "La chère Sainte" was buried here in 1231, to be disinterred in 1235 and placed in a magnificent shrine beautifully



chased in gold and silver and studded with precious stones. The very stone steps around the shrine are worn with the knees of the pilgrims to her tomb; but the shrine was taken by the French, and all the gems in it were stolen before it was restored.

In the afternoon we strolled through the quaint old town to the house of our friend, Herr Grimm, the lawyer. He was at home with his family, and pleased to show us his charming house. The greatest attraction that Marburg had for me was that my Grandfather Bunsen had studied there as a young man, and to my great pleasure it turned out that the father of this Herr Grimm had been his friend. After our new friend had shown us the beautiful old castle, he led us through the town to see the house where my grandfather had lived whilst there. It was a modest apartment enough, two rooms on the second floor, and had not been changed, Herr Grimm said. Afterwards we saw from a height a little village to which my grandfather often walked with his friends, to spend the evening and eat a simple meal. Afterwards we saw a famous architect, whose name I have forgotten, busy over his work in the new university buildings, which are very fine, and finished the evening in a *Bier Garten*, which was a very pretty place, however, with a fine view. Herr Grimm promised that our enemy at Homberg should be made a public example of as soon as possible, and that he should not be allowed to waylay poor travellers any more.

We left Marburg, highly gratified by our visit there, on Saturday, September 29th, starting early, as we had a long drive before us to Wetzlar. The horses were as fresh as possible, and it was one of the most magnificent drives we had on our tour. There was much uphill work and the horses were beginning to flag, when, as we had long been anxiously looking out for the town of Wetzlar to appear, we stopped at a village to enquire

how far we had yet to go. We were indeed disgusted when an old farmer informed us that we had missed a turn and driven at least ten miles out of the way, and we had several hours' drive to Wetzlar still before us. The autumn day, which had been brilliant, was drawing to a close, and our horses were tired. It was a very unpleasant situation, consequently, but there seemed no way out of it. All declared there was no other way to Wetzlar, but at last our old farmer said there was a road cross-country, and therefore a short cut to Wetzlar, from their village, but it would be utterly impracticable with a coach like ours, and, besides, it was very difficult to find the way.

Deichmann, however, soon settled to try the short cut, and induced our friend to come with us and show us the way; so he jumped up behind, and the smart English grooms, sitting with their arms crossed, and the old farmer made a curious contrast. Our road proved at first to be a sort of lane, but soon it led us up and down steep hills and across fields, till it became very bad, being full of deep holes. Even Deichmann came at last to a standstill before a very deep one. Our pilot, of course, immediately reminded us that he had always said it was impossible to go that way, etc., etc. But Beverley was ordered down to give an opinion. He surveyed the road and the poor panting horses with a sympathetic eye, but said the coach would get along. So, with a tremendous pull and lurch of our coach, we got through, and then had to bend nearly double all the way to avoid the branches of the trees. I never admired horses more than I did ours during that part of our drive, for, tired as they were, they worked with such wonderful pluck, without any slipping, as if they had known that we must get in that night and the sooner the better. So on we went, and on, and even the indefatigable Bones was beginning to have enough

of that sort of thing, and left off trying to bite and worry his neighbour, Nogs, when at last our guide landed us in a good road leading to Wetzlar. Now it was all plane-sailing, but the darkness was gathering when we drove into the town and along the slippery streets to our hotel.

The horses were well coddled up that night, and every possible care taken of them. We spent the next day (Sunday) at Wetzlar. There is a beautiful cathedral there, and the house where Goethe lived when he wrote *The Sorrows of Werther*, as well as Werther's house, and Lotte's. I did not wonder, when looking at Werther's house, that he committed suicide, for a more melancholy-looking place I have rarely seen.

Prince Solms' beautiful Castle of Braunfels is near Wetzlar, and as they were acquaintances of Deichmann's, he had written to ask if they were at home, as I was very anxious to see the old castle. At Wetzlar we received a letter to say that the family were absent, but that the Master of the Ceremonies had received orders to show us over. This seemed to us rather absurd, and so we gave up all idea of going there.

Starting at eleven next day, we drove through most magnificent country till we saw the Castle of Braunfels crowning a steep hill before us. At the sight of its mediæval walls and bulwarks I was seized with an antiquarian fever, and persuaded Deichmann to drive up that we might see over it.

So we drove up the steep ascent, which was becoming steeper, and the cobble-stones more slippery, at every step; but still the people guided us upwards to the castle. At last we came to an old gateway, and a well-dressed man who was standing before it pointed to it, so that we thought it was an entrance to the castle, and drove straight up to it. However, it turned out that the road which led sharp to the right was our way, and so

on that slippery hill we had to back and turn with a heavy coach-and-four. Never in all my experience of driving have I been so frightened, for I thought the leaders must be smashed and the coach roll down the hill. I shut my eyes so as not to see the horses fall, and after a great deal of scuffling, and a tremendous pull, opened them to find ourselves safely turned into the right road. Our well-dressed and somewhat jaunty friend preceded us up the steep hill which led to the castle, and turned out to be no less a personage than the Prince's Master of the Horse.

A coach-and-four, I reckon, had never been up that road before, but we arrived safely, and drove under an old archway into the courtyard of the splendid old castle. I have never seen a more lovely sight than that old courtyard in the brilliant sunshine of that autumn morning. The walls of the old keep were covered with Virginia creeper, then of the brightest red colour, and I was longing to stay there for weeks and poke about and paint. Just as I was thinking what a pity it was that we should have to leave that lovely place so soon, Prinz Albrecht, who had just returned from Vienna, came out and welcomed us cordially. He showed us over the rooms inside, which were quite in keeping with the outside. His private ones, which had lately been done up with furniture and bric-à-brac he had brought home from his travels, were very pretty, and altogether I was charmed with the place. It was therefore no difficult matter to persuade us to remain for the night, and the Prince proposed a visit to his kennels (he is famous for his collection of dogs), combined with a luncheon at their little shooting-box.

Some ladies had meanwhile come up to the castle and were strolling about on the ramparts. Prinz Albrecht introduced us to his aunt and Frau von



Morales. The old Princess was very kind, and the other lady said she had danced with Deichmann in the days of his youth, and had still a cotillon order he had given her then at some ball. It is indeed a small world! Soon after we started in a little light carriage drawn by two white Hungarian horses with quaint harness, and drove along a road to the kennels. The Prince drove, as we ought to have done, down a nice gravel road which wound round the hill by degrees, and of which the people had not had the sense to tell us.

The kennels were very curious, with hundreds of dogs of different breeds, but the Prince's object is to keep up the different sorts of German shooting dogs, and there were some lovely bloodhound puppies.

After surveying these, we drove on to the shooting-box, where Prince Hermann was then staying for shooting, and here we were given an excellent luncheon, the Prince's English servant waiting. Afterwards we drove on into the forest, from which we saw several vistas, one a long, long avenue ending with a view of the distant castle, like an exquisite picture set in a dark frame. The Master of the Ceremonies proved to be a Herr von Hammerstein, very agreeable and pleasant company. He met us at tea in an arbour outside the shooting-box, and we saw Prince Hermann walking away with his forester to shoot. He raised his hat, but was too shy to come near us. After tea the coach came to fetch us, and we had a pleasant drive to the castle through the forest. We drove straight to the stables, which were adorned with the proud title of *Marstall*, though they were very bare and empty. We had a very pleasant little dinner of four that evening, for which I was, however, not able to make any great toilette, as I had deemed two gowns sufficient for our tour. Afterwards we adjourned to the Prince's room for tea, and Frau von Morales joined us. Herr

von Hammerstein, who is an excellent artist, showed us some of his sketches, and so the evening passed pleasantly enough. Our rooms were in the oldest part of the castle, and had tiny windows in the thick walls, and were full to the very ceiling of quaint old portraits and pictures. Next morning we spent in seeing the castle. The old Princess came up and was very pleasant, and pleased to show us the different suites of apartments.

Then we saw the old armoury, which was very well arranged with old suits of armour, and finally the museum, which was most interesting to me, for in the middle stood a glass case containing old relics of St. Elizabeth, and amongst others the famous ring with a large red stone cracked in the middle. Montalembert, in his *Life of her*, says she always wore it, as it was a present from the Landgraf, and that it cracked through the middle at the moment of his death while absent on a Crusade.

I should have enjoyed staying there longer, but we had to get on to Limburg that afternoon, and had no more time. We had a pleasant luncheon, during which we discovered that the old Princess was a cousin of the Countess Stolberg at Rossla. Then Deichmann went to fetch the coach, and we started, all the inmates of the castle down to Herr von Hammerstein's five little boys assembling to see us off. The old Princess was enchanted with the coach and team, and had spent some time in the stables that morning, admiring the way the English grooms cleaned the horses and harness.

We had a splendid drive to Limburg, with magnificent views of distant wooded mountains and valleys. Especially fine was the view as we came down a very steep hill to the old town of Montabour, with its old castle standing above it. It looked like a study in grey by some old master, as it lay before us half shrouded in

mist. We cannot, however, live on the picturesque alone, so we stopped at a baker's shop which my hungry eyes had espied, and Deichmann bought me some bread which, though somewhat stale, tasted excellent under the circumstances. Passing Montabour, we climbed a tremendous hill, and were soon in a beautiful forest, which we hardly left before we reached Limburg. The beauty of the woods was something transcendent, with the trees brilliant in their early autumn tints.

At Limburg, which we reached at six, there was not much to see except the old cathedral. The people were celebrating their Kermis, which seemed to consist chiefly in rushing wildly about on donkeys and mules brought there for the purpose. Our hotel and the stables were very good, and letters with good news from Bendeleben were very welcome. The next day, October 3rd, we left Limburg at two, and crossing a fine old bridge built in the fourteenth century, mounted a high hill, from which the town and cathedral looked beautiful in the valley below. We proceeded leisurely along an excellent high-road till we had to leave it and turn to the left. Here what seemed a precipice led down to the lovely valley of the Lahn.

I turned giddy at the bare idea of driving in the coach down the mountain, and should have begged to get off and walk down but that I was ashamed. I feel pretty sure that a coach never went down such a place before, but somehow we arrived safely at the bottom, and though we had many steep ascents and descents before we reached Ems, they were as mole-hills in comparison. The Lahn Valley is most lovely, and so is the situation of Ems, where we halted at a very elegant (and costly) hotel.

Here we were once more within sound of at least the echoes of the *grand monde*, for though the season was over, and all the guests gone, our host had much to

tell of the Emperor and all the great folks who had been there.

Lest, however, we should forget that man is born to trouble, my happiness was greatly disturbed by telegrams which we found awaiting us there, announcing that my little son Wilhelm had a slight attack of scarlatina at Bendeleben. I tried in vain to persuade myself not to be anxious, and reassuring accounts next morning were very comforting. We strolled about the grounds all the morning and sat in the shady gardens, for it was quite hot in the little valley. Ems bore the tokens of departed grandeur, for the vast hotels and pretty walks were deserted, and the few remaining shop-people packing up their wares. At three o'clock we started for Neuwied, but had hardly left the town before we discovered that our mariner's compass and the hope of our journey, our map, had been left behind. Arthur, the groom, was sent back to enquire, and found it in our room, and we started again. The Lahn Valley continued very lovely, and the vineyards with the vines loaded with grapes reminded us that we were nearing the Rhine. At the end of the narrow Lahn Valley Lahneck and another old castle stand very well, and turning sharp to the right, we drove through Lahnstein, a dirty little place enough; but that did not disturb us, for we were on the bank of the Rhine. The vineyards bright with clusters of grapes, and the elegant villas and gardens were very beautiful, and it was like driving through a garden. Late that afternoon we reached the Hotel zum Anker, at Neuwied on the Rhine, and the coach had to pass under such a narrow and low archway to get into the yard that we had to bend nearly double whilst passing under, and I thought we must stick in the middle. It would have been an ignominious ending to our journey. But we got through safely! My father had lived there for some months



during the war, and had written to the proprietress to say we were coming, so we were received with bouquets and all sorts of attention. Very good accounts of my boy awaiting us there were a great relief, and made us wonder what sort of an illness it could be.

I was very anxious to see the Princess of Wied at her pretty Segenhaus in the heights above Neuwied, and had written to say we were coming to Neuwied. We were invited to dinner there at one o'clock the following day, and drove up with our team. Her Highness received us very warmly, and with a charm so peculiarly her own. Her sister, the Queen of Sweden, was staying there, and her son, with their suite, so that the little Segenhaus was full indeed. At dinner I sat between Herr von Roggenbach and a *Kammerherr* of the Queen of Sweden. The Queen herself was too ill to come downstairs at all.

After dinner the Princess took me into her boudoir for a private and confidential talk, and said how charmed she was with Deichmann and how happy about our marriage, and soon after the young Princess came from Monrepos with her boys and a baby with its English nurse. Her father, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, came also, and various ladies-in-waiting and Court Chamberlains, so that we were a nice party, with the children playing at ball in the room.

Before leaving, we went to see the Princess's farm, and saw her famous St. Bernard dogs, and then drove away, to the great amusement of the assembled company. Having once more performed the feat of driving into the yard of the Anker Hotel, we heard the well-known whistle with which the Deichmann family call one another, and various heads appeared from our window. It proved to be Theodor and Maria, Otto and Augusta, Deichmann's brothers and their wives, who had come to spend the evening with us. I found

a telegram saying that Wilhelm appeared to be quite well, so that I was happy on that score, and next morning came a letter saying that the scarlet fever turned out to be nothing but a rash, and we had had the anxiety for nothing.

Otto and Augusta had returned home, but Theodor and Maria spent the night at the Anker Hotel and drove with us to Mehlem the next day. There was a nasty east wind blowing now, so that it was not very pleasant; but the scenery was very grand, and crossing the Rhine on the ferry at Neuwied was very amusing. On nearing Mehlem various country places belonging to relations of the family were pointed out to me, but as Deichmann wished our arrival to be as private as possible, owing to their mourning for their father, no one knew of our coming. Within half a mile of Mehlem, however, we met a carriage containing a lady and gentleman, who seemed much excited by the coach, and the gentleman finally stood up and, waving his hat, gave a truly British cheer. We thought them British tourists, of course, pleased to see a drag on the banks of the Rhine, and merely bowed to express our appreciation of the compliment. Had we paid more attention to them we might have recognised our cousins, Ivor Herbert of Llanarth and his wife Albertina, now Lord and Lady Treowen, who came to visit us next day.

Soon after this little episode three lovely white ponies, harnessed abreast, came galloping towards us. They were three Corsican ponies belonging to Frau Deichmann, my mother-in-law. Otto and Augusta were in the little carriage, and so we drove into Mehlem accompanied by the family. Deichmann had forbidden anything in the way of a "reception," and only a few of the servants were there, but the entrance and all around the house was adorned with wreaths and flowers.

Thus on Thursday, October 4th, our famous journey

came to an end, and the beautiful horses which had so lately travelled from England to Bendeleben, and had then brought us in such splendid style from Bendeleben to Mehlem, were to have a well-earned rest, and Deichmann's whip, which had been the object of our greatest care, and which had always hung on a nail over our bed, was for the last time carried up to our rooms.

I don't intend to dwell on the wonderful beauty of Mehlem and our time there, but will only add that the coach and horses arrived safely in London early in November, and our beloved whip was adorned with a silver band, and bears the inscription: "Bendeleben, September 20th, Mehlemer Aue, October 4th."

My parents and Marie, with Wilhelm, soon arrived from Bendeleben, and stayed some time with us at Mehlem. They brought my beloved Skye terrier Gypsy from Bendeleben, but she was lost, and, I fancy, stolen from Mehlem. Shortly afterwards we left for Deichmann's house in London, No. 8 Chester Street S.W.

## CHAPTER XI

### OUR HOME AT NO. 8 CHESTER STREET

“IL n'est que le provisoire qui dure.” When I arrived at 8 Chester Street in October 1877 I did not realise that it was to be my London home for over thirty years, and that four children would find room there!

The large stable and coach-houses behind No. 8 made it quite out of the question to distress Deichmann by proposing a move to a larger house, but presently an extension was made over the stable and connected with the house by a glass corridor. A large hay-loft became a schoolroom, with a box-room above it, and we added a small boudoir for myself, as well as secretaries' rooms, a sewing-room, and a small spare room. Everything was done to make it possible for us to stay there. I used often to say that I married a coachman and lived over a stable! Only a little yard divided us from my husband's beloved horses, which were visited and petted at all hours, and were often on show after dinner-parties.

Three parlour-maids and a French cook, with Beverley, the excellent head groom, and his numerous satellites, made it a very original establishment. The institution of parlour-maids, then unknown in aristocratic circles, was somewhat disconcerting at first to me. There is an amusing story about their installation at No. 8.

Deichmann, as a bachelor, had been in the habit of leaving London for some months in the autumn and going to Bicester for hunting. The butler and staff of house servants were vaguely left to occupy themselves



as best they could, with a subscription to a lending library for their amusement. One day Deichmann returned unexpectedly from a visit to the Continent. Arriving early, he was somewhat surprised to find a four-wheeler at the door, with luggage. He applied his latchkey and, on going to his bedroom, what was his astonishment at finding an old lady in his bed! She called for help in a plaintive voice, and then hastily disappeared under the bedclothes.

Thinking that perhaps some of his friends had taken possession of his house in his absence, he looked in at the drawing-room, but beat a hasty retreat on seeing a female of repellent appearance sitting by the fire! In a great state of perturbation, he descended to the dining-room, where a cheerful party was assembled at breakfast round his favourite silver tea-urn.

Realising the situation, he explained to the occupants that he wished to know whether the house was to be let, when he was informed that the party now in occupation had had it for some months. They were much pleased with all, and found the wine especially good and cheap (Deichmann was proud of his cellar!), and they advised him to take it after they had left.

The drawback was, as they explained, that there was a livery-stable at the back, and they were not allowed to hire the horses!

We can imagine the scene when Deichmann proceeded to disclose his identity.

The good people would seem to have been provincials who had come to London for the autumn sales, etc.

As it happened, the servants' wages were due, so Deichmann now assembled them and told them that if they were not gone in an hour he would send for the police. He then made arrangements at the Buckingham Palace Hotel for his unwelcome guests to be put up there for a week at his expense.

They were much disconcerted, as may be supposed, for of course they understood that they could not stay at No. 8 Chester Street in the circumstances, the servants having all decamped.

Beverley, the head groom, was then summoned, and it was represented to him in emphatic language that he should have informed his master of the proceedings in the house. His reply was characteristic. "I ain't got nothing to do with the 'ouse, but them lodgers didn't see a tail of my 'osses!"

In his dilemma, Deichmann applied to his friend, Mrs. Alers Hankey, who found the only solution in the inauguration of parlour-maids—all the men being relegated to the stables. One parlour-maid was to be the head, and the two others her subordinates. I knew of this arrangement before I arrived at Chester Street, and thought it would only be provisional and that menservants would have to be reverted to. But I soon realised how wise it would be not to alter the existing arrangements, for Mrs. Edmonds, familiarly called Ellen, ran the house to my entire satisfaction, and I was not troubled about any domestic arrangements, but let her reign supreme.

The French cook was my affair, and I much appreciated her culinary art and dainty appearance, and her pretty French. My dear mamma was horrified about the parlour-maids, and said we *must* have menservants in livery to open the door; but she seemed pleased when our little dinner-parties proved a success and the diplomatic and political world forgathered at our house.

Yellow and blue being the Deichmann colours, the parlour-maids wore blue alpaca costumes and a yellow silk bow over their white aprons and mob-caps of an afternoon, and white *piqué* dressed with black satin aprons in the evening. All went well unless any rules

of etiquette were broken. If I inadvertently left my hat in the drawing-room, Ellen rang for the maid to take it upstairs!

She was often rung up in the night when Deichmann was ill, and I used to wonder how she found the strength to do all that she did. In later years, when her health failed, we took a house for her and her son Tom, but she came to No. 8 almost daily, to see after her silver or her china, and I had to keep the peace with the new maids. In vain I proposed that she should invite her friends to tea and get up parties for Tom. "Being used to the 'haristocracy' and the 'Deeplunacy' [Diplomacy] I keeps myself to myself," was her argument. She was very unhappy when we were away, and we took her to Bendeleben and let her be in the nursery, for the German housekeeper, Auguste, could not be interfered with.

We saw a great deal of the German Ambassador, Count (afterwards Prince) Münster, and his daughter Marie was our faithful friend. When in London we saw her almost daily. She came to us as a refuge from the claims of Society, which were often too much for her, as she had to receive and be the constant companion of her father. I always looked up to the Ambassador as my Chief. He was the embodiment of the *grand seigneur*.

Being a great magnate in Hanover, his representing the Kaiser was much objected to by the old Conservative set in Hanover, where his fine estate and castle of Derneburg had been presented to his family by George III. His chestnut horses, which he bred himself, were famous, and we made many coaching expeditions together. We dined at the Embassy every Sunday evening, meeting many interesting people. Marie Münster became the godmother of my eldest daughter, Hilda Evelina Marie, now Countess Bismarck-Osten.

Count Münster was interested in my son Wilhelm, and kindly consented to be curator, as it is termed, of the Bendeleben estate, and we missed him much when, after ten years in London, he was appointed Ambassador in Paris. Twice we went to stay at Derneburg, and we often stayed with the Prince and Marie at the German Embassy in Paris, on our return to London from Germany.

We had a narrow escape in Paris once, having taken one of the German servants, Wiedemann, to see Napoleon's tomb, with the captured banners hanging above it. On sight of a German flag, our Wiedemann, who had been a soldier, as all were then, loudly exclaimed, "Die Fahne haben sie gestohlen!" (They stole the flag). We only escaped from the fury of the mob which collected by putting the horses of our carriage to a gallop till the iron gates of the Embassy closed upon us.



## CHAPTER XII

### COACHING MEMORIES

It was whilst we were at The Garth, Bicester, which name had been given to The Poplars by Lady Jersey, that it occurred to me that I could please my husband by getting him elected as a member of the Four-in-Hand Club. He had been a member of the Coaching Club for many years, and had never failed to appear at the meets in his dark-blue uniform and gold buttons, with "C.C." (Coaching Club) inscribed.

This idea of mine would have been impossible, as I shall explain, had Deichmann's horses not been so famous in sporting circles and so well known in London. They were dark browns, with black mane and tail, and of the old sporting type. This was an essential point with him, all other horses being rejected and termed barouche horses.

They were almost entirely horses from Ireland or of Irish stock, and were all hunters of the finest stamp possible. Horse-dealers in Ireland used to write to him about what they termed "likely browns," but I think that most of them were rejected as not being of the old sporting stamp. My husband personally went to Ireland several times in the year to keep in touch with the horse-dealers there, and he attended the great horse-shows; but I believe he never bought at the shows, but from dealers. I do not think he stopped at any price if the horse was to his taste.

There was at the time staying with Sir Thomas and Lady Peyton, at Swift's House, near Bicester, a gentle-

man well known in sporting circles, a Mr. Loraine Baldwin. The Peytons being Deichmann's old friends, I had spoken to them about my project, particularly dwelling on the fact that it would have to be kept a secret from my husband! I did not know at the time how difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible, my project really was, the Four-in-Hand Club being composed exclusively of old families of the English aristocracy, with the exception of Count Münster and Prince Pless, who were diplomatists. It was undoubtedly owing to Mr. Baldwin's kind interest and to his great influence with the Duke of Beaufort, who was President of the Club, that our efforts were at last crowned with success. I may say that for many years I never left a stone unturned to accomplish this object, and met with much kindness from our friends in the Bicester country particularly. Madame Waddington, the Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal of England), Lord and Lady Valentia, and very many others joined in what they termed "the great intrigue."

I knew that the Committee of the Club consisted of a very small number of people with great English names, but was not aware that a member had to be voted for unanimously. Mr. Baldwin often came to stay with us at Chester Street, and introduced us to influential people, and it was in the summer of 1888 that the Duke of Beaufort called upon me one morning to say that Deichmann had been unanimously elected a member of the Four-in-Hand Club and must immediately be measured for his brown uniform in order to appear at the meet in Hyde Park. I telegraphed to the City for him to return at once and meet the Duke, and his surprise was so great that he could not find words to thank His Grace. On the next day, we travelled down to Stoke Park to thank the Duke and to pay a call on the Duchess. We could not but be

pleased by our kind reception from members of the club and their families. The Duke of Beaufort not being in London, Lord Ancaster would head the procession of coaches after the meet, when we would drive to Ranelagh, Hurlingham, or even to the Crystal Palace.

This latter expedition was fraught with some anxiety, the object being to dine and see the fireworks there, returning late at night. The horses, some of them fresh from Ireland, were not used to the lights and the traffic of London and were specially frightened when the trains rattled over their heads. On these occasions I sat next to my husband on a box seat, as he was very short-sighted and wore spectacles, which got beclouded in the damp. It was my great pleasure to train the young horses from Ireland in my phaeton in the winter, so as to accustom them as far as was possible to their new surroundings. Consequently I was up to their tricks and they certainly knew my voice and went better with me than with the grooms. At any rate, we always returned safely from the Crystal Palace. Deichmann kept a "Coaching Journal," and I was interested, on looking over it lately, to see how many distinguished people took pleasure in driving on our coach.

Deichmann had two teams, and therefore wished to drive every evening in the coaching season. On Saturdays, when the children had holidays, we went often to Hurlingham and Ranelagh Clubs, spending pleasant afternoons in the gardens. Otherwise it was almost always to Cricklewood we drove, for there was a large assortment of horses for sale under the auspices of Messrs. Newman and Lansley. There were fine paddocks there, with jumping possibilities, and therefore a display of horses. Twice we escaped from what might have been bad accidents. Once one of the

wheelers kicked over the traces on our return from Cricklewood, when we were nearing Chester Street, and the other three broke away. I do not know what would have been the end of their misbehaviour had we not been near the mews ; as it was, several men, hearing the sound of galloping horses, rushed out and stopped them.

The next adventure was more dangerous. We were invited to drive the coach to Aldenham in Hertfordshire, to stay with my kind friend, Lord Aldenham. Two new wheelers had but lately arrived from Ireland, and the way to Aldenham led through very crowded traffic. I was therefore rather perplexed when Deichmann declared that he would like to drive down with the new horses, to see how they would go, and sought to persuade him to take the old team as more suitable. But he was so bent on trying the new horses that I gave in, on his assurance that he would take young Irish grooms instead of the old head groom, who was decidedly stout and would, I thought, be useless in an emergency.

All went well at starting, but as soon as we got into the traffic all four horses bolted. It was very dangerous, of course, as there was no time to get out of the way, and I wondered what was going to happen, for the horses were getting more and more into their stride. Suddenly I heard a voice at my ear crying, " Pull 'em to the right." One of the Irish grooms had climbed along the top of the coach to say this, and with a great effort Deichmann pulled them towards the right side of the road, when the two grooms, having outstripped the coach, hung themselves on to the bars of their bits and the horses stopped short. When we arrived at Aldenham, no one could exactly understand why the horses were in such a state of heat and covered with foam.

Deichmann continued to drive the coach as long as he had strength to do so. He owed much to the extreme



kindness of the omnibus-drivers, coachmen and, indeed, the British public in general. All seemed to be interested in him and to know of his short sight, and made all possible way for him.

But it was to the policemen that our thanks were specially due, for they, one and all, seemed to have entered into a confederacy to clear the way for us, and during the great Jubilee celebration, and on fête days in London, when traffic was stopped except for those taking part in the processions, our coach was supposed to be part of the show, and we arrived with the more exalted personages to be acclaimed by the public. The very boys in the streets greeted us with "Where did you get that 'at?" my husband having invented a high hat with a particular brim which shaded his eyes and helped him to see better. In 1890 the coach drove down to Cromer in Norfolk, and created great enthusiasm among the fisher-folk. And when we went to Bendeleben in the autumn, the leaders came over with our hacks, travelling via Flushing. But it was on one of these voyages that we lost our favourite, who was called Sweep. Being frightened by the stormy weather, he tried to jump out of his box on the ship, and broke his back, and had to be shot at Flushing.

In Germany the Minister of Railways at Berlin had ordered Deichmann's horses to be conveyed by express trains, and they seemed to be as famous in that country as they were in England. My chestnut hack, Sunbeam, and the children's ponies created a great sensation also, and we made many long expeditions on horseback. When I went into society I was always greeted by warm enquiries after the horses. My scrapbooks of that time are full of the description of their appearance at the meets and the distinguished company we had on board.

In later years the coach won three prizes, in the

shape of silver cups, at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, where the coaching competitions were then held. One of those in which we won was very difficult to decide, for a rival coach was also a splendid turn-out. Our friend, Lord Valentia, who was the judge, was puzzled, and resorted to the ingenious expedient of having the buckles of the reins undone, to see which had been cleaned underneath the best. By a lucky chance our reins were well polished even underneath the buckles, and we became the proud possessors of the prize.

Deichmann's collection of four-in-hand whips increased steadily, as so many were presented to him, and it was his great amusement to stand on the steps leading to the little yard at 8 Chester Street, and practise catching the whip.

As he never went to clubs after his marriage, though he belonged to no less than eleven, and as horses were his only hobby, he lavished all his attention and spare time upon them and was certainly very clever with the awkward ones. Once we had a wheeler fresh from Ireland who threw himself down in a rage when the coach was about to start. Onlookers thought the situation a hopeless one; but Deichmann whipped up the other three horses, who dragged the culprit over the stones of the mews till they all were exhausted. He was taken up bruised and bleeding, but as quiet as a lamb, and never refused again.

One unlucky day, the city horse being lame, the leaders were taken to the City in the brougham and were much upset by the traffic, one of them falling. After this, whether in the brougham or driven by me in the phaeton, the dainty leaders refused to pass the end of the Thames Embankment which leads to the City. Whipping and scolding, and even caressing and entreating, had no effect upon them. They stood unmoved and

firm as a rock till we gave up trying to coerce or persuade them, and I could only admire their behaviour.

How I love to think of a brown mare named Darkie, which my daughter Elsa, who was born in 1882, used to ride, and a lovely hack (called Surprise) which, finding me too heavy, bucked and tried to throw me, but which danced along happily with the girls. Darkie I never rode. She had a love of jumping, and would have made a splendid hunter. Thinking she would enjoy being turned out in a field with other horses, I took her to Chetwode Manor, where John Lawrence and Mary and I let her loose. But she did not like to leave me, and when I had gone through the five-barred gate, she jumped in and stood beside me, trembling with excitement; subsequently she returned to London with me, and accompanied us to fresh woods and pastures new at Bendeleben.

On a momentous occasion, I am sorry to say that the coach and team became an apple of discord. After the postponement of the coronation of King Edward VII the Queen Elizabeth of Roumania telegraphed to know whether we could invite the Crown Prince and Princess, who were then in London, for the great event. I was going to answer that our house was too small for such exalted guests and their attendants, when the Crown Princess arrived, and declared that they would have to return to Roumania if we did not take them in. She seemed to prefer that their suite should be at an hotel.

The Queen being an old friend of mine, and the Crown Princess too lovely and fascinating for words to describe, I was delighted to arrange everything to the satisfaction of their Royal Highnesses. The riding horses were at the disposal of the Crown Princess, who rode them to perfection, accompanied by my girls on horseback. The victoria, brougham and phaeton were at

Her Royal Highness's orders. On Deichmann's return from his office, the coach was ready for him to drive the lovely Princess and the Prince. But when the Princess expressed a wish to drive the coach herself, her host was persistent in his refusal, being very punctilious as to etiquette and also being convinced, as he assured her, that no feminine hands could control the heavy wheelers and go-ahead leaders.

Lady Llangattock sent her son with motors, etc., for our guest, and Sir Blundell Maple lent his coach for Her Royal Highness to drive; but this was not the coach which Her Royal Highness wished to drive! I could not but be thankful not to have the responsibility, and could enjoy the company of our distinguished guests, who seemed happy and comfortable in our little house.

Our modest street was full of people anxious to see their English Princess, eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and it was blocked by smart carriages. Mounted police were required to keep order. I was anxious about our culinary arrangements, but all seemed to suit our guests, who were particularly pleased with the whitebait then in season, and their gentlemen invited my cook to return to Roumania to practise her art for their Royal Highnesses there. Being attached to us, however, our *cordons bleu* declined the honour.

There was one extraordinary meet of the Four-in-Hand Club held near the Magazine in Hyde Park one summer day. It poured with rain, a persistent, steady downpour; but, nothing daunted, we arrived at the well-known place, to find only Prince Pless's coach and a few of the gentlemen of the Press to report on our somewhat sodden appearance. Little groups of disappointed spectators remained to see us off, and we drove to Hurlingham somewhat slowly and sadly.





OUR COACH AND TEAM AT ASCOT.

[Hills & Saunders, Eton.



There we found a banquet spread in the marble hall, and only our small party of three to partake of the sumptuous repast.

The last addition to the stable when I had moved to Abbey Lodge, in 1911, was a very cobby-looking pony I bought to go in Marie Thérèse's car. Soon afterwards a great change came about. Horses became a thing of the past, our head groom secured some congenial occupation in the country, and Marie Thérèse, having heard of the wonders of the Ford car, bought one, and we found a chauffeur, who looked after the pony as well.

Thus a new era was inaugurated. The coach and the mail phaeton I gave to my nephew, Wilhelm Deichmann, who was with us a great deal in London and shared his uncle's enthusiasm for driving a team.

But, by degrees, like everything on our planet, the stable came to an end. After my husband's death in 1907, I kept four horses, the leaders and wheelers remaining, and the pony-car. Mr. Brassey kindly offered to take some of them to his stable, but I couldn't part with them. None of the old horses were sold, as we were afraid of their getting into bad hands, but they had a dignified old age, till they were presented to the Zoological Gardens. The last one broke down in a proper manner in Belgrave Square.

When, in 1888, the Emperor Frederick conferred the title of Baron on my husband, a coat-of-arms was arranged by the Foreign Office at Berlin and supporters of bay horses with black manes and tails were allowed as a memento of Deichmann's horses and of the Emperor Frederick's interest in them. Generally speaking, heraldry acknowledges only red and white horses. "Watchful and Rapid" was chosen as a motto suggestive of dogs and horses, and I am glad that it is carved in stone, in conjunction with the Bismarck arms, on

the walls of Schloss Plathe, the home of my daughter, Countess Bismarck, in Pomerania.

It was a great day for the coach when the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany (our Princess Royal) dined with us at Hurlingham, driving down on Prince Münster's coach, whilst Princess Victoria occupied the box seat on ours. During dinner His Royal Highness promised me one of the puppies of the lovely breed of greyhounds which he had, dating from the time of Frederick the Great, who was surrounded by such greyhounds, and who buried them near his palace at Potsdam. Biche and Bichette were the names of his favourites. A statue of Frederick at the close of his life, surrounded by these beautiful dogs, is in the palace, and his memoirs are full of them. At his death the Emperor Frederick left his dogs, Dandy and Fly, to Countess Marie Münster, and my puppy was one of their family. It was brought over from Paris by Prince Pless, and was named Dandy, and was my particular pet for thirteen years. A lovely bitch of the same breed, named Nix, soon appeared upon the scene, and one of the precious puppies was given to Mary, the wife of Lord Lawrence, who made a great pet of "Kaiser," as she called him.

The Duchess of Somerset was interested in the breed, and I was pleased and proud to give her one of Kaiser's and Nix's puppies, and it was owing to her that the breed was kept up, for she had them at Maiden Bradley for many years, and wrote articles about them in the sporting papers, and my cousin, Lady Paul, still keeps some of these dogs.

Of course the coach was driven down to Bicester when we moved there, and we passed the Vale of Aylesbury and lovely country before we came to the flat, hunting country round Bicester. We drove to Oxford sometimes to visit Professor and Mrs. Max



Müller and other friends, and we visited Sir William and Lady Humphery at Penton Lodge, near Andover, in Hampshire, taking the leaders in the phaeton for this expedition.

In later years my daughters, Hilda, who was born in 1878, and Elsa, often drove the leaders in the phaeton, but they had their own pony and car with which they could go where they liked without a groom, for my confidence in the British public was unlimited, and I felt that they were safe. Battersea Park was their usual haunt. There they would stand the pony and learn their lessons for school. An anonymous poem was written about their riding with their father and driving his young horses in the phaeton and about their simplicity and charm. Elsa, being ambitious to be among the first at Miss Querini's school, would wake early and learn her lessons in bed, and pretend to be asleep when her maid came to wake her. I was horrified when I heard of this later, and I feel sure that it injured her nervous system.

Hamilton Gardens, for which Lady Rivers Wilson obtained the key for me, was a great resource, for the children met their friends there and played croquet and hockey. But visiting the grandparents at Abbey Lodge was their great joy, and Marie Thérèse, who was the youngest and who was delicate as a child, often stayed at Abbey Lodge for a long time. It would not be possible to describe what the grandparents were to the children and their unceasing interest in and care for them. To the last my father would walk over from Abbey Lodge in Regent's Park to visit them, and climb the high stairs to their nurseries. On their birthdays the grandparents never failed to be present at the ceremony of the birthday table, and the tradition of the Easter Egg party at Abbey Lodge on Easter Monday was kept up for them.

On Hilda's birthday, in July, she invited her school friends for a coach drive to Hurlingham, and the daughters became more and more companions of their father as his health failed him in later years, reading aloud to him in English and German, and writing for him and amusing him.

When Hilda left school she was deputed to superintend Marie Thérèse's lessons and practising on the piano, and thus had little time for amusements and games.

I presented her at Court at Berlin and in London, but she could not stand much going out—late hours interfered with her rather strenuous duties next day. Their father had somewhat old-fashioned views of girls being brought up to be at home, and this early education stood them in good stead in later years, when they had homes of their own in Germany, in the country, and the duties of the wives of landed proprietors devolved upon them.

Brought up in both countries, I did not know where their lot would be cast, and could only do my best to fit them for either. I am glad to think of the satisfaction my husband had in Hilda's engagement and marriage to Karl von Bismarck, a large landed proprietor in Pomerania, in 1905, and that he was able to visit them at Schloss Plathe.

Karl was a great-nephew of the Iron Chancellor, and we had met him at Friedrichsruh. He came to London with his friend, Baron Heyl, and visited us at Chester Street, and at Bendeleben later.

His mother, who died soon after his birth, was the daughter of Karl von der Osten, whose large estates were known as the Osten Kreis in Pomerania. His only son having died, the estate was inherited by my son-in-law. During his short three-months' reign, the Emperor Frederick bestowed the title of Count on the

old Karl von der Osten, and my son-in-law was bound by the settlements of the entail to carry on the title after his grandfather's death.

He had been educated in Pomerania, studying at Greifenberg, and he became a student at the university of Heidelberg, after which he travelled to America, seeing a good deal of the country, and speaking English fluently. The Emperor William II would have been pleased if my son-in-law had stood for Parliament, as he filled important positions in Pomerania and his name carried much weight. But he and his family could not forget the sudden dismissal of the great Chancellor, and the parliamentary life at Berlin was distasteful to him. It was with great difficulty that he and Hilda were persuaded to appear at one of the Courts at Berlin after the title of Count had been conferred upon him.

He was Lieutenant of the Reserve in the Queen Victoria Regiment in Berlin, and wore a light-blue uniform, and has of late years undertaken many important posts in Pomerania. Altogether the country life on a large scale at Schloss Plathe is very interesting, the telephone to the various estates being in constant use during the hours of work. The education of the three children necessitates resident tutors and governesses, and many relations and friends came to pay long visits.

Only the old part of the castle was standing when Hilda arrived there, the two wings having been destroyed during the Thirty Years' War, but these were built up by my son-in-law, and a beautiful entrance-hall and staircase of stone, and large rooms, were added. New stabling and houses for the coachmen and head gardener were built, and the church erected by Karl's grandfather stands near the new building.

It is during the shooting season that there are great

parties, the gentlemen of the neighbourhood coming for shooting and their ladies arriving for dinner. These parties are very stately, the gentlemen appearing with their decorations and the ladies in their best clothes and jewels, for a very elegant dinner in the old hall, which received Queen Louise on her sad journey to Memel with her little sons. Some of the Jägers in green and silver help in the waiting, and all is very dignified and elegant.



## CHAPTER XIII

### MEMORIES OF THE BISMARCK FAMILY

It was when I was presented at Court in Berlin that I first met Countess Marie Bismarck, who was also to be presented. Afterwards we met at balls and parties. She introduced me to the great Chancellor, her father, and to her mother.

Our friendship with Count Herbert Bismarck began when, as his father's right hand, he was sent on a political mission to England and stayed at first at the Embassy. Count Münster, as Ambassador, perhaps resented his interference and he must have been uncomfortable at the Embassy, for he accepted Deichmann's invitation to stay with us at 8 Chester Street.

He was a very charming and interesting guest, and became our true friend. When we went to Berlin later, to see my son Wilhelm, who was working at the Foreign Office there, Count Herbert received us most kindly at his official residence in the Wilhelmstrasse, and we were invited constantly to meet the small and select circle to whom the doors of the Reichskanzler Palais were open.

Princess Bismarck was most kind to me, keeping a chair next to hers for me, as a friend of her beloved son, and I found her very witty and amusing, but very uncompromising in her attitude towards those who opposed her husband's policy.

She invited us to a great birthday dinner-party, and altogether our gracious reception by the Bismarck family made a great sensation in Berlin, where we

came to be regarded as entrusted with a political mission from England.

After his marriage to his cousin, Countess Arnim, Count William Bismarck (or "Bill," as he was familiarly called) came to stay with us at Chester Street for some time, with his wife. Count Herbert paid us several visits there.

Our most interesting souvenir of that time is a silver vase, with a figure of St. George of England on the top of the lid. The whole is covered with coins of gold and silver, with horses on the coat-of-arms of Hanover, etc. This bears the inscription: "Otto von Bismarck to A. H. Deichmann as a memento of their love of horses and riding." The Iron Chancellor had accepted the present of an English cob with perfect manners from Deichmann, and this was his "revenge." It came with the wish that it might be on our table often, and we always regarded it as one of our great treasures.

After Count Herbert's marriage to Countess Marguerite Hoyos, whose acquaintance we made in London, we often stayed at Schönderhausen, and enjoyed the happy family life of our host and hostess with their children. I was glad to be of use by introducing my English nurse to the Bismarcks. She had the charge of the children for many years, and when they had grown up she was recommended by Countess Herbert to Princess Henkel Donnersmarck, with whom she still has a home. She is affectionately cared for in her old age.

It was after the retirement of the Chancellor that Deichmann and I were many times invited to Friedrichsruh, the beautiful estate in the Sachsenwald, near Hamburg, which had been presented to the Prince after the war of 1870.

Looking back on those years, I realise that our being in connection with Prince Bismarck cast a halo of reflected light upon us, a private family.

Our friendly relations with the German and French Embassies, members of the Government in England and Germany, and distinguished private friends, and my brother Sir Maurice de Bunsen's diplomatic career, gave us a certain prestige.

An incident at the French Embassy is suggestive of this. There was a passage of arms as to a blue gown which Mary Waddington wore at an official reception at Lady Salisbury's. Court mourning had been ordered because of the death of one of the German Princes, which, as French Ambassadors, Mary refused to wear; M. Waddington was absent in France, and his wife's blue gown made a great sensation at the great party. There was a storm in the German papers, and diplomatic notes were exchanged.

I did my best to pour oil on the troubled waters by writing to Herbert Bismarck that it was not with the sanction of the Ambassador that his wife had not conformed to the rules of the English Court, and that it was an affair of the Lord Chamberlain's office, and his answer was satisfactory.

It was during our first visit to Friedrichsruh that I was rather perturbed by being told by the Princess that Prince Bismarck wished to walk with me alone in the forest at ten o'clock next morning. I proposed that Deichmann should accompany me thus, but this was not according to the plan, and I set out alone with the Prince and his two dogs—the famous Great Danes. I suppose that they never left him. When I was engaged to Hugo von Krause in 1873, the Bismarck family had taken no notice of this event, and I was rather embarrassed by the Chancellor's referring indirectly to the subject now, after so many years. During our walk he expressed his regret and suggested that I might have been a great help to him in German diplomacy.

We were sitting on a bench, and I remember that I could only thank him for his kind opinion. On our return, the Princess was watching our arrival and anxious to know if he had approached this topic, which she said had been on his mind. I could only reassure her, and we spent happy days at Friedrichsruh with Prince and Princess Bismarck, trying to divert the attention of the Chancellor. He could not but regard his sudden dismissal as a great injustice, and there was great popular excitement about it.

Every afternoon deputations from societies, students, and political bodies came to express their indignation at the dismissal of their great hero. When we walked out there were ominous clicks to be heard behind bushes, from photographers taking snapshots of the Chancellor for their papers. "One wonders," he said, "if one is being shot or photographed." One wintry day, the Chancellor took me alone in his sledge, and we talked about Herr Abeken, who had been a friend of the Bunsens and who was afterwards in the service of the Prussian State. He was called the pen of the Chancellor, and had accompanied him on horseback during the campaign of 1870.

My uncle, George Bunsen, having been a Liberal Member of Parliament and in opposition to the Chancellor, the latter was not altogether well disposed towards our family. I was therefore much pleased to find a bond in common in the person of Abeken. The Prince and I were absent in the sledge for four hours, he being anxious to show me the beauties of his forest of Sachsenwald.

A great personality at Friedrichsruh was Dr. Schweninger, who had succeeded in making the Chancellor obey his injunctions as to diet, exercise, etc. In order to ensure the carrying out of the programme, the presence of the doctor himself was necessary, so



he was in constant attendance. He had a very rude and abrupt manner towards the Princess and the ladies of the house, and he seemed to me to abuse the kindness with which he was treated. But every evening at ten o'clock he marched the Prince off to bed, and insisted on his rising early next morning, and generally on his living a healthy country life.

What I could not but admire was the Prince's self-control in never mentioning the name of the Emperor, though Bismarck's political enemies generally were abused in very decided language. My general impression of the great Chancellor was of a bear in a cage, and he was undoubtedly living under great mental strain and in a sadly nervous state. After he had retired to rest at ten o'clock the Princess and her sons kept up a running fire of criticism of the Emperor and his party, the Princess not being inclined to make any compromise, but visibly delighted to condemn everybody who did not agree with her husband's policy to be punished.

The Bismarcks were in every way peculiar, and unlike anyone I have seen before or since. "Intense" should have been their motto, for they were intense in all that they did. They pursued their aims regardless of all obstacles. Anyone who has read the Memoirs of the Prince can realise this, and how the unity of Germany, which had been the aim of its statesmen for so long, was accomplished by his inflexible will.

These examples of the political views of Prince Bismarck are taken from conversations with Prince Bismarck by Mr. Sidney Whitman.

On the subject of the increase of the Fleet he once observed :

"Why such noise? What is necessary, according to the views of sober professional men, must be granted. As a Minister I lacked every inclination for a policy of

colonial conquest. Our trade must find sufficient protection everywhere, but the flag must follow trade, not precede it."

The Prince complained that the Empress Augusta had, by a policy of opposition, taken a great part in the wearing away of his nerves. She was of an unstable, nervous and restless nature, liked to busy herself in politics, and became fire and flames if one did not, or could not, at once agree to her plans. Mr. Whitman continues Prince Bismarck's account :

"My relations with the Princess did not improve thereby, and she could never quite conceal a certain grudge against me even when she became Queen and Empress. Her preference for everything French and Catholic also had an effect. I should not have been able to do much if my old Master, who, moreover, did not suffer less than I under these things, had not kept his ground at critical moments. But these struggles tried the nervous system, especially when his Queen tried to persuade him to abdicate, and I had to seize him, figuratively speaking, by the sword-knot."

Indeed, these years of feminine warfare had, the Prince said, told more on his health than all open fighting in Parliament and in the Diplomatic Service.

It was once mentioned to Bismarck that the old Emperor was represented to have been completely under the influence of his Chancellor—a mere puppet, so to speak, in his hands.

"Nothing," exclaimed Prince Bismarck, "is more incorrect than this belief and representation. William I was anything but an easy-going Master. He was uncommonly tenacious of his opinions, traditions, prejudices, and it was always a tough piece of work to convince him of the necessity of taking a new departure."

There seems no doubt that Prince Bismarck distorted the famous telegram that King William of Prussia sent

to the French Emperor from Ems which hastened the war of 1870, for the late King of Roumania, a Prince of Hohenzollern, told me that he had seen it, and it was kept in the archives of Siegmaringen, their home in South Germany. "Die grosse Menge will regiert sein" (The people want governing) was Bismarck's experience, and he would say that he must give up his responsible position if his officials in the diplomatic service did not carry out his instructions to the letter.

"Politics should have nothing to do with private sympathies and inclinations."

The following letters are copied and translated from the volume entitled *Fürst Bismarcks Briefe an seine Braut und Gattin* (Prince Bismarck's letters to his betrothed and wife). They were collected by Prince Herbert Bismarck, and published in 1900.

The first letter is of historical interest, as it describes how the Emperor Napoleon sent for Bismarck after the battle of Sedan and the defeat of his army in order to hold an interview with him, whilst the second one gives an insight into the life of the Iron Chancellor as husband and father.

*From Count Bismarck to Countess Bismarck.*

VENDRESSE,

*September 3rd, 1870.*

MY DEAR HEART,

The day before yesterday, before dawn, I left my Quarters here, returned to-day, and in the interval witnessed the great battle of Sedan on 1st inst., in which we made about 30,000 prisoners. The rest of the army which we had pursued from Bar-le-Duc were interned in the Fortress, where with the Emperor they had to give themselves up as prisoners of war. Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, after Moltke and I had

discussed the terms of the Capitulation with the French Generals till 1 o'clock, General Reille, whom I know personally, woke me to tell me that Napoleon wished to speak to me. Unwashed and without breakfasting, I rode towards Sedan, found the Emperor in an open carriage, with three aides-de-camp and three more on horseback beside him, waiting on the road before Sedan. I got off my horse, greeted him as politely as if in the Tuileries, and enquired after his health. He wished to see the King. I informed him truthfully that His Majesty's Headquarters were three miles from where we were.

On Napoleon asking where he should go, and as I did not know the country I offered him my quarters in Donchéry, a small place close to Sedan. He accepted this and drove with his six Frenchmen, led by me and Charles, who had meanwhile ridden after me through the lovely morning hours to our side.

Before we reached the place Napoleon decided not to go there for fear of a crowd, and he asked me if he might enter a lonely workman's dwelling near the road. I sent Carl my servant to reconnoitre, and he described it as dirty and bare. "N'importe," declared Napoleon, and we ascended a narrow and broken staircase.

In a narrow room ten feet high with a plain table and two cane chairs we sat for an hour; the others were below. An immense contrast to our last meeting in the Tuileries in '67.

Our discussion was difficult if I avoided touching on conditions which must have painfully affected him whom the almighty hand of God has thus brought so low. I had sent Carl to fetch some officers from the town and asked Moltke to come.

We sent one of the officers to reconnoitre and a small castle and park was discovered half a mile from where we were. Thither I conducted him with an escort of the regiment of Cuirassiers which had been sent for, and there we settled the terms of the Capitulation with the French General Wimpfen, according to which 40 to 60,000 French—I am not certain as to the number—



became our prisoners. Yesterday and the day before cost France 100,000 men and an Emperor. To-day the latter left for Wilhelmshöhe by Cassel with his court functionaries, horses and carriages.

It is an historical event of world-wide importance, a victory for which we will humbly thank the Lord our God, and which will decide the war, although this has now to be continued against France without its Emperor.

But I must end. With heartfelt joy I heard to-day from your letter and Marie's of Herbert's arrival at home [Count Herbert had been wounded and was invalided home]. Bill [the second son of the Chancellor] I saw yesterday and in the presence of the Emperor I embraced him from my seat on horseback whilst he remained at his post.

Good-bye, my heart, and greet the children.

Your v. B.

*Count Bismarck to his Wife (translated).*

FRANKFURT,

12.5.71.

MY BELOVED,

I could not believe that we should be separated by such distances till the railway deposited me here last night after 25 hours' journey. From the early morning till now, towards evening, I have been fighting with the writing of telegrams, visitors and the telegraph.

At last, after a tiresome visitor has departed, I find a free moment to write to you. Your picture and that of the children cross my thoughts at every step and in every occupation, and my longing increases with distance.

I am really quite bewildered by the wheel of life taking me up so suddenly, tearing me away from my beautiful dreams and depositing me here. I must first arrange all things so as to become conscious of the new plan of life. I must accustom myself to becoming a regular cut-and-dry business man, to have many fixed hours for work and to get old; play and dance

is over, for God has placed me here where I must be a serious man and pay my debt to my King and country. I am determined to carry out His will, and if wisdom fails me I shall ask of Him who gives richly. May He keep you and those dear to us in His especial care and keep sorrow and suffering from you : this is my morning and evening prayer and I believe that God hears us.

Good-bye, my Love, the best of all I have. There is no time in the day in which I do not think of you with love and longing.

v. B.

Hildebrand is the only link with home which I have here and is agreeable to me. In his new livery he looks like a gentleman.

The Chancellor's handwriting was very large and characteristic. I was naturally very anxious to secure a specimen of it, and was told by members of the family he had been obliged to refuse all such requests, being literally besieged by autograph-collectors. Fortunately I hit upon a plan to outwit him ! I invited his grandchildren, who were staying at Friedrichsruh, to write their names in ink with a thick pen, and to blot the paper before it was dry. Thus very curious arabesques are produced, and the shrieks of laughter from the children attracted the notice of the Prince and Princess. They immediately sat down to join in the game, the Prince's strong pen-strokes producing very good results.

The Princess's autograph was a very curious device, and the Prince remarked that Johanna had always been a little "devil." Thus I pointed out to the family that it would be desirable that I should have these autographs, when the Prince laughed and said I had outwitted him. They are now framed and among our most cherished possessions.

It was at Schönhausen, the old Bismarck property

which was handed over to Count Herbert, that he presented Deichmann with a red-chalk life-sized drawing of the head of the great Chancellor by Lenbach, the great artist, who spent so much of his time with the Bismarcks in 1887. In later years I gave it to his great-nephew, Count Bismarck Osten, who married my eldest daughter Hilda and lives in Schloss Plathe, Pomerania.

On our return to Berlin from our first visit to the Chancellor after his fall we found German society violently taking the side of the Emperor against him. Consequently we found it more agreeable to leave Berlin. But the loyalty of the masses to Bismarck was not to be shaken, and when we visited him the courtyard of our hotel at Berlin was full of people anxious to send messages, flowers and little poems and addresses. It was on one of the Chancellor's birthdays that the Emperor sent him some wine and invited him to his birthday party at Berlin. None of the Chancellor's family thought that he would accept the invitation, but to their surprise the Prince declared that he had made up his mind to go to Berlin once more, to visit the Emperor before the other guests arrived, so that he might feel that he had done his best to show his loyalty.

The great Chancellor was buried in a tomb in the mausoleum which he built near Friedrichsruh, and on which is inscribed his name, with the words, chosen by himself: "A faithful German Servant." This mausoleum is still a place of pilgrimage for many people from Berlin, Hamburg, etc.; and only lately I heard of a great meeting at Friedrichsruh on the Chancellor's birthday, April 1st, when the present Prince Bismarck made a speech of a very remarkable tendency to eight hundred delegates of the Bismarckian League, who represented (so the papers said) 100,000 people.

It was a great shock to me once, during a visit at the

German Embassy in Paris, when Prince Münster told me that I was to inform Madame Waddington that if her husband, who was ill at the time at his country place, Bourneville, was not able to attend at a certain political gathering he would assuredly lose his position in the French Government. Monsieur Waddington had given up his position as French Ambassador to England, intending to take up French politics again. He had been a great influence in England during the years he was in London—all the more so because of his knowledge of English and partly English education. A large public dinner had been given in his honour before he left London, and a great many influential people had assembled to wish him good-bye. I could therefore not believe what Prince Münster said about his losing his position in France, and was much distressed on arriving at Bourneville to visit the Waddingtons to hear how poorly he was. I stayed there for some days, and only saw Monsieur Waddington in the evening, when he came down to dinner, but the change in his appearance much affected me.

I considered it my duty to tell his wife what Prince Münster had said, and she was very angry at first to hear the suggestion that her husband's political position was shaken in any way. The next day, however, she told me that she had sent for his agent, who had said things were going very badly and M. Waddington's enemies were working hard to displace him. We did not, of course, believe that such a thing would be possible, and I left Bourneville, to hear shortly after of M. Waddington's sudden death. He had moved to his house in Paris, and his wife had tried to keep the newspapers from him, but somebody came to condole with him on his having lost his position in Parliament. This was such a shock to him that he had a fit and never recovered.

There was a curious episode in our house in Chester



Street in London when, at the christening of our youngest daughter, Marie Thérèse, Madame Waddington and Count Herbert Bismarck stood side by side as sponsors to the child. In later years, Count Hatzfeld, the German Ambassador, and Madame Waddington, the French Ambassadress, joined hands and made a speech at a small evening party we were giving, which was a proof of the good relations that existed between the nations of Europe.

It was difficult to realise Bismarck's power and influence during the years when he was in office. Once, at a party at our house in the later eighties when some diplomats were present, somebody asked when my portrait was to be taken; I very tactlessly answered that, if I had any money to dispose of, I would send it to the great Chancellor or to Count Moltke to enable them to defend Germany.

One of the French Secretaries and his wife were there, and I hardly noticed that they took their leave soon after dinner, not realising what an impression my remark had made. Next morning I went out for a ride in the park, and was rather surprised when M. Waddington galloped away from me instead of riding with me, as had been his custom. Upon my return home I was surprised to hear that Count Hatzfeld, who is generally by no means an early riser, was in the drawing-room waiting my return. He looked very serious, and asked me if I could account for the strange behaviour of the people in the French Embassy. Late in the evening before, they had sent for the Military Attaché, who was at his club, and they had been telegraphing to Paris in an alarming manner. I remembered what I had said, really as a joke, the evening before, and was duly horrified, and offered to make any reparation in my power.

Count Hatzfeld told me to go to the French Embassy

at once, to explain the matter to M. Waddington. Arrived there, I could read consternation on even the butler's face, and I was thankful to find myself in Mary Waddington's room. She complained of the terrible night she had had, and of the state of anxiety they were all in, and it was with great difficulty that I persuaded her that the foolish remark I had made was in no way to be taken seriously. She was very pleased to be able to reassure M. Waddington; but everything pointed to the state of tension between the countries.

I find it very difficult to remember dates, but I know that we were staying with Prince Münster at the German Embassy in Paris, on our way from Bendenleben to London, when the Franco-Russian alliance was made. There was great enthusiasm and much embracing in the streets. Every afternoon the Secretaries of Embassies came to tea, and were often asked to dine, and it was all very interesting. We met members of the Republican Government and their wives, but the French aristocracy were obdurate and *inabordable*, and remained in their Faubourg.

When Prince Münster first arrived in Paris, having received representatives of different political parties and all sorts of people representing different opinions at the German Embassy in London, No. 9 Carlton House Terrace, he tried to do the same one evening in Paris. But it must have been a terrible evening, for the different groups glared at each other and would not amalgamate at all. The old Emperor William had written to Prince Münster asking him not to drive his coach in Paris, as it might lead to difficulties with the authorities and the public. Thus, while the lovely chestnuts were ridden by the Ambassador and by Countess Marie, and driven in the phaeton and the carriages, the celebrated four-in-hand was not seen in the French capital.

It was when my brother Maurice was First Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris, and Lord Lytton Ambassador, that we paid a particularly happy visit to Prince Münster at the German Embassy. Maurice was in and out of the German Embassy, seeing all he could of us. He came once to invite us to an important dinner-party at the British Embassy, and Prince Münster and Marie accepted the invitation. Lord and Lady Lytton also invited me to their box to see the charming piece, *La Joie Fait Peur*, which I had read but never seen acted. I always loved French, and the Théâtre Français was my delight when my father took me there.

It was in London that I saw the great Sarah and heard "la voix d'or" in the old classic pieces. One episode I could never forget, when the divine Sarah paused for a moment, having declaimed the words, "Quand on a tout perdu et qu'on n'a plus d'espoir," and forgotten the next line; paused for a moment only, and continued, "On prend la queue de sa chemise pour en faire un mouchoir!"

To return to the Bismarck family. Count Herbert, as I have mentioned, was a frequent guest of ours in London and also at The Garth, Bicester. It was when he was staying at The Garth that I asked his help and advice, for it was my great wish that Deichmann should give up the little place and that we should be free to go to Germany more, as Wilhelm was at school at Dresden and Deichmann had undertaken the management of Bendeleben. Thus it came about that, when we returned to Germany, we were invited to visit Princess Bismarck at the Reichskanzler Palais (Palace of the Chancellor) in Berlin.

It must have been owing to Count Herbert's introduction, for to go to the Bismarcks, who were very exclusive and saw only a few intimates in a friendly

way every evening, was a great distinction. The Princess was most kind to me and made a pet of me, keeping a chair for me near her and inviting us to her birthday party.

The great Chancellor had a few political intimates, and I was, of course, not of the circle. It was in later years, at Friedrichsruh, that I saw much of him, after his sudden dismissal. It was in 1888, when the Emperor Frederick was dying, that Queen Victoria came to stay at the Palace at Potsdam.

Her Majesty had sent for Prince Bismarck to visit her, and he, whose policy was not approved of by the Empress, was much put out at having to attend on the Queen. His policy had always been to stand well with Russia, Germany's powerful neighbour, with whom the Hohenzollerns were also connected, and as far as I could make out, he was glad if Germany had good relations with England, but considered that their political aims were wide apart.

Thus to have to give up a day to visit Queen Victoria did not seem to suit His Highness. We were spending an afternoon with Princess Bismarck, who was much concerned at the Prince not returning, and expected him to be in no very amiable mood. But on his somewhat late return, we soon heard from him of the interesting visit he had had, of the great political outlook of our Queen. Her Majesty had been pleased to discuss important questions of State with the great Chancellor, and succeeded in interesting him.

Next day Queen Victoria sent him a full-length portrait of herself by Professor von Angeli, which I saw hanging over his writing-table at Friedrichsruh.

It was, alas ! in vain that I suggested to the Empress Frederick to try to gain the sympathy of the Iron Chancellor, instead of pursuing her policy of opposition, and thus to have the German nation at her feet. Of



course, I knew the great Chancellor as an amiable host, a very different aspect to the "blood and iron" side.

To serve the Emperor William and unite Germany had been his life's work, and the Emperor had been able to keep the very different elements of Bismarck, Moltke and Roon united in their devotion to the person of His Majesty and to pursue the great ideal of a United Germany. The Iron Chancellor was full of solicitude for the Emperor Frederick in his illness, and to relieve his mind from anxieties had, I understood, made arrangements for the Empress to have larger sums at her disposal after his death than had ever been allotted to widows of reigning sovereigns of Prussia.

It was in the summer of 1900 that Count Herbert Bismarck brought his elder children to be with me at Bendeleben, where they stayed for some time and were a great joy for us, especially as a sign of their parents' confidence in my care of them.

I saw Count Herbert after his father's retirement, when he brought his wife over to England, as her father, Count Hoyos, was dangerously ill. They came to see us in London, and I was quite distressed to see how emaciated and ill he looked.

It was at Friedrichsruh, which became his home after his father's death in 1898, that Prince Herbert died, in September 1904, and thus the Bismarck episode became as a tale that is told; but the great Chancellor's name is inscribed in the hearts of the German people.

Deichmann and I travelled from Bendeleben to attend the funeral of Prince Herbert, when many of his old colleagues and the Ministers of State assembled at Friedrichsruh. It was indeed a sad day for us, and pathetic to see the fatherless children.

He was laid to rest in the mausoleum, which is not far from the house, and above which is a chapel where divine service is celebrated.

The Princess, who was very delicate, was quite prostrate for a long time after the shock of Prince Herbert's death, and I was kindly invited to Friedrichsruh and tried to make her realise that indeed there is no death, and that love is eternal.

Wonderful powers have been granted Her Highness since, to make Friedrichsruh a centre for her children and grandchildren, and I hear from all sides that the present Prince Otto Bismarck is making a name for himself in the Reichstag.

His sister Gödela is married to the great philosopher, Count Keyserling, whose School of Philosophy at Darmstadt is beginning to be of great influence. His great book, *Journal of Travel of a Philosopher*, lately translated into English, is famous. It is a study of the soul of the nations of the Far East, and is a revelation of their spiritual life and aspirations. I read it with great interest, but felt that Christianity as being the great and final revelation was not expressed as it might have been.

These associations combined in the marriage of my eldest daughter, Hilda, to Karl von Bismarck Osten in 1905. His father, Herr von Bismarck Kniephof, was a cousin of Count Herbert's, and his mother a daughter of the von der Osten family, who had owned the Castle and estate of Plathe in Pomerania for many hundreds of years.

## CHAPTER XIV

### PLATHE AND THE VON DER OSTEN FAMILY

IN connection with my daughter's marriage to Karl von Bismarck Osten, it will perhaps be of interest if I give here a short account of Plathe, and of the von der Osten family, and of the Province of Pomerania.

The river Oder divides the Prussian Province of Pomerania, which forms part of the north of Prussia, into two parts, which are termed "Vor und Hinter Pommern."

This Province was an ancient Dukedom governed by reigning Dukes of Slavonic origin, who reigned supreme as members of the German Empire and dated from prehistoric times to 1637, when they died out. The Province was then divided into two parts, the one being given to the Electors of Brandenburg, according to the treaties made between the two reigning families. The other part (Vor Pommern) was relegated to Queen Christine of Sweden, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, as a reward for the assistance of her father, who fell fighting for the German Protestants in the battle of Lützen.

The Province of Pomerania is about four times as long as it is broad, and the Baltic Sea forms its northern boundary.

Rügen, the largest island of Germany, is a part of Vor Pommern.

The Wends, part of the great Slavonic tribe, were the first inhabitants *nach der Völkerwanderung* of this region of whom anything definite is known.

Owing probably to the great distance of the country from more civilised regions, the first Pomeranians were not converted to Christianity till the missionary journeys of Bishop Otto of Bamberg, and in 1124 many of the Wends were baptised.

Afterwards began the invasion of the Germans, to which most of the old nobility owe their origin, although some families claim descent from the Wends.

The country is flat and about a quarter of it is forest. This consists mostly of fir and fine oaks and beeches. There are no rocks or minerals, excepting the amber which is found on the shores of the Baltic. The stones found were brought by glaciers. Red deer and roebuck abound, and wild boar are still in the country. Wild duck, snipe and woodcock, hares, pheasants and partridges are often seen in large numbers. Many fresh-water lakes adorn the country which, with its inhabitants, has a peculiar stamp of its own. Frederick the Great acknowledged this, and spoke of Pomerania as his most trustworthy Province in his last testament.

The constitution of the country was feudal, and the nobility was entrusted with the execution of the ducal enactments. But they succeeded in wresting most of the authority to themselves, and sought to govern their fiefs independently.

About a dozen of these noble families were the most important ones, and these were termed *Schloss-Gesessen*—that is, those who held fortified castles of their own. Amongst these were the von der Ostens, who owned the fortified Castle of Woldenburg and that near the small town of Plathe, the town itself, and its surrounding villages, amounting to about thirty.

This is to-day still termed the Osten Kreis, or Circle.

The chief town of this Circle was Plathe, which was founded in 1277 as a German town.



The document describing its boundaries and promising a garrison is preserved.

It is probable that Plathe was at a very early time a *castrum*, or fortified castle garrisoned by soldiers, for such existed in Pomerania from earliest times, owing to the insecurity of its inhabitants, who lived in perpetual danger of being attacked by their enemies. The garrison of these castles was drawn from the neighbourhood, which was bound to supply it.

The captain of these castles was the first official of the district, and was titled Castellan. He was in command of all the troops of that division (*Bezirk*), and also of the cavalry which the nobility was bound to furnish.

Probably Plathe was even then in the possession of a Wendish family. According to ancient documents, it belonged in the thirteenth century to the Woedke family, which then possessed much territory near the river Riga, on the banks of which the Castle of Plathe is now built.

Some ancient earthworks near the present town were presumably the site of this oldest castle. From the time the family of von der Osten were in possession of the castle and surrounding land, settled and ordered conditions began to prevail. This family is first mentioned in the twelfth century, and appeared first in this region in 1248, when the names of Ulrich and Friedrich von der Osten appear in ancient manuscripts.

These von der Ostens are described as a family of great importance at that time. Their having come to the assistance of the then reigning Duke and being in a position to protect themselves from the inroads of turbulent people is a proof of this. Heinrich v. d. Osten is mentioned as Captain of Schloss Plathe in 1367, and in 1448 a Knight Dionysius, or "Dinnies," von der Osten is described as taking a prominent part in the

wars of the time. He was termed "the Wise" by his contemporaries, and was in Rome as Councillor and representative of the then reigning Duke at the crowning of Frederick III, on which occasion he was knighted. Tradition ascribes part of the coat-of-arms, a key, as dating from this time, but ancient seals prove it to be older.

The stone castle of the von der Osten family, which now stands as a ruin near the present one, was built by Dinnies, or Dionysius, von der Osten probably towards the end of the fifteenth century. It was protected on one side by the river Riga, and stood on high ground from whence the surrounding district could be scanned.

In 1496 Ewald von der Osten accompanied Duke Bogislav X on his long pilgrimage to Jerusalem, during which they were confronted by many dangers by land and sea. It was at the Holy Sepulchre that Ewald von der Osten was dubbed a Knight by the Duke. He died at the age of eighty-eight.

In 1551 Wedige von der Osten is described as possessing the Castle of Plathe, but in 1577 he was obliged to sell his part of the Plathe estates to Hermann von Blücher; this was owing to the failure of the bank in Stettin belonging to the Loitzen family.

This bank failure was the reason of the impoverishment of most of the great families of Pomerania.

A monument to Wedige von der Osten and his wife, born von Nassow, is now built into the wall near the entrance of the Castle of Plathe, having been removed there by the present owner, Count Bismarck Osten, when the new church was built. Before this it stood in the old church, and was much injured by fire.

Since 1577 the von der Ostens have lived in the small castle which became the principal residence and has been much enlarged. This line of the von der Ostens

have lived in this castle ever since, and the old part of it, with the great banqueting-hall and prisons beneath it, dates from that time.

The castle was a plain oblong building with very thick outside walls, which overlooks the river Riga, the park stretching along it. It appears that Hermann von Blücher bought up most of the possessions of Ewald von der Osten in Plathe, in the course of time ; but he and Ewald both had certain rights there which Hermann von Blücher sought to obtain entirely. But the von der Ostens obstinately opposed this plan, being naturally anxious to be able to regain their old estates, should better conditions enable them to do so.

Plathe having belonged to the von der Ostens for over two hundred years, this was only natural, and Wedige von der Osten succeeded in regaining some of the land, whilst his successors acquired the whole. But meanwhile the Blüchers and von der Ostens were not very amicable neighbours, and history tells of many quarrels.

In 1614 Hans von Blücher and Friedrich von der Osten were engaged in a lawsuit at Stettin.

The disastrous Thirty Years' War, which began in 1618, brought Pomerania and the little town of Plathe also to the verge of ruin, though it reached Pomerania late.

Duke Bogislav XIV had no power to encourage his people to defend themselves from the rising storm. He wavered even as to which flag he should follow.

In 1627 the storm broke over Pomerania. The King of Sweden had enlisted three regiments which were to march against Poland, and demanded a right to march through Pomerania for them. But Duke Bogislav forbade this, as he did not wish to break with his ally, the King of Poland. Bogislav made some show of resistance, but the Swedes went on their way regardless of these obstacles.

The representatives of the Government met in Stettin and concluded that no great preparations for war need be made, as Pomerania was to remain neutral in the great struggle.

In fact, they considered that 1,400 musketeers would suffice to defend the country. Soon after, the Duke made a journey to Franzburg, near Mecklenburg, in spite of the warnings of his counsellors. On his arrival there, the famous Field-Marshal Wallenstein appeared, and demanded that ten regiments of the Imperial troops should be quartered in Pomerania. The representatives of the Government were much against acceding to this, fearing the ultimate results. But the Duke was persuaded by the Imperialists, and allowed eight regiments to be quartered in Pomerania for six weeks. Promises were made, but only to be broken. Instead of eight, nineteen regiments remained in the province for three years. They preyed upon the country in as shameful a manner as if they had been enemies, and the poor Pomeranians had to support them and pay 38,000 thalers into the bargain. "The host was ruined by the guest," describes the situation. Famine and pestilence were everywhere, and many died of hunger. Plathe being on the way to the fortified city of Kolberg added to the miseries the poor little town had to endure. In vain the Duke described the sad state that the country was reduced to by the marching and counter-marching of the troops, and represented the misery of the inhabitants and the condition of utter destitution to which they were reduced.

The churches even were broken into and all that was valuable stolen. The Emperor promised to put an end to this state of affairs, but his troops remained garrisoned in Pomerania and continued their depredations.

In 1630 the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus,



entered Pomerania with a large army and drove out the Imperial troops.

This was no great benefit to the poor starving inhabitants of the country, whose resources were at an end, for the Swedes demanded enormous contributions in money.

After the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the Imperial troops again invaded Pomerania, but in 1636 the Swedes were again victorious and took possession of it.

In 1637 the last Duke of Pomerania died, and then a quarrel began between the rightful successors of the House of Brandenburg and the Swedes.

The Swedes were victorious at last, and they introduced a regular Government by degrees, though the war lasted longer in poor Pomerania than in other parts of Germany, for the Peace of Westphalia did not put an end to the contest between Brandenburg and Sweden. It was only in 1653 that the Swedes abandoned Hinter Pommern and consented to be satisfied with Vor Pommern.

The state of utter destitution that Pomerania went through can be realised from the archives. In 1638, for instance, 200 persons died of the plague in the town of Plathe, and fire consumed what the soldiers had left.

The clearest insight into the sad state of Plathe at that time is given in an inventory taken of the estates of the Landrat Friedrich von der Osten, who died in 1643.

This states that the contributions exacted were more than the income of Friedrich, and that the fields, meadows and gardens belonging to the castle were not cultivated because of the devastations of the war. The grain which had been kept for sowing had been requisitioned by the soldiers, and Andreas von der Osten, the son of Friedrich, had to buy it back in order to use it for sowing.

In the villages and farms the state of things was worse, and thus it is clear that Andreas von der Osten, though he owned a large property, found much difficulty in repopulating and stocking his devastated farms.

In 1644 he married Kunigunde von Dewitz, who brought a large dowry in jewellery, dresses and money. But Andreas died before he could get his estate into proper order, and his last will and testament is preserved. He begins with a profession of faith and a grateful acknowledgment of the virtues of his wife, to whom he leaves all his property.

After that the von der Ostens lived in perpetual strife with the Blücher family, who inhabited the neighbouring castle, until Matthias Conrad von der Osten was married to Clara Sophia, the daughter and heiress of the Blücher family. Thus the estates were again united. In 1721 a son was born to them, but the young wife died a few days afterwards. Her marriage chest, with its coats-of-arms, now stands in the hall of Schloss Plathe.

Matthias Conrad von der Osten regarded it to be his chief duty to increase the estate brought him by his wife and to regain the importance and brilliance that the Plathe-Osten line had had in the past. As his fortune was considerable, he was able to acquire much of the neighbouring lands.

He gave up several great positions he held in Berlin and took up his residence in the Castle of Plathe, and was governor of the Province. King Frederick William I, who was anxious to enlarge Berlin, had insisted on Matthias Conrad's building a fine house there, the plans and estimates for which are preserved in the library of the Castle.

In 1725 Matthias Conrad was married again, to Helena Charlotte von Eickstaedt. He died in Berlin in 1748 and was buried in Plathe.

The life-size oil portrait of him at Schloss Plathe shows a gentleman of that period with a large wig, in elegant dress, and his court dress is still preserved. His first wife, Clara Sophie, is represented in a life-size portrait, and her features were evidently regular. An engraving of that time, which is hung on the wall, was evidently taken from the portrait, and touching poems were written by her father-in-law after her early death.

Two large portraits, surmounted by the royal crown, which hang in the hall at Schloss Plathe, represent the mother of Frederick the Great and his sister Amelia. They were probably presented to Matthias Conrad von der Osten by their Majesties. The Queen, who was the daughter of George I of England, is represented as a stout lady, dressed in crimson velvet and ermine, with a little dog in her arms. The Princess Amelia's picture is a very beautiful one, for her face is lovely, the hair is powdered, and her dress of white brocade harmonises with the hair and delicate colouring of the face.

It is of her that the sad and romantic story is told of a lover, von Trenk, who was not of the blood royal, and of his imprisonment and subsequent death. Princess Amelia retired to a convent and became Abbess of Quedlenburg.

Altogether sixty-four pictures of ancestors adorn the walls of the Castle of Plathe, and sixteen portraits of the reigning Dukes hang in the old banqueting-hall. Some of these pictures date from the early times of the Great Elector, when the armour of the ancient Romans was imitated. The daughter of Matthias Conrad, the lovely Countess Clary, and Frau v. Bassewitz, are specially mentioned in early descriptions of the pictures of Plathe, and the portrait of the latter was painted by Tischbein, a great artist of that time. She is represented tatting with a large shuttle of mother-of-pearl,

which is still kept among the family treasures of Plathe. Thus the past seems to come before one in this interesting old house.

But the great figure which stands out amongst all others is that of the son of Matthias Conrad von der Osten, and his first wife, the Kammerheer, or Chamberlain, von der Osten who came into possession of Plathe in 1749. In 1752 he married Charlotte Henrietta von Liebeherr, who brought what was in those days considered a large dowry. "The Chamberlain," as he is familiarly called, is a household word at Schloss Plathe, for he collected the large library of 12,000 volumes, the valuable engravings, the charts and maps, and the large collection of Pomeranian coins, for which Plathe is famous. He must have been one of the great savants of that time, and many volumes of his manuscripts, with catalogues of his collections and his books in his handwriting, are in the library, as well as his correspondence with the learned men of that time. About three thousand volumes of the history of Pomerania alone, all that then existed, were collected by the Chamberlain. This is described as follows by M. Bernouilli, who travelled to Pomerania in 1777.

He first mentions the three thousand volumes of the history of Pomerania; secondly, a large collection of manuscripts which describe the country. Amongst these is a large part of a very ancient chronicle and much which the learned Chamberlain added to with his own hands. Thirdly, a considerable collection of maps of Pomerania. Of these, two hundred existed, and Herr von der Osten possessed most of them. One was a wood engraving of some hundred years old. Fourthly, a large collection of maps of Pomeranian towns, of which over fifty are of the town of Stettin. Fifthly, the collection of Pomeranian coins, which was as perfect as possible when the turbulent condition of the country



at the time is taken into consideration. It is still the largest existing collection of Pomeranian coins, and forms part of the entailed property of Plathe. Much money left the country or was melted down at that time. Some of the silver and gold medals in this collection are three to four hundred years old, and of fine workmanship. Sixthly, the portraits of the Pomeranian Dukes since the time when portraits began to be taken. Seventhly, a large collection of engravings of Pomeranian princes, statesmen, learned men, etc. Eighthly, some antiquities, amongst others an urn which was found under the soil on the estate of Herr von der Osten and was still filled with bones. Then the works of the Chamberlain are enumerated; amongst others, the genealogies of the noble families of Pomerania, with historical notes in alphabetical order. Also an index of all the charts of Pomerania, as well as of the towns and the medals and coins, is mentioned. This traveller of 1777 describes an old print of the castle as it was then and the old part is now, that is, an old and very strong oblong building, the grey walls ornamented with a rather obliterated fresco of armed men at a tournament. Of this only three figures are now visible. A cabinet in the castle and a small collection of pictures are also mentioned. These the Chamberlain had inherited from his father, and some of the pictures now in the castle are described, as also the great hall.

The so-called Blücher Schloss was then, as now, uninhabited.

The Osten Schloss was originally built in three sides of a square, but two wings were destroyed during the Thirty Years' War. The ancient moat still surrounds part of the castle, but the drawbridge is replaced by a bridge of stone. Since 1848 old estates held in fief from the Crown have been freed from this burden and could be entailed. The grandfather of the present

owner entailed the estate of Plathe, and the heir was bound to assume the title of Count, which the Emperor Frederick had given to his grandfather in 1888.

During 1910 to 1912, the two wings of Schloss Plathe, which had been destroyed in the Thirty Years' War, were built up again with all modern improvements, partly on the old foundations, by the present owner. Most of the building is in the style of the finest edifices in Pomerania. The decorations of the interior, such as doors, fireplaces and the large columns which support the hall, are exact imitations of the same which are still preserved in the old Blücher Schloss, which is now preserved as a ruin. Thus the new additions to Schloss Plathe are of the same style as the old part, and no difference is observable between the old building and the new. Some fine old tapestries representing the history of Abraham cover the walls of the drawing-room, which was built to fit them, and one of the famous portraits of Prince Bismarck, by Franz von Lenbach, hangs in the billiard-room.

## CHAPTER XV

### A MEDLEY OF MEMORIES : MOSTLY OF THE EIGHTIES AND NINETIES

As the eldest son of the patrician Deichmann family of Cologne, whose private bank in London, Horstman & Co., of 2 Crosby Square, E.C., was well known, my husband had come to London at the age of twenty-one to study English business methods. Being fond of sport and horses, English life had a great attraction for him, and when he was rich enough to keep hunters he was introduced to the Bicester Hunt by the Marquis of Hertford, a friend of the family. He had hunted with what was known as "the Bicester Brigade" for twenty-five years, when shortly after our marriage in 1877 he bought a small cottage close to the town of Bicester and built The Garth. Till then he had stayed at the King's Arms Hotel, with some hunting friends, Colonel Gibbs, Major Dyne and Mr. Iveson.

The following account of Deichmann appeared in a work entitled *Sports and Sportsmen*, with a portrait by "Spy."

### BARON DEICHMANN

1831-1907

BARON DEICHMANN, who was born at Cologne in 1831, belonged to a family who for generations were known for their love of horses. His grandfather drove a team of browns in days when such a spectacle was almost unknown, and his stud was a fine one. The

team in question were confiscated by Napoleon I for his use when he invaded the Rhine provinces.

When quite a child, the Baron showed his sporting tastes and drove four goats in the procession of the carnival at Cologne. Ponies afterwards took the place of goats, but all were groomed and harnessed by their young master, who thus in early years learned to understand the management of horses.

On obtaining his majority, the Baron settled in England, where he was recommended to the Prussian Minister by an autograph letter from the Emperor William, then Prince of Prussia. Soon after his arrival in the country of his adoption, the Baron was introduced to the English hunting-field, for, thanks to the kind offices of the Marquis of Hertford, the subject of this biography was elected a member of the Bicester Hunt, with which pack he hunted regularly for years, and his weight-carrying hunters were well known all over the shires.

In 1877 he married Madame de Krause, *née* Hilda de Bunsen, who was brought up in England, and whose brother, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, is at the present time British Ambassador at Madrid.

Baron Deichmann's wedding trip was a somewhat novel experience for both bride and bridegroom. It took the form of a coaching tour throughout Germany; and on occasions the wedding party met with some adventures, and the accommodation provided at the various stopping-places was in the majority of cases of a most indifferent description.

On the Baron's return to England, he purchased The Garth at Bicester. Unfortunately, failing eyesight prevented him hunting as much as formerly, and what may well be termed the sport of his life, coaching, became more and more his favourite pastime, and his coach was a well-known feature at the meets of the Bicester pack.

For many years he was a member of the Coaching Club, and, in contrast to some members, invariably





PORTRAIT OF BARON DEICHMANN IN FOUR-IN-HAND UNIFORM.

From the cartoon in *Vanity Fair* by Spy.



wore his uniform when driving. His horses were browns, the old sporting sort, long and low, being for the greater part Irish hunters of the best quality. The Baron personally selected and purchased his teams, generally in Ireland, where a likely brown was always kept for him.

The ambition of Baron Deichmann's life may be said to have been realised when in 1888 he was unanimously elected a member of the Four-in-Hand Club. His coach and horses were well known in Europe and America and won many prizes at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. Many distinguished people were found from time to time on his box-seat, the King of Saxony with other royalties, and amongst his coaching compeers and friends may be mentioned the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Cork, Sir Thomas Peyton, the Earl of Ancaster, Lord Newlands, the Earl of Jersey, General Sir Reginald Gipps, Baron Schröder, Lord Lawrence, Mr. Slater Harrison, and Sir Ivor Herbert of Llanarth. On the road the Baron was universally popular and invariably greeted the omnibus-drivers with his whip as they passed him, a courtesy which was, as may be imagined, enthusiastically acknowledged by them. Prince Münster, when German Ambassador to England, and Baron Deichmann met almost daily during the coaching season, making expeditions together.

Baron Deichmann kept two teams after his admission to the Four-in-Hand, and they were in constant use. He never failed to attend the meets of the Coaching and Four-in-Hand Clubs, always driving to Hurlingham and the Crystal Palace afterwards. On one occasion, after a wet meet, he and Prince Henry of Pless were the sole representatives of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club at Hurlingham. The Baron's coach was regularly to be seen in the Coaching Club and Four-in-Hand enclosures during the Ascot week, but he never went in for racing.

Latterly the Baron's health failed him, and he could not drive his team, but he always kept his horses,

hoping to turn out again, and his interest in the affairs of the coaching clubs continued keen to the last.

A personal friend of the German Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, and of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Baron Deichmann died at Dresden on November 12th, 1907, regretted by a large circle of friends in England and Germany, and his constant endeavours to bring about a good understanding between the two countries were acknowledged in both.

When, after the death of my brother-in-law, Deichmann undertook the management of Bendeleben, it was settled that we should go there for some months every autumn. This was a great joy to me, as Wilhelm was at school at Dresden, and I was anxious to bring him up as a German. Thus we spent the autumn and part of the winter at Bendeleben, Deichmann taking three of his riding-horses and the children's ponies. Some of the grooms and our house-parlourmaids came also, and it was quite an exodus. The girls were sent to Bendeleben as soon as their school in London was closed, and the summer holidays began, and Wilhelm met them coming from Dresden, where he was at school at the German Eton, "the Vitzthum Institution." It was all so happy for them, coming from the more confined life in London and their school there.

We spent Christmas at Bendeleben, when Wilhelm arrived from Dresden, bringing many parcels, and the heads of departments were invited for Christmas Eve, when we arranged a large tree and presents for each on tables round it in the German fashion. It was all arranged by Deichmann's wish on a large scale, and reminded one of *The Arabian Nights*.

The women and girls, who were members of the kind of clubs which I had founded, came also, and the Christmas-tree was moved into the hall, whilst they



stood around to sing the old Christmas hymns and receive a present of warm clothing which we had prepared for each. But the greatest joy was to have the school-children, who filled the hall and staircase. A magic-lantern with slides of fairy-stories and comic figures was their great joy.

We arranged a school-feast in the park for the schools every autumn, when "Aunt Sally" was introduced and proved a great success. Games were played, but dancing to the village band was the great attraction, the people here being of a festive turn of mind. Chocolate and cakes were served in the avenue, and it was a very animated and pretty scene.

The parents and villagers generally were a sympathetic audience, and at the close of the festivities the children passed before us and received a present each.

But my birthday, at the end of November, was the great fête-day for the village. I was roused from my slumbers by the singing of my favourite hymns by the girls, and cards of congratulation from the villages poured in. Deputations arrived from the church, headed by the clergyman, and the schools by the schoolmasters. The burgomaster also appeared with a bouquet, the heads of departments and head gardener, and all partook of cake and wine.

Herr von Wasielewski, an old friend of the Deichmann family, and his wife and three sons came to stay over my birthday, for we arranged some theatricals every year, in which the girls and I took part, with the help of the Wasielewskis, who acted with us and performed in the orchestra. We chose light and amusing pieces, and acted in the upstairs hall, which suited very well, and the rehearsals amused us all.

A connection of Wilhelm's, Herta von Wachholz, was with us at Bendeleben for some years as governess-companion to the girls. She was very talented and a

great help in the theatricals and concerts we got up. Herr von Wasielewski had been a musical conductor at Bonn, from whence he was often at Mehlemer Aue with the Deichmanns. He was living at Sondershausen for the education of his three sons, and was much at Bendeleben, bringing his violin and playing the old classical music with me and my daughter Hilda.

He was a very interesting personality and had been intimate with Schumann, of whom he wrote a Memoir, as also the history of the violin, and his wife played the piano very well.

Herr and Frau von Ruxleben of Schloss Rottleben were our kind neighbours, Rottleben being the next village to Bendeleben, and they came to all our little fêtes, and their sons also, the youngest son Walter joining our picnics in the woods, skating parties, etc. I little thought then that in 1909 he would become Elsa's husband. But riding was the great attraction, and my lovely chestnut hack, Sunbeam, a great pleasure.

Every autumn we rode to Bonnrode, a farmhouse and property some way from Bendeleben, which was a long and beautiful expedition through the forest. There were shooting parties to which our friends from Berlin, Count August Eulenburg, the Lord Chamberlain to the Emperor, and his brother, Count Botho, and others came.

The official people from Sondershausen, whence the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen was governed, and the court society came over to Bendeleben, and we were most kindly received by all and drove over to their parties.

Some members of the Uckermann family, who used to live at Bendeleben, came to stay and were interested in the place. Baron Gustav von Uckermann, thinking to please us, asked the Prince to bestow a patent of nobility upon Deichmann, and the papers with a coat-

of-arms were made out and sent officially to Deichmann. This was, however, not in his line, the old families of Cologne being proud of their position as patricians, and the proposed honour was not accepted. The Prince, being a man of the world, understood the situation, but the old nobility of Schwarzburg felt aggrieved.

It was very magnanimous of the Prince to send his aide-de-camp to Bendeleben on Deichmann's birthday there in October 1907, with the order of the Red Lion of the first class; this was the greatest order that the Prince could give, and was mostly bestowed on his Ministers and functionaries. It is a large order of white enamel, with a painting of a red lion on it, and the colours of the Schwarzburg family attached to it on a ribbon. The Princess had sent for me to ask if they could in any way please my husband, who had done so much for Bendeleben and the country generally. I told Her Highness that Deichmann would feel extremely honoured and flattered if this order was bestowed upon him. Being in a very weak state at the time, I told him it would arrive on his birthday, so that he was prepared to receive it in due style.

Our relations with the Court of Sondershausen were good, and when I first arrived, the aged Prince Gunther used to come out with one of his gentlemen to visit me. He did not, as reigning Prince, usually pay visits, but regarded me as an exception. He had very decided features and the somewhat thick lips of the Schwarzburg family, had only travelled once in his life, going to Italy when he was young, and spoke with the Thuringian accent. There was an amusing incident connected with his visits to Bendeleben, which is typical of the conservative arrangement at his Court.

Chocolate and cakes were served when His Highness arrived, also when I was out. This perplexed the Prince, who asked me how it was possible.

I explained about my household always being ready to receive visitors, but the Prince said that this would be impossible at his Court. His grandfather had ordered the kitchen fire to go out after the midday dinner, and nothing could be had hot after that hour! To alter this seemed impossible, when I had a happy thought, and proposed a gas-ring in His Highness's apartments, which bold scheme was carried out.

Once when I was riding through the town and passed the guard-house near the castle, the sentry, naturally thinking I was one of the Princesses, saluted me. One of the Ministers, seeing this, announced the fact to the Colonel, and there must have been great consternation, for it was delicately intimated to me that it would be better if I drove to town in future, and I of course understood.

Once at a party at the castle, and sitting on the Prince's left, I noticed that two tall halberdiers, who were standing behind His Highness, had ropes hanging round their necks, which looked very peculiar in their smart uniforms. I asked my host the meaning of this, and was informed that it represented the right the Prince had to hang people. I enquired if His Highness had ever exercised this prerogative, to which he answered, "Gott bewahre!" (God forbid!).

It was in 1888, after the death of the Emperor William I, who had attained to a great age, that Deichmann and I rode up to Jagdschloss, the shooting-box in the forest where the aged Prince spent his afternoons. "The Emperor died young," said the Prince. "He was always delicate, and I said he would die of a cold. Look at me. I am older, and shall live to be a hundred, for I have given over the government to my son." The Prince was nearly that age when he died.

He lived in part of the Schloss with his daughter,



Princess Elizabeth, and his younger son, Prince Leopold, who was unmarried. Music was the great resource at the Court, and Princess Elizabeth sang and Prince Leopold played the violin, "well enough for a Prince," as the professionals said. The good orchestra and theatre, with the schools and cheap living, attracted many to the little town, and many pupils from the British Isles were there. There were lectures and concerts and much intellectual life.

A good road passes by Bendeleben between Sondershausen and Frankenhausen, but it was a full hour's drive to Sondershausen in the carriage. We used to send this to fetch and take back our guests, till the railway was built. When I first arrived, four horses took the carriage over the mountain to get to the station on the other side and so reach the big railway lines.

In 1880 the son of the old Prince succeeded his father, and his wife, of the reigning house Sachsen-Altenburg, was always a kind friend to me. She is now an old lady with white hair, but tall and stately still. Her favourite residence is Schloss Gehren, an old house which she arranged to her taste and where Deichmann and I spent happy days at the invitation of their Highnesses. There are two tiny rooms above the gateway, where till 1828 two so-called witches were confined for many years, and the old feudal conditions, which obliged the people to work for their master for certain days in the week, lingered very late in these parts.

Prince Gunther had a bad accident out shooting in his forest, after which his health failed him. He was a great sportsman, and had, as he thought, killed a huge boar, and was standing over it, when it rose once more and wounded the Prince in the knee with its huge tusk.

There were no children of the marriage, and the Prince died in 1909. His successor was Prince Gunther of the line of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and his wife was a Princess Schönberg. They lived mostly at the ancestral castle of Schwarzburg, which is grandly situated above the town of Rudolstadt, and came to Sondershausen to reside in the old part of the Schloss for part of the year. They also had a large shooting-box on the Kyffhäuser mountain, where the Prince used to stay in the autumn to shoot the red deer which abounded there then. Now, alas! the Republic and the waves of the Revolution have swept away the red deer and wild boar. The Prince lived as a private gentleman, all rights having been taken from him and his income much restricted. As there were no children, the house of Schwarzburg, like so many others of the smaller States, came to an end when the Prince died in 1925.

*Sic transit gloria mundi*, and indeed all has its time, but many centres of government have been closed, and the smaller States united by the Republican Government into the Province of Gross Thüringer, the capital being Weimar.

Much under the old regime may have been antiquated and out of date, but the otherwise cheerful little town of Sondershausen looks desolate now, and its glory departed after the revolution. Some of the old court officials eke out a sad existence, and struggle to live on their pensions, which now represent so little, and it is distressing to think of their poverty. But all bear it bravely, keeping no servant, mostly, and adapting themselves to the new circumstances as well as may be.

In England there are, indeed, many changes, but I have not heard of our class of people committing suicide in despair, which, alas! is often the case there

when, having sold all they had, starvation stares them in the face.

The wonderful work of the Quakers is impossible to describe, and entirely appreciated in all classes here, but to find out those terrible cases of suffering among people who are too proud to beg seems impossible on a large scale.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE KNIGHTS OF BENDELEBEN

It was in 1873, before my marriage, that I studied the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, by Count Montalembert, as she had been the patron saint of Thuringia and connected with the Wartburg. In this book I found that a Freifrau von Bendeleben named Bertha had been sent with a deputation by the Landgraf Hermann von Thüringen, in the year 1211, to Hungary to bring the little daughter of King Andreas II to Thuringia. She became known as St. Elizabeth, and was taken there when four years of age, as she was betrothed to Prince Ludwig, the son of the Landgraf, and was to be educated with him.

The chronicles record that the little Princess was arrayed in a silk gown and brought a silver cradle and bath, with jewellery of rings and crowns, two necklaces, a silver cup and silk curtains, also 1,000 lbs. in silver, to the Wartburg, the castle of the Landgraf. The deputation sent was a large and brilliant one, with Count Meinhard von Mühlberg and his wife, and many knights and nobles, besides Bertha von Bendeleben. An old French chronicle describes her as follows :

“ Il [le duc Hermann] choisit pour cette mission le Comte Meinhard de Muhlbert et Madame Berthe, veuve d'Egilof de Bendeleben, qui était connue par sa sagesse et sa modestie, et, en outre, belle, pieuse et honorable en tout. Elle eut pour compagnes deux nobles belles demoiselles et deux écuyers. Les ambassadeurs avaient une suite d'au moins trente chevaux.”



Bertha of Bendeleben must have been a distinguished lady of great position at the Court of Hermann of Thuringia to have been entrusted with so confidential and difficult a mission, but no more details as to her future life are given in the chronicles.

This short account, however, had assured me that a family of knights must have lived at Bendeleben, and it was a great interest to me to find out what I could about them in later years, when little was known about them. Above all, a collection of old papers and parchments with great seals attached to some, and which ranged from 1100 to the end of 1700, which belonged to the archives at Bendeleben, enlightened me.

I found them in a very neglected state in an open basket, and was not able to read the old German characters. Fortunately, Pastor Wiedemann of Bendeleben was willing and able to help me, and by degrees he and I arranged a book which is called *The Chronicles of Bendeleben*, and was published in 1899.

The family of von Wurmb, whose old castle is not far from there, were the possessors of Bendeleben in 1700, and many papers concerning the Bendeleben family are in the archives. They were kindly interested in my researches, and Dr. von Wurmb made out a family tree of the different generations and branches for my book. I travelled to Stolberg also to enquire at the library of the Prince, and the librarian was very helpful. At Berlin also the Heralds' Office was asked to collect information, and thus in time the history of the Knights of Bendeleben was put together.

The earliest notice of 1100 is about a *libera femina*, or *Freifrau*, Ascuit von Bendeleben of that name, who gave some land to a convent, and the earliest papers are signed or sealed by different members of the family, who were witnesses at transfer of land, etc., till all became more detailed in later years.

There were accounts of a fine castle of this family at Bendeleben in the papers, above all, of a *Goldene Stube*, or Golden Hall, for festivities, but all I could hear of it was very legendary. At last, at the back of an old map, I found a painting of a German castle, with pointed towers and an entrance gate, and it is evident that additions were made at different times. A picture of this is a great addition to the chronicle of Bendeleben. A massive gold ring, which was found underground, with a "B" and their coat-of-arms underneath, was brought to me. It must have been worn by a very big man, or perhaps on his thumb, according to the fashion of those days. It was advertised by the Government of Sondershausen, who endeavoured to find some descendant who would be its rightful owner. A grandmother of the Uckermann family had been a Freien von Bendeleben, and this family therefore seemed the rightful owners. An old Baron Uckermann was then living at Sondershausen, and he still had a great affection for Bendeleben, where I was pleased to see him when he came thither, and at his wish I accepted the Bendeleben ring from him, as he was anxious that it should remain at Bendeleben and in my care. It was a link with the shadowy past, and I was glad to think that the place was historic, and that there had always been a family there to look after it according to their capabilities and the manner of the times.

A translation from the local newspapers concerning our life at Bendeleben may be of interest.

"In the spring of the year 1885 the guardian of Wilhelm von Krause, his uncle, Herr von Risselmann, died, and Mr. Deichmann, the stepfather of the heir of Bendeleben, undertook the care of the estate. From that time Bendeleben had the pleasure of welcoming

his whole family. He, with his wife and three daughters, arrived with some of their servants and riding horses and children's ponies, with their attendant grooms, and spent three to four months in Bendeleben, every year, arriving from London in the early autumn and staying over Christmas and New Year. An animated social life began at the house, guests of distinction arriving from all quarters, among others Count Eulenburg, the President of Hessen-Nassau, and his Countess, and his brother Count August, the Lord Chamberlain, of the Court of Berlin, and Count Posadowsky, the Minister of the Interior, and his family. Above all, friends from Sondershausen came, the carriage fetching and taking them back; Princess Marie, the wife of the Prince of Sondershausen, and her lady-in-waiting also came.

"There was a treat for the school-children every year in the park, when refreshments were served in the avenue and each child received an appropriate present. At Christmas heads of departments and the household servants were invited to the Christmas-tree, as also the wives of the working people and the school-children. For the little ones a magic lantern was provided.

"The winter evenings passed pleasantly for the house party, with music, and a play was acted every year on the Baroness's birthday, to which many of the villagers were invited, the Pastor of Bendeleben writing some fairy-stories which were acted by the family and friends.

"The Baroness played the piano very well, whilst Joseph von Wasielewski, the violinist, who lived at Sondershausen, was often at Bendeleben with his family to supervise and organise the music there. He had been musical conductor at Bonn, and was acquainted with the Deichmann family, and often at their country place, Mehlemer Aue on the Rhine. His beautiful playing of classical music, accompanied by the mistress of the house and her daughter Hilda, was a great enjoyment, and he often paid long visits to Bendeleben.

His wife came when she could leave her house and her three sons, who attended the high school at Sondershausen, and the boys helped with the theatricals, which seem to have been a great success.

“Herr Deichmann,” continues the newspaper account, “had the misfortune to break his leg badly just before the war of 1870, which incapacitated him for active service for some time; but he had much important work for the Red Cross to do, and was employed in bringing the wounded out of the firing-line after the battles, for which devoted work he received the Iron Cross.

“Later, he was responsible for large numbers of French prisoners on the Rhine, mostly black ones, called Turcos, who were very difficult to manage. The French soldiers were more amenable and happy when a theatre had been erected for them. In 1883, the title of Privy Councillor was given to Mr. Deichmann, and the Emperor Frederick, whom he had known since his student days at Bonn, gave him the title of Baron, or Freiherr, in 1888, whilst the Prince of Sondershausen sent him his greatest order, the Cross of Honour, on the occasion of his last birthday.”

The newspaper continues to describe my son Wilhelm von Krause's career till his coming-of-age festivities.

When Wilhelm was thirteen he was sent to the German Eton, the then private school of the Count of Vitztum in Dresden, where he remained six years, and left after passing the so-called Abiturienten Examination, which opens the door to State careers in Germany. A year at Oxford, where he was a member of Balliol College, was a time of leisure for him, and we arranged to meet him at Bendeleben for his summer holidays, whilst he came to us at 8 Chester Street for Christmas. In October 1895 he joined the regiment of the 2nd Lancers of the Guard, as officer of the Reserve, for a year, and



took part in the great manœuvres of the Emperor in Saxony.

In 1896 he began his studies in the University of Berlin, whilst his stepfather, Baron Deichmann, continued to be entrusted with the management and arrangement of his estate of Bendeleben.

It had always been our wish that Wilhelm should take up diplomacy, and thus continue his father's career, and he spent some time at Paris studying at the Bibliothèque Nationale, where he found the necessary books for the French treatise he had to prepare in order to pass his examination at Berlin.

His first post was Rome in 1900, where he was attached to the Prussian Legation, and I with my daughter Hilda and her friend, Countess Posadowsky, visited him there, remaining some weeks and returning via Naples and Florence. Helen Posadowsky was the daughter of the Minister of the Interior for Germany. We did not go into society, but saw many interesting *savants*. Wilhelm often accompanied us in excursions in the afternoon.

It was after his diplomatic examination that Wilhelm, according to the German fashion of gentlemen being brought up to manage their own estates, spent some time on another property, in order to learn farming.

His second post was Secretary at Guatemala, where he remained for over two years, enjoying the open-air life and visiting on horseback the coffee plantations, many of which were in German hands. After working about six months at the Foreign Office at Berlin, he was transferred to The Hague as Second Secretary, during the year of the Peace Conference.

Finding The Hague rather a dull post, he took a year's leave to study forestry at the State College of Forestry at Münden, in Hanover, a small town very picturesquely situated, where the Verra and Fulda unite

to form the Weser River. In 1908 he accompanied me and his sister Elsa on our journey to Roumania, to spend some time in the Castle of Pelesh, in the Carpathians, staying with the King Carol and Queen Elizabeth in their fairy-like castle, surrounded by magnificent mountains.

Wilhelm's next post was Athens, where Queen Sophie, the sister of the German Emperor, was a friend of mine, and where he spent a year, finding a very interesting diplomatic situation when M. Venizelos first came into power and Wilhelm represented Germany as Chargé d'Affaires.

After Deichmann's death in 1907, the estate was managed by Baron Mackinsen, appointed by Prince Münster, Wilhelm's guardian. In 1911 Wilhelm took over the estate himself and left the diplomatic service.

When the war broke out in 1914 Wilhelm was First Lieutenant of Reserve of the 2nd Lancers of the Guard.

After having been attached to an Army Service Column, Wilhelm was transferred to the Military Government of the occupied territory in France, passing about eighteen months at Landrecies, Département du Nord. The regulation of agriculture, in which he was concerned, became very complicated as time went on, even the quantity of milk to be delivered from every cow and the eggs which were supposed to be laid by every hen being decided from Headquarters. Several thousands of cows from Germany were introduced into the Landrecies district to make full use of the extensive meadows in this part of France. In exchange many horses were sent from there to Germany. At the beginning of the battle of the Somme, on July 1st, 1916, Wilhelm was in command of a company of the 11th Dragoons, but still with the uniform of a captain of his Lancer Regiment.

He was taken prisoner, together with almost the

whole of that ill-fated regiment, a French attack following on five days' incessant bombardment of the German trenches, the regiment being at last attacked from front and rear.

Thus commenced three and a half years' captivity. He was at first reported missing, and my brother, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, arrived from London to tell me this, when Marie Thérèse and I were staying at The Dell, near Windsor, which was lent us by Baron Schröder. We could not but fear that he was killed, until three weeks afterwards we heard that he was taken prisoner.

After a few days in the citadel of Amiens, where they were not unkindly treated, he and about thirty of his brother officers were sent to Châteauneuf, an old fort in Brittany. Here he remained for about two years under tolerable conditions of life. He was allowed to build a little wooden hut as a private study, and arranged a course of English lessons for some of his brother officers by means of conversation and essays.

Most of these young officers had some knowledge of English; a special course of study was arranged for schoolmasters who had already passed their examinations in English and were anxious to improve themselves. But the camp football, tennis and croquet were a great resource. After the American Young Men's Christian Association had presented a wooden Assembly Hall, concerts and lectures were held.

From Châteauneuf Wilhelm was sent to Toulon, and taken on board the hospital ship *Asia*, making two journeys between Toulon and Salonika to fetch the wounded. He was sent as a hostage with ten other German officers. I was naturally very anxious and wrote to the Commandant, Roland of Châteauneuf, who gave me news most kindly and with whom I had a pleasant correspondence.

After two years at Châteauneuf, Wilhelm and other

officers who had been prisoners for this length of time were sent to Uzès, where all officers were concentrated who were to be passed on to Switzerland, according to an arrangement which had been made between the French and German Governments. Having reached Annecy, near the Lake of Geneva, and being already quite near the frontier, where freedom awaited them, the conclusion of the Armistice put an end to the execution of the Franco-German agreement, and Wilhelm had now to pass a year and a half longer in French captivity, although all French prisoners were sent back in a few weeks after the Armistice. About seven months later all the German officers were transferred from Annecy to La Courtine, Dép. Creuse ; a number of them having escaped from Annecy across the Swiss frontier, some were recaptured and brought back. Annecy was a big camp, where about 2,000 German officers were interned.

Wilhelm was liberated and returned to Germany in February 1920, having been a prisoner for three and a half years. His captivity was somewhat relieved by his undertaking several administrative posts in the different camps. He was senior officer at Châteauneuf for some time, and also filled representative posts at La Courtine, where he undertook the task of bringing the desires and grievances of the German officer prisoners before the French authorities. Many improvements in the camp were effected in time. The French officers desiring to alleviate the lot of the prisoners as far as possible, walks and games were organised outside the enclosures of the camp.

In February 1920 Wilhelm arrived at Bendeleben, in uniform and very little changed, though his hair had grown grey, and took up his work there.

It was a curious coincidence that Wilhelm, as senior officer, received the Brazilian Minister to Paris on his



visit to Châteauneuf at the same time that my brother, Sir Maurice, was on his special diplomatic mission to the South American Republic, and had lately visited Rio.

Marie Thérèse and I had arrived at Bendeleben in June 1919. Maurice arranged for us to come to Bendeleben in Germany, the Dutch Legation in London giving us permission to pass through Holland. We were among the first to arrive in Germany, and spent a night at Hanover, where we were able to communicate with Elsa again by telephone.

Marie Thérèse and I spent the summer at Bendeleben, sharing the rations, but not suffering real hardship. Herr von Krosigk, who had studied farming at Bendeleben for a year before the war, came over from his place at Gröna, near Bernburg, in Anhalt, and became engaged to Marie Thérèse, with my permission. The young pair had thought of one another during the years of the war, and I had every reason to welcome Anton von Krosigk as a son-in-law.

The Krosigks are a very old family in Anhalt, and his house and estate have been theirs for many hundreds of years.

Not realising that the long delayed peace would be signed soon and that Wilhelm would return, the wedding at Bendeleben was arranged for on December 1st, 1919. Anton's mother and sister, with her two little girls, and two of his uncles, Admiral General von Krosigk with bridesmaids and groomsmen, arrived to be present. Anton had made himself very popular with the people at Bendeleben, who filled the church. I made a speech at the wedding breakfast, and the young couple drove off in Anton's phaeton. Thus, when Wilhelm returned, all gathered at Bendeleben, Hilda Bismarck arriving from Plathe.

I had to return to London, where I had much business

awaiting me. Elsa and her husband, Walter von Ruxleben, being so near Bendeleben and Elsa doing so much to help Wilhelm, and both coming over to Bendeleben was a great resource.

For a long time all had hoped for a happy marriage for Wilhelm, and my joy was great when, in October 1921, a telegram reached me in London to announce his engagement to Princess Lieven.

She is the daughter of Herr von Schmidthals, who was Second Secretary at the German Embassy in London when I was the wife of the First Secretary, Herr von Krause. Herr von Schmidthals married a Countess Benkendorf, of the Dutch branch of that family, and Franzina, my lovely daughter-in-law, is their daughter. Wilhelm had for many years been a friend of her brother Hugo von Schmidthals, who was a diplomat, and at the German Legation with him in Guatemala.

During the Revolution she and Prince Lieven, with her daughter Alexandra, had to flee from their place in the Baltic Provinces and took refuge in Dresden with her relations. The Prince was in bad health and much tried by these events, and died soon after, in 1919. His widow then settled in a small place near Dresden, and was married from there in the village church to my son, on December 12th, 1921.

I came over from London and travelled to Dresden, and Wilhelm and I drove over in deep snow to his wedding. Franzina, or "Kika," as she is called, was lovely in white and gold and wearing the beautiful Lieven jewels—among others a curious and valuable bracelet, which had been given to her great-aunt, the Princess Lieven, who was Russian Ambassadress in London at the time of the Napoleonic wars. On it are engraved the names of the great English ladies of that time, who presented her with the bracelet.

Wilhelm and his wife settled at Bendeleben, where

a warm welcome from the people awaited them. My rooms there are at my disposal, and old traditions are kept up. How happy I am to pay long visits to them in the autumn; and Kika was kindly welcomed by many when she came over with Elsa in October 1922, and stayed at Abbey Lodge. She speaks English fluently, and has a great knowledge of London, having been there before. My brother was pleased to take her about in his motor. In the spring of 1925 she and her daughter came to us in Chelsea.

She brought her lovely Louis XVI furniture to Bendeleben and made her sitting-rooms suitable for her.

Her daughter Alexandra was eighteen, and much interested in farming, working with the people from six o'clock till dinner-time every day and doing any work required. She left to study agriculture at the University of Jena, where a stay of three years is required till the final examination is passed.

Being of the Victorian Age, I was somewhat perturbed by these modern ideas at first, but could but admire her enthusiasm and daily appearance to help with the work, no weather keeping her at home.

Before I left Bendeleben in December 1923 she had a dangerous accident, falling from one of the farm carts under the wheel, which went over her. She recovered slowly.

When the Princess Royal, as Crown Princess of Prussia, came to England, I often saw her in Buckingham Palace and at Windsor, and my loyal devotion to Her Royal Highness and the then Crown Prince could only be strengthened when so many troubles assailed them.

Their Royal Highnesses invited my parents and me to dine at the German Embassy in London, when the Prince told us that he had read my grandfather's Life before coming over to London.

In later years I saw Her Royal Highness privately at Berlin and Potsdam, as also at the court parties, and it was in 1887 that I was invited to attend her on horseback during the manœuvres which were held near the Rhine.

It was my duty to ride close behind the Princess. The Crown Princess was Colonel of the famous Black Hussar Regiment of Cavalry, and led them past the Emperor to his great satisfaction. She rode beautifully, as did Princess Victoria, who accompanied her.

We were in the saddle all day in blazing heat, and I do not think that my chestnut hack Sunbeam would have stood the strain of those days had he not been in the care of his English groom, who fed him up and did all in his power to make him fit.

It was the last day of the great parade which closed the manœuvres, which was most trying for horses and riders. Sunbeam and I were tightly wedged in a crowd of officers and officials of the Emperor's staff. I had the Field-Marshal, Count Moltke, on my right, and General von Roon, the Minister for War, was on the other side. Sunbeam did not recover from the strain for a long time.

At times I had to ride up with the Princess, and I could not but be pleased with my lovely Sunbeam. He had never, as far as I know, seen any soldiers or such crowds as we met when we rode through the villages. He might have been difficult to manage, but the greater the crowd and the louder the cheers, the better he was pleased, and proudly showed himself off. The old Emperor William admired him, and was pleased to see me riding.

The last time I saw His Majesty was when he galloped along the lines of troops and took their salutes. This ceremony took hours, and I was sorry for the men, who had been so long under arms in great heat.



It was the year after, in 1888, that the Emperor Frederick died at the Palace at Potsdam, after a long period of suffering. Deichmann and I had seen him last at Norwood, where he was under the care of Sir Morell Mackenzie. He was unable to speak, but wrote a little note to say how glad he was to see us. He had been Emperor for only three months when he died.

On the Emperor's creating Deichmann a *Freiherr* or Baron, the order was made out for us and sent after the Emperor's death. We were in London, but immediately started for Potsdam, where the widowed Empress was, to express our thanks and loyal devotion. It was most pathetic to see her in the deep mourning prescribed for widowed Empresses, flowing black draperies and a black *crêpe* headdress, to which a long veil was attached, which seemed to cover her entirely.

According to the old Prussian custom, a *Frauencour*, or mourning court, was held in Berlin, when ladies passed before Her Majesty in deep mourning, their faces and figures shrouded in long black *crêpe* veils.

My husband did not at all take to the idea of having a title. It was only by degrees, and especially when we went to Germany, that he came to realise that it would be an offence to the Emperor were he not to assume the title. There are very few of what is termed the Emperor Frederick nobility, and therefore it is regarded as a great distinction.

How glad I am to know that the Empress Frederick, whose great personality was so often misunderstood, has found a champion in the Memoirs of her friend Baron Reischach, which were published in Berlin lately.

Having held a prominent position at the Court of the Emperor William, Baron Reischach, who married a daughter of the Duke of Ratibor, was intimate in the court circles at Berlin and was in attendance on the old Emperor till his death in 1888. He then entered

the service of the Emperor Frederick, undertaking the office of Lord Chamberlain. After the death of the Emperor Frederick the Empress represented to Baron Reischach how anxious she was that he should continue in his office in her household. The Baron was thinking of entering the diplomatic service, but assured the Empress that he was entirely at her disposal, and continued to discharge his duties till the death of Her Majesty, whose entire confidence he enjoyed. Baron Reischach was therefore in a position to appreciate the great qualities and also the peculiarities of the Empress, of whom he writes with great regard.

He dedicates his book, entitled *Under Three Emperors*, to the memory of the Empress Frederick, and declares in the Preface that he wrote it to present a true picture of Her Majesty. He continues: "According to my view, no person in the history of the world has been so misrepresented as this unique and highly gifted lady. If I have succeeded in representing her as I knew her I shall consider my attempt a success."

Baron Reischach describes the years he spent in the service of the old Emperor William, and in his chapter on the Crown Prince Frederick he writes of the Crown Princess as follows:

"I should like to give an impression of the Crown Princess during the thirteen years that I was in her personal service, when I had occasion to know her intimately. According to my conviction Her Royal Highness was one of the most distinguished and cultivated ladies in the history of the world, after the time of Maria Theresa, and of great charm. Gifted with an unusual memory, she had read all that was of remarkable interest and could remember it clearly. She spoke and wrote German, English, French and Italian perfectly. Her style was perfect, and her handwriting elegant. Amongst the hundreds of letters from her which I have

received I never found any alteration. In her impulsive manner she may sometimes have said something illogical, but this was never written.

“Certainly she was proud to be British. But I prefer this attitude to that which was often the case with the German Princesses who married foreigners and so soon forgot their own country. The Crown Princess also loved Germany, and stood up for it, which I can prove from extracts from her letters. She was a great admirer of nature and a lover of flowers, and how much did she enjoy beautiful country which she often revisited. The automobile was invented too late for her enjoyment. How much she would have loved slowly driving in this to pass through beautiful scenery. No subject was strange to her. The most learned men could be introduced to her without one having any fear of her not being able to converse with them, although she suffered from shyness which she only overcame with great difficulty. She had the greatest respect for all religions. In matters of ecclesiastical dogma she took the line of Frederick the Great that all should live according to their religious convictions. She said to me one day, ‘I have the greatest regard for true piety, but I despise hypocrisy and those people who walk about the streets with a Bible under their arm in order to obtain advancement.’ In her old age she continued to be a brilliant rider, and had a perfect understanding of horses. All those who knew her intimately were impressed by her, and if the Emperor had reigned longer it would have been no misfortune for Germany, but the contrary. We had, of course, adopted English habits at the Court of the Empress Frederick. I have always wished for this since I have realised the greatness of the British Empire, and am convinced that no understanding with the Russians was possible, since Alexander III. The German element in Russia was more and more eradicated; they hated us because they were jealous of the position which we had attained, and their rotten internal conditions demanded a war.

“During the whole time in which I was in the service of the Empress I always endeavoured by word of mouth and in writing to bring about a better understanding between the Mother and Son. This was above all because of dynastic reasons. But I also hoped that much good would arise for our country if these two royal personages worked together, and I saw that if this card was wisely played great advantages for Germany might have ensued.

“The Empress’s knowledge of art and industry was very great: and she was also a *connaissanceuse* in domestic architecture and in the laying-out of parks and gardens. Unfortunately she had a weakness for intrigue, and was, in spite of her great characteristics, not worldly wise. In Germany she was English and in England a German, being, as she once said to me, always on the side of the absent one. To a certain extent she was of a contradictory spirit and complicated character, and beside her death-bed I said to myself, You have never known her thoroughly. She had a great sense of order and was economical. This gave rise in Germany to the wholly undeserved opinion that the Crown Princess was miserly, when on the contrary she always had a gift for the poor ready. Her great self-esteem was probably an inheritance from her mother.”

I think these extracts from Baron Reischach’s charming Memoirs will give a true picture of the Empress Frederick, whose position after the death of the Emperor was so painful and difficult in Germany.

There was a proposal that she should live permanently in England and discard her German title, and Baron Reischach describes an interview he had with Queen Victoria on the subject. But the Queen was very decided in her opinion that the Empress should remain in Germany.

The Palace of the Crown Prince at Berlin and the old



castle at Homburg had been settled on the widowed Empress as a winter and summer residence. But an unexpected legacy made it possible for her to build her own house, and thus when I last visited Her Majesty in Germany I was driven from Homburg by the Empress to the beautiful site where the Palace of Friedrichshof was being built, every detail of which was under her supervision.

The great architect von Ihne, who was a friend of Her Majesty's, had been in England to study the great historic houses there, but Friedrichshof made the impression of an English country seat and a German castle combined.

In later years I was invited to Friedrichshof by the daughter of the Empress, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, to whom it was bequeathed by Her Majesty, to visit her there. The works of art and antiquity collected by the Empress were seen at great advantage in such noble surroundings, and the grand picture of her as a widow, by Professor von Angeli, was the great centre.

It was during the years of her widowhood that the Empress Frederick could do so much to further the great social objects, and above all the emancipation of women, in which movement she was deeply interested. The founding of the Victoria Lyceum, the admittance of women to the university education and examinations had been carried out with great difficulty, and this political upheaval was under the protection of the Empress in all its branches.

Indeed a great change in the position and attitude of women in Germany since that time is very evident, and many take up sport as they do in England, being as independent and anxious to make their own way in life. Thus girls of great families are to be met with who study agriculture practically, by working in the

fields, and mastering the different branches connected with the subject at the universities, where they have to pass difficult examinations.

Alas ! in these democratic times titles of great families are only a hindrance to many who, having been brought up in every luxury, have now to earn their living. The present condition of agriculture and industry in Germany must be a cause of great anxiety, for the demands of the Entente are more and more draining the resources of the country, and ready money is hardly obtainable. Thus one hears of banks and factories closing, large tracts of land put up for sale, for want of capital, and increase of unemployment. The future may again bring revolution, which has been put down for the present ; but want and distress are gaining ground, and are not these its chief promoters ?

## CHAPTER XVII

### A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

WHEN I returned from Bendeleben, usually about the New Year, we stayed with the Deichmanns at Cologne, in their fine house opposite the cathedral, and much enjoyed the beautiful surroundings and kind welcome.

Not far from there was the great establishment of the Krupps at Essen, on the Ruhr, and as the Krupps were old friends of the Deichmanns, we could propose ourselves there, with the children and servants, at any time.

There is an interesting story connected with Alfred Krupp, the founder of the firm, who was then living at his place "Auf dem Hügel," near Essen. When a boy, Alfred was recommended to my father-in-law, Herr Deichmann. The boy had worked in an iron foundry and studied this industry. My father-in-law became interested in the case and advised him as to his future. Later on he became the sole proprietor of the world-famous firm of Krupps.

Herr Krupp lived in princely style at an enormous country house, with a very large guest-house attached. It could only be compared with a large Embassy, for people from all parts of the world came to persuade him to make business arrangements with their Governments. Thus there were a great many large dinner-parties, and once we arrived to be told that many hundreds of people were expected at a ball that evening.

This was a very brilliant affair, but all the preparations were made without any commotion, and next morning all was cleared away and the enormous rooms presented their usual appearance.

Close to the works was a very tiny and very poor-looking house, which Herr Krupp showed us with great pride as his birthplace, and which he religiously preserved intact. Frau Krupp, his wife, was an old lady when I first knew her, who was always dressed in light-blue. She seemed pleased and proud to receive visitors.

During one of our visits, an Italian professor had been engaged to teach Herr Krupp Italian, as he was anxious to control all business arrangements with Italy. Being so busy, he hit upon the idea of the professor accompanying him on his daily rides; but, as this gentleman had never mounted a horse before, the Italian conversation did not make much progress!

The Krupps had only one son, Fritz. I was very sorry for him. He was very delicate and suffered from asthma, but his father would not realise this and expected him to do all the work that he himself had had to do at his age. A special train was always in readiness to take the unfortunate Fritz to any part of Germany on business, and he returned quite exhausted from these tours.

Fritz often came to us at Chester Street and at The Garth, to get away from Essen. He became engaged to a charming lady, Fräulein von Ende. The father objected to this engagement, being anxious that his son should marry into some great industrial family. It was a long time before his permission was granted. But his daughter-in-law seems to have won his heart, and he was very devoted to her two little girls, Berta and Barbara.

Herr Krupp must have been very peculiar in his old



age, as he repudiated his wife and refused to allow her to return to his home.

Krupp was a wonderful man in many ways, and cared for his thousands of work-people in a fatherly manner; but he was very severe with them. He would issue commands like an Emperor, which had to be obeyed to the letter. It was in 1900, when my daughter Hilda and I were at Naples, that I last saw Fritz Krupp. He was living in two rooms at a small hotel on the island of Capri, imagining that no one knew him there, and that all thought he was poor. He was on the steamer when we met him, and I was shocked to see his pitiable condition and humble lodging at Capri. In vain I entreated him to send for his wife to nurse him, and to have proper care taken of his health. He wished, he said, to die at Capri, and to live with the fishermen.

It was a sad instance, indeed, of the inefficiency of great wealth and influence to make one happy. His daughter Berta is now the head of the firm, which, as far as I can understand, continues to work in a limited manner on different lines. The Great War divided me from the Krupps, as also from so many old friends, and I have not seen them since.

It must have been in the autumn of 1878 that Deichmann's plan of our having a small country place at Bicester was carried out. Wilhelm being a child of four, and my daughter Hilda being born in July 1878, I was anxious for some country home for them, and easily discovered that nothing else would suit Deichmann, who had hunted in the Bicester country for twenty-five years, and who was so kindly received by the county families. Above all, his great friend Baron Schröder, with his family, had followed in his footsteps and established himself at Bicester Hall for the hunting. But I must say that my first arrival at

Bicester was somewhat depressing, and the King's Arms Hotel, where Deichmann and his hunting friends, Colonel Gibbs, Major Dyne and Mr. Iveson, had stayed with their horses and were termed the "Bicester Brigade," was a very second-rate hotel, to my idea.

The town of Bicester had nothing very interesting to the artist. The surrounding country was entirely flat, except for the little hill near Bicester. The house which Deichmann had set his heart on was a tiny cottage termed *The Poplars*, with a little garden full of cabbages, and a right-of-way through it. It seemed to me impossible to make anything of this, and I was sitting rather disconsolately in the hotel, when Miss Drake was announced. I had heard of the Drakes, and especially of old Mrs. Drake and her daughters, Fanny and Mary, as one of the principal families in Oxfordshire. But the appearance of Miss Mary did not at first prejudice me in her favour, as she seemed to have adopted very peculiar dress and had a rough manner. She told me that she had come to tell me that she hoped we would give up all idea of coming to Bicester and particularly of taking *The Poplars*.

The right-of-way through the place, she said, would be impossible to take from the people, and that if I did not follow the hounds I should be terribly bored and left to myself all day. Having delivered herself of these sentiments, Miss Mary Drake banged the door, and I could hear her heavy boots going down the stairs. She meant well, and in later years we had a great affection for her and were most kindly received by the family. After this interview I was much refreshed by the sight of Lord and Lady Valentia riding through the market-place, when I realised that there were some very charming people in the neighbourhood.

It was Baron Schröder and the Baroness who persuaded us to overcome all obstacles and settle at The Poplars, afterwards renamed The Garth. There was a gardener's lodge and rather a large stable on the place, and Deichmann was enthusiastic about it, and very soon sent for architects and builders to enlarge it. It was added to on all sides and enlarged at one end, a little sitting-room in front having a large bow-window built into it. Thus very little was left of the old house, and the garden was laid out very prettily, and a duck-pond for the poultry added. It became quite attractive, and being a small place of twenty-two acres, was no trouble when we were away. The children had their ponies and enjoyed the country life, and driving the young horses in the coach was a great amusement. But it was essentially a hunting country, and when visiting our neighbours the conversation turned necessarily to the hounds. Thus I came to the conclusion in time that it would be very desirable to take up some intellectual pursuit at Oxford. I had old friends there in the Dean of Christ Church and Mrs. Liddell, Professor Max Müller and his wife, and, above all, my cousin Laura Pelham, who was the daughter of my aunt the Dowager Lady Buxton. Thus the days I spent at Oxford, going and returning by train and attending lectures, were a great pleasure for me. I spent most of my time with the Pelhams, and we met many interesting people, and the Max Müllers' house and the Deanery were always open to me. Oxford is therefore intimately connected with the time we spent at Bicester and much enlarged my horizon there.

My parents and sister Marie often came to stay with us, and it was a great day when the Prince and Princess of Wied, who were travelling in England, arrived to pay us a visit. They came with their son and without

any ladies or gentlemen-in-waiting, who always make these visits more difficult and complicated. Their Highnesses were very keen to see all they could of the hunt, but Deichmann discouraged their riding, thinking they were not used to following the hounds on horseback. They were therefore taken about on the coach, and we also visited the Valentias, Dashwoods and Jerseys.

There was a farmers' dinner at Bicester while the Prince of Wied was with us, at which Lord Valentia presided as Master of the Hounds. The Prince of Wied had the place of honour, and the farmers sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" to welcome him. It must have been about midnight when he and Deichmann returned to The Garth, where I was still sitting up making arrangements for an expedition to Oxford. But I was much concerned when I heard that this must be put off for a later train, as a hunt had been arranged and the hounds were coming to us early next morning. I realised at once what this would mean, for a great many people, mostly of the farmer class, came from a distance and expected a good substantial hunt breakfast! Deichmann said that it would be impossible to arrange this at the last moment, and retired to rest. But I could not be satisfied at not being ready for guests next morning. The servants had all gone to bed, but I called up the cook and housekeeper to consult as to what could be done in this emergency. The larder was not encouraging, and I was at my wits' end till I thought of sending for our gardener and the head groom. These soon appeared, and I sent three grooms with baskets for provisions to our neighbours early next morning, with a note to tell of my troubles.

The gardener, being an inhabitant of Bicester, knocked up the baker, butcher, etc., and told them I



relied on their help to be able to receive the followers of the hunt next morning. The railway officials were also persuaded to help us, and the guard of the early train returned with fish, lobsters, etc. The neighbours responded generously to my appeal, and by ten o'clock next morning there was a large breakfast laid out in the dining-room and tables and buffets in the hall. Thus none knew of the difficulties we had had to provide for all our guests, and there were also sweets and cakes for the school-children, who had heard of our hospitality and arrived in good numbers.

A constant visitor to The Garth was the Countess Marie Münster, who was glad to escape from the cares of the Embassy, and pass some peaceful days with us. Some relations of Deichmann's arrived, but as they did not care for fox-hunting, I arranged for them to see interesting places in the beautiful city of Oxford, as it was more in their line. Above all, Madame Waddington, the wife of the French Ambassador in London, I remember vividly at Bicester. She brought her son Francis, who is about the age of my children, and a riding-horse and his pony. Thus we all rode together and made several picnics in the woods with the children, who were very happy looking for what Francis called savage flowers (*fleurs sauvages*), which were abundant.

The great amusement was a rustic dancing-lesson which we arranged, to teach the children quadrilles, etc. The dancing-master arrived with a fiddler, who did not seem quite up to the situation. Thus Madame Waddington, who is very musical, sat down to the piano and played so beautifully that the dancers were inspired, and the enthusiastic dancing-master offered Madame Waddington half his profits if she would settle at Bicester and play for him at his dancing

lessons in the neighbourhood. He had, of course, no idea who the musician was!

Our friends from Sondershausen, Colonel von Bila and his wife, and Herr von Rohr, the Master of the Ceremonies at Court there, came over to stay with us in London, as also one of the Ministers. He was kindly received by Lord Salisbury at one of the Foreign Office parties to which he went. What surprised him most was the British policeman's regulation of the traffic and his unlimited authority. It was in the time of the vanished glories of the Victorian Age, and the grand carriages at Hyde Park Corner had to wait till a party of poor children and babies in perambulators had crossed the road.

His Excellency the Minister was much perturbed at first by the police not saluting him, and the public not acknowledging him, and could only realise the situation by degrees! It was always our endeavour to unite the two great nations of England and Germany, which are in so many ways of the same spirit, and I, who knew of the Emperor William II's love for England, could not believe in a war.

Thus we received many Germans in London, most of whom we had met at the German Embassy, and those who were introduced to our notice. We made up little parties for Hurlingham, driving down with the coach and taking English friends with us. Some of these came to see us at Bendeleben, Lord and Lady Lawrence, Lord Powerscourt, and, above all, Anna Lawrence, who stayed with us for long visits, and later with my daughters.

One of our dinner-parties at Chester Street in 1889 I can never forget, for it ended so sadly. Count Deym, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, who was sitting on my right at table, had a telegram handed to him. It seemed to paralyse him at first, and he whispered to

me that the Crown Prince was dead, and staggered as he rose from the table and returned to the Embassy. Of course, all hoped it was not true. The Crown Prince had been in London not long before and had driven alone with us on our coach. He spoke much of his mother and her hunting in England, but he seemed rather nervous about her having a fall, as she was more used to highly-trained horses, which cannot be such free jumpers.

His Royal Highness told me of his shooting adventures and about a book he was writing on *The Awakening of the Forest* (*Das Erwachen des Waldes*), and of his interest in natural history. The tragedy of his death consequently affected us deeply.

It is difficult to give an impression of the great statesman and popular hero, Joseph Chamberlain, whom, with his lovely wife, we had the pleasure of knowing in London.

Deichmann, being a staunch Conservative, was much interested in his political career, and I, who was a friend of the great enthusiast for the Primrose League, Miss Meresia Nevill, became a "Dame" and received the well-known brooch as a badge, with "Imperium et Libertas" as its motto. I attended meetings and did what I could for the party.

As to Deichmann's opinions as to what was for the good of the British Empire, they were on the old Conservative lines, and he would have been one of the modern "Die-Hards"—for he would not hear of compromise, nor had he any belief in Democracy.

Thus Mr. Chamberlain was a great hero in our estimation, his policy reminding us of Lord Beaconsfield's ideas of Imperialism.

It was at the German Embassy that we first met Mr. Chamberlain more intimately, and he was interested in a conversation he had with Deichmann, whose great

aim was to connect the two countries of England and Germany. Thus Mr. Chamberlain would join our little Anglo-German dinner-parties, when people would assemble in the street to see him pass.

There must have been a great attraction in his personality, and indeed he looked the part, for there was a sense of power and strength about him. His smart appearance was enhanced by his buttonhole of purple orchids from Highbury, without which I had never seen him, and I never saw him looking over-tired by his strenuous life. He had more time than others in his position, he once told me, as he did not depend on air and exercise or believe in walking being a necessity for his health.

His great idea at that time was for England and Germany to work together, in spite of the great additions to the German Navy, which were then regarded as a menace to England. The Ex-Emperor in his Memoirs states that Germany would never have been able to compete with England on those lines; but Germany as a naval power was a new and startling idea.

We had been enjoying an interesting dinner at Mr. Chamberlain's, when he took me aside and asked me to enquire of the influential people in Berlin if no arrangement could be come to about the Navy. We were asked to visit Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain at Highbury. I am sorry that we were prevented from seeing them at home. Soon after, we left for Berlin, where my son was working at the Foreign Office, and being so kindly received by the Bismarcks, all doors were open to us.

My mission could not be popular, I felt, for the Navy was known to be the Emperor's hobby, but I had undertaken to get at the opinion of the leading statesmen. We saw a good deal of Count Posadowsky, the Minister of the Interior, and it was after a dinner-party at his



official residence in the Wilhelmstrasse that I retired with him into his private room, having told him that I had a message from Mr. Chamberlain.

Being a friend of ours, he very strongly advised me not to press the matter further, as it was quite impossible to argue against the Navy with the Emperor. Germany being a military nation, great sacrifices were willingly made for the Army, but the Navy was a new idea to most of the influential people I met at that time.

Thus my report to Mr. Chamberlain was not very encouraging; but he will ever remain a great figure in my Impressions and Memories.

In spite of his arduous duties, however, Mr. Chamberlain, being kindly interested in our coach, arranged to drive to the Crystal Palace to dine with us there and drive home late one summer evening. He wished, he said, to be quite alone with us, so as not to be interviewed, and to be incognito.

But somehow the cat got out of the bag, and when we pulled up at the entrance crowds had assembled, cheering and calling for "Joe" to come down.

We fled to the private sitting-room, which had been arranged for us, and hoped that "Joe's" admirers had remained outside. But they must have swarmed into the great hall, and we had to hurry over our dinner, the magnates of the Crystal Palace arriving to ask our popular guest to show himself and make a speech to pacify the people.

Our distinguished guest rose to the occasion, however, and appeared in a box overlooking the hall, and was vociferously cheered. He waved his hand and endeavoured to address the people as far as was possible under the circumstances, when the crowd poured into the grounds to witness the fireworks.

We endeavoured to start the coach and steal down

the hill unobserved, but this could not have satisfied the great statesman's admirers, who crowded round the coach to shake hands, and gave a rousing cheer for "Joe" as we drove away. We were followed by a bodyguard on bicycles for a long way, and our guest seemed quite to enjoy the demonstration.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### MORE FRIENDS

It was an interesting time for me when my brother-in-law, Theodor Deichmann, sent me his young daughters, Emma and Helena, who had lately finished their education. He had asked me to take them out a little in London.

My daughters were still in the schoolroom, and I was much pleased to welcome my nieces, and tried to get some young people to meet them. Their brothers, Wilhelm and Carl, had been in London for some years at different times, working in my husband's firm, Horstman & Co. It was an old private firm, and my husband sole proprietor, he having undertaken the whole management before our marriage in 1877.

Thus we were often able to have cheerful young parties in the house and on the coach, and my nephews brought their friends. Chief among these was Bruno Schröder, the nephew of our old friend, Baron Schröder. Bruno had come from Hamburg when still very young, to learn business in the Baron's great establishment in Leadenhall Street.

Some years later, Bruno and Emma were engaged, and their wedding was celebrated at Cologne, according to the customs in Rhineland. The two brothers, Theodor and Otto Deichmann, lived in two fine houses opposite the cathedral of Cologne, which had been built for them by my father-in-law. Their great reception-rooms opened into one another on state occasions, and

the evening before the wedding, called the *Polterabend*, was very amusing.

Verses describing comic scenes in their life had been written by friends, and were sung to popular airs by the assembled company, and it was all very entertaining. Frau Toest, Emma's maternal grandmother, played a great part in the family, and was a figure in society there. She had a house in Cologne and a country house near the Rhine, and entertained a good deal, speaking with the accent and idioms of Cologne.

The great German painter, Lenbach, painted several very fine portraits of her and dubbed her "Queen of the Rhine." Some of them represent her in deep mourning, as her only child, Maria, died suddenly in 1907, and the expression of sorrow in the face is wonderful. I was very kindly received by all, and was glad to welcome several of the members of the Deichmann family at Bendeleben, where the different conditions of country life were new to them.

The Rhine, like the Thames, has its banks crowded with villas, and the Deichmanns' place, Mehlemer Aue, with its park along the Rhine, is one of the largest in those parts.

The well-being and happy marriage of Bruno and Emma has been a great joy for me, and I think I might be termed a maternal aunt and great-aunt. Just lately I became a great-great-aunt, for Dorothea, their eldest daughter, married Baron Henry Schröder in 1923, and a son was born to them in 1924.

Bruno and Emma's beautiful place, Dell Park, near Englefield Green, is indeed a country home for me. It was a small house with a garden when they took it, to be near Bruno's uncle Baron Henry Schröder, who lived at The Dell, not far from Windsor.

Later, it was very much enlarged, and it is now a beautiful house built in the Elizabethan style, sur-



rounded by park-like fields. But Bruno seems to me best known for his orchids, which his uncle had collected at The Dell, and which now flourish to a still greater extent at Dell Park.

The great business known as John Henry Schröder & Co. was started by Bruno's grandfather in London in 1804, and I remember him and his wife when Deichmann and I visited them at Hamburg, soon after our marriage, in 1878.

They lived in a stately house, and were most kind to us, the old Baron sending me flowers and inviting us to his box at the theatre, and being evidently pleased to see us. Every day he asked me if I admired the city of Hamburg, and the bay on which it is situated; but his wife told me that she longed to get back to London. The old gentleman sat upright, in spite of his great age, and had the bearing and manner of the old school.

From Hamburg Deichmann and I travelled to Bremen, to visit the famous H. H. Meyer and his wife, under whom Deichmann had worked when learning business. Herr Meyer was full of Deichmann's escapades in riding wildly about the country after his office hours, and accompanying a celebrated surgeon to help at serious operations.

Being a great personage at Bremen, Herr Meyer was rather pompous in his manner, and was accustomed to much attention to his wishes. He had done much for the town of Bremen and given a public park and other institutions. Hamburg and Bremen being the old Hansa, or free, towns, their leading citizens were of great influence. The Governors were termed Senators, and wore a mediæval costume on official occasions.

Our friendship with the Schröder family runs through many years of my life like a golden thread, for since my

first marriage, in 1873, their kindness to me has always been the same.

It began with Baron Henry and his wife, who lived at The Dell till their death, and it was there that I spent so many happy days. The Ascot week was much looked forward to, though I did not care much for racing. But Deichmann and I used to drive down with his coach and take some of the party to the races. Count Münster and his daughter Marie were often there, and other members of the Embassy, and a charming party generally.

Many week-ends we spent there, meeting interesting people. The golden wedding of Baron Henry in 1900 I remember especially. They had come up from Glenfeshie, their place in Scotland, to celebrate it in the Lutheran Chapel in London.

A large party assembled at The Dell, many relations came from Germany to be present, and all was very elegant and sumptuous. But the Baroness looked very poorly and oppressed by the jewellery she wore, which was exceedingly magnificent.

The Dell was not originally a large house, but had been added to by Baron Schröder, and there was a very fine collection of pictures and antique gems and snuff-boxes, and other treasures in the picture-gallery. But its wonderful beauty was the view of Windsor Castle from the dining-room windows and the terrace, looking across The Dell and Park, with the Castle on the horizon.

The great German Hospital at Dalston and institutions for orphans of German parents, with the farm colony at Lisbury Hall in the country, were the Baron's and Baroness's especial care.

Soon after the golden wedding, dear Baroness Schröder died, and Baron Schröder became more of an invalid, and died at Sidmouth, whither the doctors had sent him for change of air.

It was from 1883 to 1893 that my father's relative, M. William Waddington, who had been Minister for Foreign Affairs in Paris, was appointed French Ambassador in London, and arrived at the French Embassy at Albert Gate.

His grandfather was the brother of my great-grandfather, Mr. Waddington, and had settled in France and started a factory near Rouen after the Napoleonic wars. He and his brother, M. Richard Waddington, were of French nationality, though their mother was a Miss Chisholm, and they both were in the French Government.

The French Ambassador had been to Cambridge, and rowed in the Cambridge "Eight," and was not French in appearance, but rather like my father, of the Anglo-Saxon type. He was first married to Mademoiselle de Lutteroth of the French aristocracy. When she died, her son, who was very young, was left to the care of the grandparents, M. and Madame de Lutteroth, who lived in the fine château de Bourneville in the department of the Seine-et-Oise. M. Waddington, who was a great *savant*, travelled in the East for some years, making his tropical and archæological researches and beginning his famous collection of coins.

Some years afterwards he married a very distinguished American, Mary King, whose father had held great offices in America. She had travelled a great deal, could read and speak four languages, and was very musical. I had seen her in Paris, where she visited me at an hotel on my way to Germany as a young widow with a baby, and I was touched by her sympathy and kindness.

She soon arrived in London, where, as French Ambassadors, she played so great a part and made the French Embassy so great a centre. I remember that it was with great difficulty that I persuaded

Deichmann to accompany me on my first call at the French Embassy, by assuring him that he need never go there again. Never for a moment could I have dreamt that a firm and lasting friendship would unite us to M. and Madame Waddington, and that their arrival would inaugurate the most interesting and happy time in my life. Mary was at the piano in the large drawing-room when I first saw her at Albert Gate, and we soon arranged to play duets together, and to meet riding. Thus we met almost daily, and her boy Francis being the same age as my eldest daughter, Hilda, they were soon companions, and I arranged for Hilda to attend the same classes at Miss Querini's school in Sloane Street that Francis went to. The remarkable fact, however, was that the French Ambassador made friends with Deichmann, and that they saw a good deal of one another, talking over the politics of England, France and Germany. The Waddingtons often joined our little dinner-parties at 8 Chester Street, and we were often dining at Albert Gate.

But what I remember the best were Mary's musical parties, when the violinist, M. Wolff, and the violoncellist, M. Hollmann, played so wonderfully and the rooms were crowded with a brilliant throng.

Mary had a great talent for making a centre for so many who otherwise did not meet, and artists and musicians and distinguished people of all descriptions appeared at her parties. Thus there was perhaps a republican note, but all was well arranged, and all had their right place. A genial charm and international feeling was characteristic of these gatherings. The hostess much enjoyed them herself, which was perhaps the secret of their success.

Mary and I rode in Rotten Row mostly, when my lovely chestnut hack, Sunbeam, matched well with her horse. Mary and Francis used to join coaching expedi-



tions to Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and I often fetched her in my phaeton when training the leaders fresh from Ireland to get used to the London traffic and streets.

My children performed in the Children's Symphony at the French Embassy, which was indeed a joy for us all in different ways. Mary introduced me to her friends, and I went out a good deal, meeting her at parties.

She found my wardrobe too scanty, as I did not trouble much about my clothes, and introduced me to M. Rouff and other *fournisseurs* of hers in Paris, and I did my best to please her. I tried to make her understand, however, that our luxury was a stable, with riding and carriages horses and children's ponies and hunters, and that all else was simple in our rather peculiar establishment, and that I was not in any way able to be classed among her "Smart Set" friends.

Among the guests at Chester Street was Count Seckendorff, who often went to the French Embassy, where Mary, like most Republicans, was much interested in the Crown Princess, afterwards Empress Frederick of Germany, and pleased to see her friends and great people from Germany.

Count Seckendorff often came to stay with us, and his knowledge of the galleries and works of art made him a very interesting guest. He was himself a very good water-colour artist, often travelling for sketching, and fine pictures of his of Windsor Castle, Hatfield, India and Tyrol adorn my rooms in London and Bendeleben.

He was very kind, and interested himself in amusing Deichmann, whose health became more and more a source of anxiety to us. But His Excellency Count Seckendorff was above all a courtier, and a Court his right *entourage*.

He arrived at our London house once when a court

ball at Buckingham Palace had been postponed, but I had been told that it was to take place, after all. To the despair of the Count, he had not brought his uniform, and I knew that his visit to London would be spoilt in consequence. On looking at the clock, however, I realised that if his valet started at once to return to Berlin to fetch his uniform, he could be back in time for the Count to dress and appear at the ball next evening. This plan was immediately adopted, and I drove round to the Lord Chamberlain's Office to get an invitation for the Count and to announce his arrival in London.

The court officials were informed, and the servant arrived in time, and the Count was triumphant, and delighted with his reception at Court, where I had, unknown to himself, arranged for him to be expected. If I have any diplomatic talents, they consist in not telling people what they had better not know.

Amongst the friends who have played a part in my life and whose memory is unfading is John, second Lord Lawrence. He was the eldest son of the first Lord Lawrence, who was Lieut.-Governor of the Punjaub at the time of the Mutiny, and who did so much to save India. He ended his official career as Viceroy of India.

When my brother Fritz was at Trinity College, Cambridge, with his cousins Francis and Louis Buxton, John Lawrence was in their set, and they seem to have been always together and to have made a happy party.

I went down to Cambridge with my parents and first saw John there when he was the centre of the party of undergraduates and amused and pleased us all. It was after the marriage of his sister Mary with my cousin Francis Buxton that John became more intimate with our family.

It was in the spring of 1873, one day when I was riding in Rotten Row with my first husband, Hugo von Krause, that John Lawrence introduced me to his wife, *née* Mary Campbell. I was much taken up at the time with the affairs of the German Embassy and had to receive many who came over from Germany, my husband being Chancellor of the Embassy. Thus I did not, so far as I know, meet the Lawrences again till some years after.

It was not until 1877, when I returned to London as the wife of Adolf Deichmann, that I went to see Mary Lawrence in Beaufort Gardens, and was so pleased when she and John came to us. They were interested in our horses, and drove to the meets of the Coaching Club with us. We enjoyed some of their dinner-parties when they lived at 66 Pont Street, and their daughter Anna was kind to my girls. I always felt that they were real friends among many new acquaintances and different conditions.

It was at a dinner-party at Sir William Hozier's that John Lawrence told me he was looking for a place near us in the Bicester country. After first taking Fritwell Manor, they settled at Chetwode Manor. There we often saw them, for it was within a pleasant drive, and they came frequently to The Garth. But it was in London that we met oftenest and went to the same parties, and Anna was a great help to my eldest daughter Hilda when she came out.

It was at Easter one year that Hilda and Elsa acted in *La Reine des Fées*, a play which Mary Waddington got up at the French Embassy, and Anna, who spoke French well, took part in it, and looked very pretty in her costume as a French Countess at the time of Marie Antoinette.

How many pleasant visits we paid to Chetwode Manor at Easter, the children being invited with us. It was

about 1890 that John and Mary came over to see us at Bendeleben, with Anna, in the autumn, and seemed interested in our life there and the old place, and Anna came often and stayed with us, helping in the fêtes I got up for the people.

On my birthdays, in November, we invited our people from the village and friends from Sondershausen, the town near, and were pleased with the success of some little plays we acted to amuse all. Anna joined in these and was deservedly popular. We were invited together in Ireland, and met at Castle Boro, Lord Carew's Irish house, and John and Mary stayed with us in London at 8 Chester Street.

In 1911, when I took over Abbey Lodge from Mr. Fuchs, who bought the lease after my parents' death in 1903, I was able to make a home for some of the cousins and friends. Amongst them I looked to the Lawrences to help me on many occasions, and could always rely on them.

It was in 1907 that I persuaded Deichmann to become naturalised as a British subject, as he wished me to undertake his firm, Horstmann & Co., in case of his death, and thus I should reside in England.

John Lawrence and Lord Valentia were the sponsors, and all was settled and signed before we left for Germany. It was in November 1907 that Deichmann died at Dresden.

Alas! I lost my kind friend John Lawrence in 1913. He had been in failing health, and I had seen a change in him when he last came to Abbey Lodge, and in August I was informed of his rather sudden death in London. I went to Mary at once, and prayed for him at his bedside. As an old friend of the family, I was allowed to attend his funeral at Highgate, and Mary Lawrence invited me to go to Chetwode with



them soon after, as she knew of my great sympathy for her and poor Anna.

But it was after the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 that our friendship was put to a severe test. Being a British subject, I remained at Abbey Lodge with Marie Thérèse, and my position was indeed a sad and difficult one, for three of my children were married in Germany. But Mary and Anna Lawrence remained true to me, coming to see me and being interested in Madame de la Potterie, a charming Belgian lady, and her four children, who came to London as refugees and stayed with me for some months at Abbey Lodge. I quite realise how brave it was, and is, of her to care for me as she did then, and still does, and I owe much to her and Anna for their great faithfulness.

What happy weeks I have spent during my visits to the country places she annually takes in Essex or Hertfordshire, after giving up Chetwode Manor, and what lovely and interesting expeditions we have made in her manor! In London, also, Mary often fetched me in her motor when we were invited to the same parties or went to concerts or picture-galleries.

. . . . .

Blaise Castle, near Bristol, where my Aunt Harford, *née* Mary Bunsen, lived with her family, was a country home to us, and my aunt, who was also my godmother, was my especial friend all my life. After the death of my uncle, at Falcondale, his place near Lampeter was taken over by her eldest son John, and Blaise became the home of my aunt and her three daughters, who lived with her.

The house is a fine country house, with a picture-room arranged with a skylight for the old Italian pictures, which the former possessors, an uncle of an older generation, had brought from Rome. There

were also many fine copies of the famous Roman statues in the hall, and all was very beautiful.

The name of "castle" is better applied to a watch-tower, on a height in the grounds, overlooking the Bristol Channel. This stood on the site of an ancient chapel of St. Blaise, and some tombs and graves of an old churchyard have been found there lately. But the greatest beauty of the place seemed to me a deep and rocky ravine which runs through the park near the mansion. Here the rhododendrons and wild flowers were gorgeous in June, and the huge boulders of rocks descending to the stream below gave a wild effect, reminding one of scenery in mountainous country.

All had been arranged by past generations, and the church near, with the large greenhouses and stabling and dairy and lodges, were in the style of bygone days. Near the house and in the grounds stands the Hamlet, as it is termed, some cottages of great beauty built in the style of English cottages of old times, with thatched roofs and gables. They surround a stone monument and were inhabited by the old retainers, etc.

The farm, with pretty Jersey cows, was my aunt's especial care and joy, and the cowmen appeared in a smocked, old-fashioned garment.

There were many parties of my aunt's children and grandchildren, and she was the great centre of all, though she was confined to her bed the last years of her life. A wonderful atmosphere of love, joy and peace surrounded her, and her interest and affection for her family and friends remained the same till she passed over, at an advanced age.

I have been fortunate in finding friends among "all sorts and conditions of men," and am proud to have had a burly policeman for an admirer. I had been to Ascot by rail to visit my nieces at school, and on my

return journey crowds from a race meeting were admitted into my carriage. Next to me a stout policeman had seated himself, and I did my best to make room for him.

It was more owing to this than to any personal charms, I suppose, that, after a time of deep meditation, he nudged me to attract my attention, and offering me some flowers he said, " Will you 'ave 'em ? "

I did not like to accept, and rejoined that I thought he would like to keep them for his wife. But he returned to the charge, on the plea that they would make my kitchen look nice. I was somewhat disconcerted, and asked him if he would mind my having them in the parlour ; but he persisted in the idea of the kitchen. Thus I accepted the flowers so kindly offered, and when we arrived at the station, my friend the policeman blurted out an apology when he saw my carriage. I could only assure him how pleased I was by his kind attention.

The story of my admirer got about London, and I was mercilessly chaffed on my conquest.

## CHAPTER XIX

### SOME LATER MEMORIES

ONE of my birthdays at Bendeleben I remember particularly. My husband had arranged a surprise party of our friends from Sondershausen, and everything had been so well arranged and carried out that I had no idea of anyone coming. On entering the dining-room I found the table full of guests, all very elegant, and everything arranged for a fête, with an excellent menu and sumptuous wines.

All were much pleased at the success of their plan, and enjoyed Deichmann's truly princely hospitality, and I could not but be delighted by so many taking the trouble to come so far to celebrate my birthday.

The year following I thought of a surprise fête for Deichmann's birthday, and arranged with the bailiff for all the farm-horses and oxen, as well as a selection from the other animals from the farm, to be drawn up before the house in his honour. The room in which Deichmann's birthday presents were arranged was closed and the animals were to be ready at a given signal. There were even chickens and pigs, peacocks and geese assembled, and yet no sound was heard, and when we came out on the balcony about a hundred animals were drawn up in line. The persons in charge of them entered into the spirit of the proceedings, and all of them were invited to supper and a dance at the village inn.



I had taught the people the English dance, Sir Roger de Coverley, which was a success. Things were so easy in those good times, now, alas! so far removed. And these happy conditions made our life at Bendeleben so pleasant.

It was in 1895 that Wilhelm came of age and my parents' golden wedding was celebrated. There had been a large family gathering at Abbey Lodge at the end of July, and I was told that so many aunts and uncles, cousins and connections, had never assembled before. A large silver tray with names engraved on it was presented, and many other presents and telegrams poured in. But August 5th was the actual wedding day, and was to be celebrated with Wilhelm's coming-of-age festivities on the same day at Bendeleben.

Wonderful, indeed, was the health of my parents, which enabled them to accomplish the long journey without any ill effects, my sister Marie, who lived with them, accompanying them. The whole village seemed to participate and to be personally interested; thus the church was full for the beautiful service the pastor had arranged, also he preached a beautiful sermon on "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and my father's favourite hymn was sung.

I had embroidered a red velvet altar-cloth in silks with large crosses, I.H.S. and Christian emblems, and the same for the pulpit, and this was dedicated to the church on this auspicious day. I had also, with the help of Countess Marie Münster, embroidered a carpet with passion-flowers which led up to the steps of the Altar.

We had invited all available Bunsens to stay at Bendeleben for the occasion, and my Uncle George and Aunt Emma (*née* Birkbeck) came with their daughter Marie and dear "Aunt Mim," with Reinhold

and Dora Sternburg, also younger members of the family. After church, deputations from the village and friends from the neighbourhood came to congratulate, bringing gifts and flowers. Wilhelm had to make five speeches to the different deputations, and the park was full of people from the neighbouring village also. Telegrams poured in, for I had informed H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Queen of Sweden, Prince and Princess of Wied, of the golden wedding, and many others. The Grand Duchess had sent my mother a brooch with her miniature set in pearls, and "Carmen Sylva," the poet Queen of Roumania, sent a letter and gifts. We were so proud of my mother, who was as erect as on her first wedding day, and her figure as slim as ever. She wore a gold tiara of myrtle leaves and brooch of the same, according to the German custom, a grey satin dress with black Chantilly lace, and her diamond brooch. My father wore his Orders, and made a beautiful speech at dinner, mentioning Maurice, who was far away, as British Minister in Spain.

Presents from Wilhelm to the working-people were distributed, in the shape of large white china cups with *Erinnerung* ("Remembrance") in gold letters and the date, and are still to be found in their homes and treasured as one of their best possessions.

The Prince and Princess of Schwarzburg sent their aide-de-camp and lady-in-waiting from Sondershausen to congratulate and the kindly interest of all was very evident.

One of my most vivid memories is of the centenary fête of my Grandfather Bunsen's birthday on August 25th, 1891, to which the little town of Corbach in the Principality of Waldeck had invited my parents and us all as his descendants. He was born in humble circumstances, the son of a gentleman farmer, and the

people of Corbach are proud of him, and had erected a marble bust of him inside the church. They had made the mistake of gilding it, but this want of refined taste was a proof of their devotion.

Deichmann and I travelled from Bendeleben with my parents, George Bunsen with his daughters and son. My aunt, Madame Charles de Bunsen, and her daughter, and my Aunt Mary Harford and her daughters, who had come from Blaise Castle, and Mr. Carfit, who had come from England, were all present.

We were serenaded in the early morning by the church choir singing my father's favourite hymns. A service of thanksgiving was held in the church, which was crowded, then there was an unveiling of the bust, and speeches.

A large hall had been arranged for a dinner for the Bunsens by the Mayor of Corbach. There were many speeches, eulogising my grandfather, whose life had been so wonderful, and welcoming his descendants. Things were getting too emotional, when Deichmann, who had been regarded as rather an old bachelor, made a witty speech on his experiences as a married man, and all were much amused. Thus everything ended happily, and the fêtes arranged by the good people of Corbach for their great citizen were very successful.

The distinguished Professor Bunsen of Heidelberg was a connection of my grandfather's, and famous for having, with Professor Kirchhof, by aid of their spectrum analyses, been able to verify what metals are burning in the sun and making the Bunsen Burner, whose mysteries I do not understand. I am sorry never to have seen this distinguished man.

There is only one grandson of my grandfather now living in Germany, whose two young sons are the only representatives of his descendants. My brother, Sir

Maurice de Bunsen, has no son, but my cousin, Lothar de Bunsen, who married Victoria Buxton, has five sons, and has always lived in England.

It was in 1902 that the greatest addition to the church at Bendeleben was made, and my idea materialised of rebuilding the ruined Mortuary Chapel of the Knights of Bendeleben. It is attached to the church, and an iron door, surrounded by beautiful carving of the Crucifixion and Ascension, opens into it. This is called the Epitaphium, and an inscription on the pulpit, which is in the same style, commemorates this. The carving above the altar has been erected by a Freifrau von Bendeleben and her son in memory of her husband, in the seventeenth century.

I persuaded Deichmann to have the chapel restored as a thank-offering on our silver wedding, and though he was not so much interested in the Knights of Bendeleben as I was, he sent for an architect from Sondershausen to make plans for rebuilding the ruined chapel.

It sounded very easy, as parts of the walls were standing, but I could not get the architect to make plans which harmonised with the severe Gothic style of the church; he was too anxious to make it appear modern.

Thus we had to find another, and chose a Dresden architect who carried out my ideas, and the building of the little chapel, and, above all, the restoration of the five monuments of the Bendeleben family, was a great pleasure and interest. The monuments are large slabs of black marble surrounded by alabaster figures supporting the arms of the family. The names are engraved on the marble, with texts and the dates. So many pieces were lost that it was a great difficulty to restore them. All this part of the work was done at Dresden and took a long time. It was a wonderful ending to have placed over the door with an inscription



that we had "Had the Chapel repaired to the Glory of God," and the Deichmann and Bunsen arms carved in stone placed over the entrance door outside the chapel.

All was to be ready for Deichmann to see, as we had hoped. He was very weak after a long illness, and was at Dresden, under the care of Dr. Gössel, when he became unconscious. I was telegraphed for, and the children followed, and he passed peacefully away on November 12th, 1907.

The funeral took place at Bendeleben, which he loved so well, and the coffin was placed in the church, which had black hangings and was decorated with palms. It was crowded at the service which was held there, and soldiers from the Kriegverein of the village watched by the coffin in succession.

A procession was formed, and it was drawn by black horses to the Mausoleum which stands outside the park on a hill. A military band played Chopin's Funeral March, with its marvellous melody which gives the idea of the Resurrection and reunion.

A tomb of grey marble with his coat-of-arms was erected later, and the text from the psalm, "Thou art the source of light, and in Thy light I shall see light," engraved on it.

It was a sad time for me after Deichmann's death. Everything was very unsettled as to my future, though Deichmann had left me his private bank, Horstmann & Co. Mr. Duncan and Mr. Baatsch were the old and valued partners, and there was a staff of clerks of many years' standing. I had done my best to understand something of the working of the old firm during the years of Deichmann's illness, and had often been to the City. After the great funeral at Bendeleben I hurried back to London.

On my return I was constantly at the office in Crosby

Square, E.C., but I found it wise to make a break in the autumn when, with Elsa and Marie Thérèse, I went to stay at Bendeleben and at Plathe. From the latter place I went to Wurchow, also in Pomerania, to stay with my old friend Countess Bernstorff, who as Luise Bibra had been with us in Rome in 1870.

In the autumn of 1908, while I was staying with my friend Countess Bernstorff, we made a plan to travel to Roumania, to visit our mutual friend, Queen Elizabeth, best known by her *nom de plume*, Carmen Sylva—Carmen, the Song, Sylva, the “Forest Wild,” as Her Majesty described it, referring to the forests above Neuwied on the Rhine, where, as Princess of Wied, she was brought up. Their Majesties of Roumania, when I arrived, were staying at their beautiful palace, Castel Pelesch, which they built at the foot of the wild Carpathians, near Sinaia, some hours by rail from Bukarest, the capital. Luise Bernstorff and I, with my daughters Hilda, Elsa, and two young girls, Ruth and Elizabeth von Knebel, and my son Wilhelm von Krause, made up the party.

We travelled via Buda-Pesth, where we spent a day exploring and admiring the beautiful city, and arrived at Sinaia about 7 a.m. I had not remembered the early hours kept by the Queen, and did not feel properly turned out when Her Majesty herself, with a suite in attendance, and Mr. Sturdza, the Minister, met us in carriages. The warm reception soon made us feel at home in the beautiful surroundings, and the castle can only be described as a fairy palace, which it took me some time to explore and to realise at all.

It had been the great pleasure of King Carol to build and lavishly decorate this wonderful castle, and fill it with pictures and works of art. Some people criticised the beautiful wood-carvings and coloured windows as too heavy, but I admired the magnificent

luxury of the decorations and furniture, and enjoyed it all. A large hall in the centre was the usual meeting-place, and the Queen's rooms were beautiful indeed. I remember heavy velvet curtains and soft Oriental carpets, and scent of lilies and gardenias, which made a fitting background for the great figure of Her Majesty, clothed in flowing white robes and veils.

There was something Oriental, a touch of the exotic in everything at Castel Pelesch. It was built near the rushing river Pelesch, and its surroundings suited the Queen as a setting may correspond with a jewel.

Fortunately for our little party, the social season at Sinaia was over, and Their Majesties had more time for us, their guests.

The happiest time of the day was the early morning, when the Queen and I worked together. I had written and published two books, which I believed to be inspired, and which taught me, an ignorant woman, some of the deep spiritual meaning of the life and death and teachings of our Lord, as conveyed in the Gospel of St. John and the Revelations. The title I gave to the first book is *Notes on St. John and the Revelations*.

Another and smaller book I published later, which was also inspired by angels. It is a commentary on the grand verses of St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. These works I had dedicated to my lifelong friend the Queen of Roumania, knowing of her deep interest in such teachings. Being much struck by the insight into the spiritual world which they contained, and their lofty teaching, Her Majesty decided to translate them into German and publish them. Consequently I was much pleased to begin at once, and look back with deep joy to the hours spent in the early morning in Her Majesty's writing-room, when we were undisturbed.

One of Carmen Sylva's great gifts was her wonderful

command of languages, and as I read out the English words her fingers flew over the typewriter and conveyed the words in flowing sentences. Her Majesty's knowledge of the texts quoted was a sign of her deep insight into the teachings of the Bible, which had been her study from childhood, when she was taught by her mother, the Princess of Wied.

"We are in heaven," Her Majesty used to say during those still, sacred hours, for her heart was opened to the great truths the simple words conveyed. The power of the Resurrection of Christ in all spheres is the key-note of the teaching, and appealed to Her Majesty as a great revelation.

The second book, published in 1901, I had named *Hereafter*, as best describing its contents. To the German translation which was published by Her Majesty she gave the title of *Aus lichten Hohen* (From Celestial Heights). Both books were published in small volumes, so as to be obtainable at a low price, and were bound in white.

King Carol of Roumania much impressed me, as I had read the account of his romantic life. He was a member of the Hohenzollern-Siegmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family, and thus a connection of the Emperor William I. He was serving in the Guards at Berlin when the Crown of Roumania was offered to him. Internal dissensions and the feuds among the nobility made it desirable to have a foreign Prince to rule that distracted country.

As head of the House of Hohenzollern the King of Prussia had to be consulted on the question of the Prince accepting the proposal, and he and the great Chancellor Bismarck advised the Prince to take up the position tentatively. Thus the Prince, who knew of great opposition, arrived in Roumania in disguise as a horse-dealer, little dreaming that he should spend his



life there and succeed in establishing a kingdom in what was then a state of chaos and confusion.

It was, as he told me himself, possible to accomplish this only by concentrating all his energies and spending them in the service of his adopted country. All the Roumanians I met were impressed by the stern sense of duty which kept their ruler always at his post. His Majesty was of slight build and connected on his mother's side with the great Napoleon, through the daughter of Josephine. Of this he was very proud, and in Castle Pelesch were statues and pictures of Napoleon.

I remember the King always in uniform and of soldierly bearing, and I was often told to sit by His Majesty at dinner and talk to him about German and English politics. England seemed strange to him, but he was informed of all that went on, and was a great diplomat. Thus I had a very interesting time and must have been an object of royal favour, as the King shared his simple supper of black bread and sour milk with me, leaving the rest of the company to enjoy the elegant repast.

I realised indeed how isolated was the life of Their Majesties, thus separated from all old ties and associations, and they seemed to be pleased with our visit. The King did not in any way interfere with the Queen's poetic genius, or prevent her literary powers finding expression in the books and poems Her Majesty published; but openly confessed that, being busy with affairs of State, he had never studied them.

But there was deep sympathy between these two, who seemed to complete each other. I and Luise Bernstorff were admitted to the King's room, where tea was served to a small circle and conversation took a more intimate turn.

A sumptuous feast at what would be termed lunch-

time assembled us all as guests, and the suite of Their Majesties. We all waited in a large centre room till Their Majesties entered, and there being usually no other guests, Luise Bernstorff and I sat on the right and left of the King at the large table. A fountain with water from the Pelesch played in the middle of the table, and we could see what the weather was by the colour of the water.

All the courses at dinner were quickly served by the many servants, and our plates disappeared as if by magic ; thus the repast was not too lengthy. After dinner Their Majesties made a circle and spoke kindly to all. The rest of the day was soon spent, for resident musicians gave a concert every afternoon in the beautiful music-room adorned with frescoes. Her Majesty herself played the piano sometimes, Bach being her favourite composer.

The Queen, whom I remember so active, was not able to walk during the years I was in Roumania, but we drove in small open carriages, drawn by Norwegian ponies, into the forest.

Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess were living at their lovely house which the King had built for them close by, and came over daily with their children, remaining to dinner, or what was termed supper, as it suited them best.

King Carol and Queen Elizabeth had had the lifelong sorrow of losing their only child, the Princess Marie, when she was three years old, and thus the Crown Prince Ferdinand, the nephew of the King, was the heir. He married Princess Marie, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, who is one of the most beautiful women of her time. Every day Her Royal Highness appeared in a different toilette, which seemed more beautiful than the last, and everybody was under the influence of her charm. Her mother was the only

daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and thus her house, the Peleshur, was built partly as an English house and partly as a Russian palace, with old carving and decorations. Everything showed the artistic talents of the Princess and her connection with England and Russia.

The following letters were written to me in English by Carmen Sylva, and will, I think, give an idea of our relationship and correspondence. I have a great many of her letters and telegrams from 1890 till 1914. During the Great War our correspondence ceased, and I only heard of Her Majesty through M. Mishu, the Roumanian Minister in London, who told me of her wonderful personal work in the military hospitals and among the war victims.

King Carol had been in failing health for some time, and the Queen nursed and tended him with anxious care till his death in October 1914, and thus he experienced little of the mental agony of the war, which we saw coming as a dark cloud on the horizon when I took leave of Their Majesties in 1912 at Sinaia. A struggle between the Slav and the Teuton was what the King apprehended then.

*On a Visit to Lord and Lady Mostyn*

LLANDUDNO,  
*September 14th, 1890.*

MY DEAREST HILDA,

It's a deep regret not to see you and your dear Mother. But I haven't given up all hope yet, for I must thank you for having paved my way here—made my way here, made my name known and popular and my stay a book. To tell you of all the kindness that is shown me here is nearly impossible. It's fairyland in every direction and I am expanding like a dying plant, under the first warm shower and breeze.

For I was really half dead when I started my journey in a most piteous state of weakness and helplessness.

And now I am getting up steam again and wind into sails, and I begin to think that perhaps I really have been a poet and may be one again, not a worthless chip of straw.

Here is paradise!—I can only compare it to Lago Maggiore and the Corniche, climate, vegetation and all, and I believe it is the very thing for me!

I wanted just a little pleasure, to forget and forgive and look forward—and pleasure I found in such measure that I only wish my brain was a photographic apparatus to keep for ever what I see.

The joy to be with the Bards was so great after writing *Deficit*. Here the Welsh Bards play the principal part. Little did I think that I should visit the very scenery I described without having seen it.

I am invited to Lord Penrhyn for two joyful and enjoyable days, and then to Ireland to Lord Meath. Here the Mostyns have made their home lovely. I never saw kinder people in my life.

Oh! how grateful I am to have come here. God bless you, my dear Hilda.

My kind love to your parents.

I saw your dear brother for two minutes only, but our love is often as much as many words!

Yours most gratefully and affectionately,

ELIZABETH.

BUCAREST,  
February 17th, 1896.

MY DEAREST HILDA,

Thank you so much for your kind letter and all the love and faithfulness in it!—Oh, how true! how we value old ties, and old friendships, that seem to warm the heart again when it has almost grown old.—Of me nothing has remained but the hard worker, as



they have killed inspiration and deadened the flame that kept me alive.—I have taken to translating, always true to my old wish to make *un trait d'union* between the German and Latin races, *selon mes faibles moyens*.

I know I am a century too soon with this, but haven't all poets been a few centuries in advance of their contemporaries?

One never knows the good one may do by one's work, and how far it will reach.—What seems beautiful to one makes them lovely to some others also, and if there are only a few who have enjoyed it, it is enough.—Don't tell anyone what I'm doing till I get the enormous work done, ready for printing if I die. There seems to be an age for everything in this world, and one must follow where one is led.

I had begun oil-painting, but could do nothing this winter as the Princess wants to make a missal; she paints the flowers and I the miniatures and the writing.

I have mostly two days' work for her two hours, but I think it's more useful to encourage youth in its aspirations than to work for oneself. I have always been everybody's slave, and have to go on with it through all.

Last winter I taught the Crown Prince, but that went beyond my strength—I didn't begin that again.

The young mother is much better.

[The Crown Prince of Roumania was married to Princess Marie, eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh.]

Kindest love to your dear parents. All my life's remembrances are attached to them. I do so hope Mamma will be able to go to London. It would do her worlds of good, change of air and scene! and old love and old friendship at her age how precious! God bless you.

ELIZABETH.

SINAIA,  
*October 1900.*

MY DEAREST HILDA,

Many thanks for your dear letter, so full of love and thought and understanding. It is really beautiful to consider time and space as naught. You see, it is enough to have a look and one knows. If you send me two or three thoughts out of your sanctuary it will be so precious to me, and they will be enshrined in my heart like a holy book of sibyl's or a gospel. Indeed the Bible must have been dictated from on high and legends are often so much truer than history or biography.

How very much more beautiful our lives are than what people relate of them. And indeed these writers are sufficiently indiscreet. They try to dig out everybody's skeletons, but the strength that has borne them, the power of will, the entire devotion of the whole life, is passed in silence.

I wish I might receive you once here in Sinaia and have many a long talk about things eternal and beautiful.

I pity those from the depths of my heart who have not this help. But some have a less thorny path and do not need so much comfort. I think it is only given to those as a solace who have a difficult path and bleeding feet. It cannot be given for nothing, but is poured into the souls of the elect of God who lead a double life. I have always reproached myself, when I am afraid, as unworthy of the beauty of what has been revealed to me.

We should feel the cloud of witnesses so near us.

As I write the dawn is breaking. I see the fir trees standing against the sky. Near the mountain summits there is a brighter hue already, as if the sun's rays were reaching far below.

It takes a good deal of time for them to climb over the mountains, but then they burst forth in full glory and illuminate my quiet room and all my thoughts.

I do love my morning hours, and am so sorry when the many duties of the day intrude upon them.

God bless you for all your love, and think of me sometimes. I shall feel it and it will do us both good.

All my love.

ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth passed away in 1916, whilst visiting the tomb of King Carol, who died in 1914. Both lie in the curious church at Curtea de Arges, which had been restored sumptuously by King Carol.

## CHAPTER XX

### GERMANY AND THE WAR

As Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador, wished to speak to me before he left for his holiday in Germany, I arranged a small dinner-party to meet him, on July 22nd, 1914, shortly before the outbreak of the Great War. The Princess was out of town, and Major Renner, the Military Attaché, came with him. The other guests were M. and Madame Take Jonescu, the Roumanian Minister and his wife, Comte and Comtesse de Franqueville from Paris, Sir John and the Honourable Lady Barlow, etc.

The Prince spoke to me with great satisfaction of the better relations with Germany and of the Bagdad railway, which accords with his account of the outbreak of war which was published in Germany, where he is accused of having been taken in by the British Government.

Major Renner looked grave and spoke of a serious situation ; but none realised that the terrible avalanche of war would break over Europe so soon.

The murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand on June 28th was the beginning of the sorrows.

I hoped against hope to the last, it all seemed too terrible to be possible. On July 25th Marie Thérèse and I travelled to Eastbourne by invitation of the Queen of Greece (Princess Sophie of Prussia) to luncheon with her and her sister, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse (Princess Margaret of Prussia) and her fine boys.

They were all staying at an hotel, and we were a happy



party and full of plans for the future. The Queen of Greece invited us to stay at their country place, Tatoi, near Athens, and the Princess and I arranged to meet in Germany, and none thought of the terrible crisis which was so soon to descend upon the world.

Maurice arrived at Abbey Lodge on August 22nd from Vienna, and stayed some time. In his capacity of British Ambassador he had visited the German Ambassador in Vienna, and declared war, and was much distressed at the breakdown of diplomacy. He and Berta and the girls were our great support and help during the following terrible years.

As Vice-President of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild I was nominated a President of the Red Cross Society, and arranged working parties for many poor women, and got the materials for comforts for the soldiers.

In my capacity of Vice-President of the Red Cross Society I took parcels to Friary Court, St. James, and helped the great work there.

As Vice-President of the Girls' Friendly Society in Northern and Central Europe, I was very anxious about the condition of many English girls in Berlin, and how to arrange for them to come over. My daughter, Countess Bismarck, realising the situation, had travelled to Berlin from her home in Pomerania and lent £100—with the aid of which over thirty arrived in London at our office, and were put up till we could arrange for them.

My Impressions and Memories should, I think, deal with the sad figure of the Ex-Emperor. I cannot in any way attempt to analyse the very complex character of His Majesty, which was so different from that of his father and grandfather and the Hohenzollern family in general.

I feel sure that his schooldays, when he was at Cassel, excluded from all that was going on in the outer

world and confined strictly to school routine and his studies, had much to do with his subsequent development. His parents considered it right, I suppose, to keep him under the strict supervision of his tutor, Herr von Hinzpeter. His crippled hand and arm, an accident at his birth, distressed them, and his brother, Prince Henry, was the undoubted favourite.

Thus Prince William seemed to have no friend but his grandfather, the Emperor William I, who understood his reserved manner towards his parents, and made much of him in every way. He espoused the cause of Prince Bismarck, who was not popular with his parents.

Three eights, three Emperors, is the saying, and it was in 1888 that the Emperor William I died, and was so soon followed by the Emperor Frederick, Prince William then suddenly taking up his great and authoritative position.

I think this explains much in his ultimate behaviour, and his assurance of his Divine Right made him autocratic and unwilling to take advice, or to brook any contradiction. He was not surrounded by great and wise statesmen, after the summary dismissal of Prince Bismarck, but by those who encouraged him in his autocratic ideas. I saw the letter he wrote to Prince Bismarck on the occasion of New Year, and thought of Schiller's lines, "So ehrt man einen Gott, nicht einen Menschen" (Thus a God is honoured, but not man).

It was, perhaps, impossible for the aged statesman and the youthful Emperor to continue to work together, and the last disagreement concerned the Emperor's wish that the Ministers should report direct to him, whilst the Chancellor expected them to confer with him first. This widened the breach; the Chancellor sent in his resignation, which the Emperor accepted, and the pilot was to leave the ship.

The saddest part of the departure of the Chancellor

was the undignified hurry which, by order of the Emperor, was expected of him, in leaving his official residence in Berlin. The Princess being ill at the time made matters worse, and the indignation of the people was universal, for Bismarck was their idol. Thus began the great dispute, and the Emperor lost much of his prestige—Germany being divided into two camps.

The feeling in the Bismarck family still runs very high, and the great Chancellor's Memoirs disclose his policy, which had for its result a united and prosperous Germany.

The Emperor was anxious for Count Herbert Bismarck, who had carried out Bismarck's commands, to assume his father's office. This offer was immediately rejected, which added fuel to the flames.

I cannot in any way criticise or judge but only write what I understood to have happened at that time. After his accession the Emperor, in the face of much opposition from his military advisers, kept the peace for twenty-five years and was designated as the Friedens-Kaiser. Thus he was not popular with the military party, who had also to bear the expense of continual changes in their uniforms and outfits, ordered by the Kaiser, who had a great love of display and to whom the old Hohenzollern ideas of simplicity and economy were foreign.

Again, his acquiring Archilaon, the lovely palace of the Empress of Austria on the Greek island of Corfu, and spending such large sums out of the country and so much time in excavating there, made him very unpopular in Germany. In his Memoirs the Emperor dwells on the fact that his Ministers overruled his objection to signing the Kruger despatch, by representing the effect it would have on his subjects, public feeling running high in favour of the Boers, who were regarded as poor, downtrodden victims of England.

His Majesty could not have realised the effect this would have in England, which was explained in his letter to his grandmother, Queen Victoria; but it was undoubtedly the cause of much ill-feeling which ultimately brought about the Great War. Of this I am unable to judge, but I know from private information what a grief and pain it was to the Emperor when England declared war, for all the children of the Empress Frederick had an affection for their grandmother and her country.

The Emperor's flight to Holland at the end of the war lost him his prestige, and thus ended the old regime, for the person of the Kaiser represented the Government.

It was in the spring of 1919 that my brother Maurice, on his return from a diplomatic mission to the South American States, arranged for us to go to Germany for some time. We started on the *Batavia* at Tilbury Fort, on May 28th, for Rotterdam, where we had to appear at the German and English Consulates. We seem to have been among the first travellers between England and Germany at that time.

The journey to Hanover was long and the trains irregular, and sadly damaged by the war. Paper was used instead of glass in most of the windows, and the officials looked starved and their uniforms tattered.

The large hotel was empty, and there was little to be had and prices were enormous. But we had the prospect of reaching Bendeleben next day, and could hear the voice of my daughter through the telephone; and we arrived at Sondershausen late on June 1st, the carriage with my daughter meeting us.

The housekeeper and one maid constituted the whole domestic staff of the great house then, but they had illuminated the building and done all they could to make us welcome. We were delighted to see the lovely place again, the chestnut-trees and water-lilies being in



flower; but my son Wilhelm's being a prisoner in France was a great trial to me.

I realised the sorrow and suffering brought by the war more and more, but I was most cordially received by my old friends in the village. There were few families which had not had some near relatives killed, wounded or made prisoners. We had been able to help some of those interned in England, and the gratitude of the people was touching. There were Communists in the village, and I was warned, and told only to go to our own people, but I met the Communist leader, who told me that they would not hurt me or my children.

All food was rationed; meat was not to be had; coffee was made with roast barley (not so bad when you get used to it). The bread was made up of all sorts of leavings, and the tea of herbs.

I was unable to eat the bread, and sent for the doctor, who ordered me white flour. This the miller brought in a black bag at night, so that it should not be known in the village that I had any luxury. I was glad to share the privations of the people in some way. So many were half-starved—too weak to do their work. The children were in a pitiable state, their faces pinched and their clothes all patched.

My daughter, Elsa von Ruxleben, who lives at Schloss Rottleben, close by, had had a terrible time, having to manage her estates with Russian prisoners as labourers during the absence of her husband. She was very much out of health—the privations and anxieties having affected her heart.

The great change was in the deterioration of character in the people since the war.

I heard shots every night, whilst the people were stealing the harvest, and, there being no troops and only two policemen, there was nothing to be done. The church was quite deserted—the schools disorganised.

The sick and poor in the village wanted much care, and I was thankful to be able to help a little by personally visiting and caring for them.

At Sondershausen all was much changed, as the Prince had abdicated. He was allowed, however, to live in the castle on a small income, only a few of the old courtiers remaining.

The orchestra and public concerts in the park, which had been a feature at Sondershausen for over a hundred years—the orchestra supported by the Princes—is kept up on a smaller scale by the Government, as also the School of Music.

Being a great sportsman, the Prince of Schwarzburg much feels the loss of the shooting in his forests, where there were wild boar and red deer, etc., and daily shooting parties in winter. All the game seems to have been taken by poachers during the war.

It was during our long visit to Bendeleben in 1919 that my young daughter Marie Thérèse, who had bravely shared our troubles, became engaged to Anton von Krosigk, who had studied farming at Bendeleben before the war. The wedding was celebrated at Bendeleben on December 1st, and the happy pair drove to his country place, near Bernburg in the Duchy of Anhalt, where the Krosigks have lived for hundreds of years. I cannot but be thankful for her happy life and home.

The terrible scourge of influenza which visited Europe in 1918 must have been more like the Black Death of the Middle Ages than ordinary influenza. At Bendeleben it raged among the young people, and thirteen of the younger Polish workmen who were employed on the estate died in a few days.

Soon after the outbreak of war in 1914, being very anxious about Wilhelm, who had joined his regiment of Lancers of the Guard, I made a solemn vow that if he returned safely I would have an altar placed in the

Memorial Chapel at Bendeleben, as a thanksgiving. I accordingly sent for the architect and ordered what I thought would be in the style of the monuments there. It was so impossible at that time to get such a large order executed that it was not till 1921 that a beautiful altar in grey marble was erected in the chapel, and consecrated in my presence. Wilhelm and his wife and her brother, Herr von Schmidthals, were there, and a large attendance of the officials and villagers.

A large stone had been erected in the churchyard in memory of those fallen in the war; thus I had to refer to this in the little speech I made, which was very distressing.

A tablet was placed over the altar to explain that it was a thank-offering for Wilhelm's safe return from the Great War.

In 1923, when I spent some months with my children in Germany, I found all in a terrible condition, owing to "inflation." To discuss money matters in millions and trillions was the order of the day. All money became perfectly useless and barter had to be resorted to. All business transactions in the country were calculated by measures of rye. The working people were much to be felt for, and the shops were closed. The confusion was added to by the values perpetually changing. I attended one concert at which two eggs was the price of a ticket.

Many people were well-nigh distracted, those especially who had to live on a pension fixed before the war. Great ladies did all their own housework, cooking, catering and washing. I felt so useless and ashamed of the comfort I had. The Empress's ladies were in great straits, and court officials were obliged to put up with sad privations. We heard of sad suicides, the result of ruin and despair.

I do not think that the Republican Government is

what is desirable for Germany, where discipline and order were the great factors. My experience in the village of Bendeleben since the war is that it is not what is required by the German people.

The Socialist Government in that part of Germany which is now the State of Thuringia does not uphold religion, and thus the Church is neglected, and the schoolmasters complain that they are not allowed to punish children in any way, and they become very unruly.

Liberty and equality were not exemplified when my little granddaughter, Ady von Ruxleben, was obliged by law to attend the village school of Rottleben near Bendeleben, and her parents were not allowed to keep a governess. She was ill-treated by the schoolboys because she belonged to the nobility, and her character deteriorated.

My son-in-law, Count Bismarck, has been deprived of one of his estates, which has been in the family for hundreds of years, by a decree of the Republic from which there was no redress, and the working people who had lived in the same houses for generations were ruthlessly driven out to make room for others, most of them having to emigrate to South America to find a new home. Indeed, everything has its two sides, and I am not able to judge what would be the best solution of the problems which beset Germany and can only write of my impressions.

The wonderful work of the Quakers was thankfully acknowledged wherever I went, for over a million children were fed and cared for by them, as also poor students at the Universities, etc. The isolated cases of the better classes who had to be found out were the most difficult, and ways and means had to be organised to put them in a position of helping themselves as far as possible.



Lord Parmoor and his wife were wonderfully helpful at this time. How happy I was at their beautiful home, Parmoor, near Henley-on-Thames, where I met Sir Willoughby and Lady Dickinson, who had recently been in the Balkans to enquire into the state of the people there. I met again Noel and Charles Buxton, whom I had introduced to the King and Queen of Roumania. They had been the last guests the King had received, for he died on the night of their arrival. Hence the news spread that the Englishmen had poisoned His Majesty, who took tea with them! Miss Jebb, the sister of Mrs. Charles Buxton, had been instrumental in starting the "Save the Children" Fund, but even these activities seemed but a drop in the ocean of sorrow and suffering.

Since the stabilisation of the mark things have become easier in Germany for a great many, but those poor people who placed their savings in Post Offices and banks have lost everything. As in all countries, there are "profiteers" in Germany, who spend money ostentatiously.

I long ago gave up trying to understand the differences between the German parliamentary parties, and can only tell of the conditions that came under my notice in country districts in Pomerania. In the province of Pomerania the Lutheran Church is the great power, North Germany being the bulwark of Protestantism and Conservatism, but the Social Democratic Government of Thuringia seeks to destroy religion, and the state of the people is sad indeed.

## CHAPTER XXI

### LAST YEARS AT ABBEY LODGE

IN March 1920 I returned to Abbey Lodge, after nine months' absence in Germany, when Marie Thérèse and I had been mostly at Bendeleben, and visited Karl and Hilda at Plathe.

Maurice and Berta being at Old Lodge, Taplow, their eldest daughter, Hilda, came up to Abbey Lodge for balls and parties, and Rosalind and Cicely for lessons. Thus I enjoyed the bright young life about me.

The neighbouring parish of Lisson Grove was a great interest to me, as I had been manager of the church schools for some years. Miss Homewood, the Lady Superintendent of the Shaftesbury Homes in that poor parish, was my friend, and often came to Abbey Lodge for rest and change after her work in the Institute. This is a home for a hundred destitute women, where they can be accommodated at sixpence a night and are under a matron and night-nurse. There are also Deaconesses, who visit the poor in their homes and lodging-houses and hold religious meetings. Miss Homewood allowed me to give a simple Bible lesson to the women on Sunday evenings, and I was pleased to see them at Abbey Lodge in summer, and had a conjurer to amuse them.

As manager of the schools, I had invited the upper classes, with the masters and mistresses and clergy and Boy Scouts, etc., to Abbey Lodge on Empire Day, after the function in their playground in the morning, and found someone to make them a speech.

Many of the Institutions near Abbey Lodge had been neglected during the war, and wanted looking after.

But, above all, the garden was opened for many charitable fêtes, when it was very gay, with children dancing on the lawn, etc.

In March 1921 my sister, Marie de Bunsen, and her faithful lady's-maid, Brooke, came to me at Abbey Lodge and gave up her house in Eaton Terrace, for since my daughter Marie's marriage in 1920 I had been alone.

Indeed, my idea, and my sister's, was to make a home, for the family relations and for those who had no home, at Abbey Lodge, and the "Prophet's Chamber," a small room upstairs, with a chair, a bed and a table, was mostly occupied by artists, etc., who did not expect "best bedrooms."

All was very simple and unconventional. I had much disliked the ostentatious entertainments so much in vogue before 1914, when people who had nice houses gave grand dinners in hotels. It was so unlike the old English hospitality I was accustomed to. It was, I think, the result of the "American Invasion."

The week-ends and motors made society so restless, and life in the country was too dull, and old habits and traditions were changed, perhaps not for the better.

As I recall the terrible years of the war, when Marie Thérèse and I were so much alone, some distinguished figures pass before my mind. They will remain ever fixed in my memory. Among them was Lady Barlow, whom I had met at a luncheon-party at Lord and Lady Cowdray's, when I was rather surprised to hear that this brilliant and elegant lady was a Quaker and very active in Peace Societies, having been partly brought up in the Dowager Grand-Duchess of Baden's school in Baden-Baden. She was often at Abbey Lodge to tell us of the great Peace Societies and their work,

and I am sorry that I never heard her speak in public, where she must have been much admired and have had great influence. She was ever faithful to us, and brightened our life when she came. I was with her at some of the great meetings, and when her young daughter was in Germany, to learn more German, she was much with my daughter Marie in the country, and they made great friends.

Of Dean Inge and his wife and children, and the comfort their faithful friendship was to us, when St. Paul's was indeed a refuge for us, I have told elsewhere. Thus the good angel appears in sad times in various guises, and little Paula, the Dean's youngest daughter, who went to her heavenly home as a child, was at Abbey Lodge sometimes, and very near my heart.

Lord Weardale, the President of the "Save the Children" Fund, who was so untiring in his efforts for the great cause, came often to see me, and helped me to organise a fête for the Fund, at Abbey Lodge, which was a great success.

The most interesting gathering at Abbey Lodge took place in October 1921, when about fifty members of the International Peace Conference met to spend an afternoon, and Marie and I had the pleasure of welcoming them. It was what might be termed a *conversazione* in the house and garden, and there were influential people of many nationalities, who seemed to be pleased to meet unofficially. How glad I am that we could do our little bit to help the great movement! "Blessed are the Peacemakers" was the summing-up of a little speech I made from the terrace; but, alas! much ignorance and prejudice hinder their blessed work.

In October 1923 I gave up Abbey Lodge to Miss Yates, as the old lease was coming to an end and everything had become so much more expensive, and my children and I had had such great losses in the



war, and had to console myself with the conviction that it was the only right step to take.

A house in Chelsea had been found by my clever sister-in-law, with a square in front and a small garden at the back, which seemed suitable. Being in a ruinous state, it took a long time to be put in order, and the shortness of the winter days delayed the work. It was not till January 1924 that we could have even a few rooms. My brother kindly lent us his London house meanwhile. What attracted me to Chelsea was that kind and faithful cousins live there.

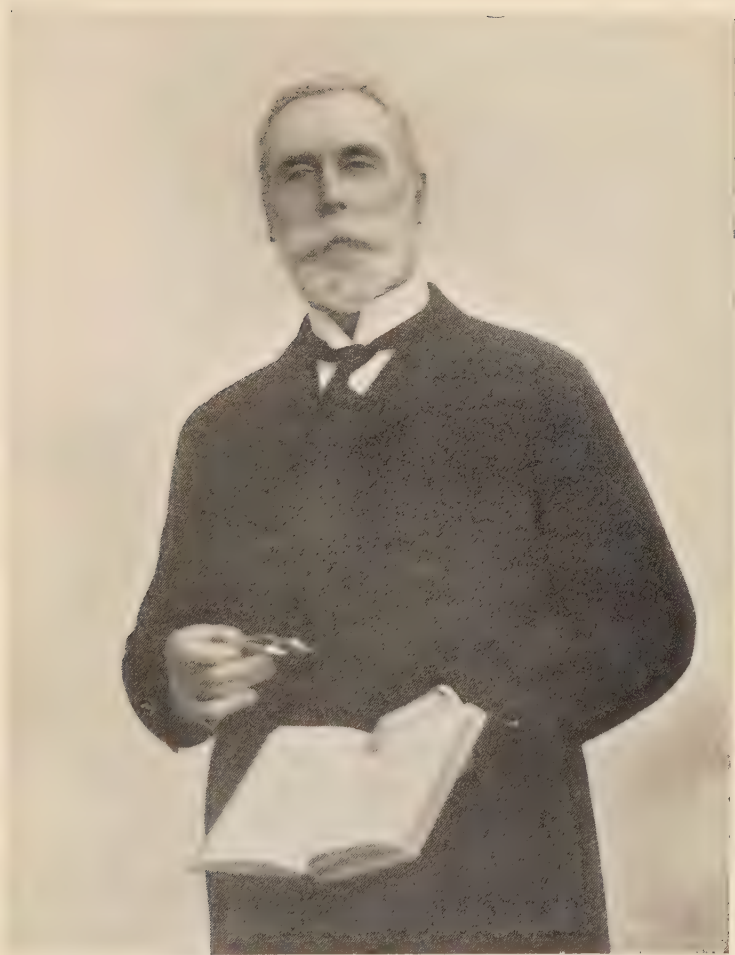
My sister and I have found a happy home in Chelsea, which is so full of old historical associations, and where so many interesting and celebrated people live and have lived, such as Turner, Carlyle, and the Rossettis.

My only brother is now known as the Right Honourable Sir Maurice de Bunsen, Baronet, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.B. He received these honours in the course of his career in the Diplomatic Service. The Companionship of the Bath was, he believes, a recognition of the part he took in helping to negotiate an important Treaty with Japan in 1894. The Knight Commandership of the Victorian Order he received from the hands of King Edward on his appointment as Minister to Lisbon, the Grand Cross being subsequently handed to him by the Prince of Wales (King George) at Madrid, on the occasion of King Alphonso's marriage in 1905, and the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George a year or two later. He became a Privy Councillor in 1906, on proceeding to Madrid as Ambassador, and a Baronet on his return from a Special Mission to South America in 1918.

His successful diplomatic life entailed long years of separation from us all, but was a great pleasure and interest. Being younger than I am, it devolved upon me to care for him as a child in many ways, and I

taught him to read childish books. We also had music-lessons together, and I shared his early studies under Dr. Frost, our tutor, till he went to school in Rottingdean, in 1864, and to Rugby the following year, where he remained under Dr. Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, till 1870. I visited him at Rugby with our parents, and also later, at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1874. The Dean, Mrs. Liddell, and their lovely daughters, were old family friends from the days when Dr. Liddell was Headmaster of Westminster. They often invited us to Oxford, and I much enjoyed the Commemoration Balls and Fêtes, while my brother was an undergraduate. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877, and after rather more than a year as an Attaché in the Foreign Office, he served in succession at Washington, Berne, Madrid, Paris, Tokio, Bangkok, Constantinople, Paris again as Counsellor and Minister, Lisbon as Minister, Madrid and Vienna as Ambassador. On the outbreak of war in 1914 his mission to Austria came to an end, and after a few months' work under the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance, he served for the remainder of the war as an acting Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. He held this post until his retirement in 1919, with the exception of five months (April to September 1918), when he was absent on his mission as Special Ambassador to the States of South America. This interesting journey took him in succession to all the capitals of South America. He had with him a staff of eight, including Major-General Sir Charles Barter, Vice-Admiral J. C. Ley, J. A. Grant, M.P., and his friend T. Lyons, who acted as Secretary to the Mission, having formerly been with him to the Madrid Embassy. Mr. Lyons rejoined the Foreign Office on their return to England, but died soon after, of influenza.

While at Constantinople my brother married, in 1899,



MAURICE DE BUNSEN.

[*Alice Hughes.*





Berta Lowry Corry. I have happy recollections of the wedding at Kenmare, on Loch Tay, where I was with my husband, the two bridesmaids being Berta's sister, Violet Corry, and my eldest daughter, Hilda. My brother's old friend, Sir Everard Doyle, was best man. Berta's mother, Mrs. Armar Corry, had taken Chesthill, a place in the beautiful Glen Lyon, near by, and kindly lent it to my brother and Berta for the first few days of their short honeymoon, previous to their journey via Marseilles to Constantinople. Their wedding day has been one of the happiest of my life to look back on, and brought much joy to us all, Berta entering so fully into our family life as well as most devotedly into all the interests and duties which devolved upon her at their various posts. They had four daughters, Hilda (now Mrs. Guy Yerburch) and Cicely, born at Constantinople, Rosalind at Paris and Mary at Madrid.

I paid three visits to my brother and sister-in-law at their diplomatic posts, which it is a great pleasure to remember. The first was to Paris, I think in 1904, where they had a flat near the Bois de Boulogne. Many were in and out all the time, giving the impression of intense animation, and there were little dinner-parties, my brother and his wife having many friends in the diplomatic and political world, besides the many English who passed through Paris and came to see them.

But it was at Madrid, in his capacity of Ambassador, that I realised the extent of the influence which they had among the inhabitants, Spanish and foreign. Indeed, breakfast was the only meal of which we partook without sharing it with others of the Spanish official and social world, or with tourists of distinction, and the Embassy staff. Only on one day could Maurice get away from his work and take his house-party to Toledo. Otherwise my sister and I saw little of the country. The Marquis of Villalobar, then at the

Spanish Embassy in London, had kindly escorted us to Madrid, which made everything easy at the frontier, and I remember that the grand scenery of the Pyrenees made a great impression on me as we passed through that region, though I was a little disappointed with the scenery farther south, which seemed to me, at that time of year (the early spring), very bare and rocky and less beautiful than Italy is on crossing the Alps. I did not see much of Spanish houses, except that my brother took me to see the Duke of Alba's Palace, with its many treasures, so that I have an idea of the grandeur of the old families in Spain. The famous picture gallery at Madrid is perhaps the finest I have seen.

The old Embassy House, where my brother and his wife received the Prince and Princess of Wales (King George and Queen Mary) at dinner, when their Royal Highnesses came to Spain for King Alphonso's wedding, was dark and gloomy, but the new Embassy House, where we stayed, is a beautiful one, and the garden was lovely in early spring. I remember Primitivo, the kindly and most helpful Embassy porter, who lived at the lodge, and was rather a character, having been at the Embassy for twenty years.

In the winter of 1913 my sister and I were staying at the British Embassy in Vienna, remaining some time. I found my brother up to the hilt in work. It is a fine house, with large reception-rooms, and all on a large scale, and Vienna, of course, a beautiful city. There was skating every morning at the Stadt Park near by, my brother teaching the art to his young daughters. They had become quite a familiar group in the eyes of the Viennese. We came in for the official reception, followed by a supper, which is held by every Ambassador soon after his arrival. There is a good deal of state about it, soldiers lining the staircase, high court officials assisting in the presentation of the guests

to the Ambassador and his wife, and a fine display of jewels, uniforms and decorations.

But I appreciated still more a large dinner-party for British residents and the staff of the Embassy, which Maurice and Berta had arranged to keep his birthday, when all seemed so happy there. Indeed, at that time no one thought of the terrible avalanche of war which was so soon to assume such gigantic proportions and lay waste so much of the world.

The bent of his family being towards a country life, my brother and sister-in-law rented from Count Ernest Hoyos the fine old castle of Stixenstein, up in the mountains, about two hours' motor drive from Vienna through Wiener Neustadt. We saw it in deep snow, looking beautiful. Chamois are sometimes visible on the neighbouring heights.

I have already alluded to my brother's mission as Special Ambassador to the different countries of South America. He owed his selection for this duty by Mr. Arthur, now Lord, Balfour largely to his familiarity with the Spanish character and language, derived from long residence at the British Legation, and, later, Embassy, in Spain, at which he spent some twelve years of his life in all, in two periods, the first from 1882 to 1886, and the second from 1906 to 1913. His year as Minister in Portugal had also given him some knowledge of Portuguese, and he was thus specially equipped for a journey in which he was to come in contact with Portuguese and Spanish speaking people almost exclusively. He was absent on this mission for five months, in 1918, while the war was approaching its end, and from his account of it all seems to have been a succession of demonstrations, both social and political, which left no doubt of the reality of the many ties which unite the British Empire with the nations of South America.

After Peace was signed in 1919, my brother, being

then near the limit of age, left service under the Foreign Office, and he has since become connected with two Boards in the City, both specially engaged in business with South America, namely, the British Bank of South America and the São Paulo (Brazilian) Railway Company. He also joined the Council of Foreign Bondholders.

I should not like to close these very fragmentary Memoirs without testifying to my belief in the great spiritual powers which surround us, and my conviction that the spiritual world which is our true home is very near to us. It was always my assurance, but it was later in life, at a sad and anxious time, when my physical and mental strength failed me, that great Guides, whom I believe to be angels, were sent to support me. They communicated with me by automatic writing, and gave me healing powers.

My husband, who was mentally afflicted, derived great peace and comfort from our experiences, and during his last illness he assembled us all to hear from him that he died in Faith and thanked God for what had been revealed to us who were so unworthy.

My two books are to be had at the Theosophical Publishing House, 43 Great Ormond Street, London, at 3s. and 2s. each.

By the grace of God these communications have been a great comfort to many, and by means of these revelations now coming to us in different and diverging ways I believe that the earth is to be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea.



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